

Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JULY 1988

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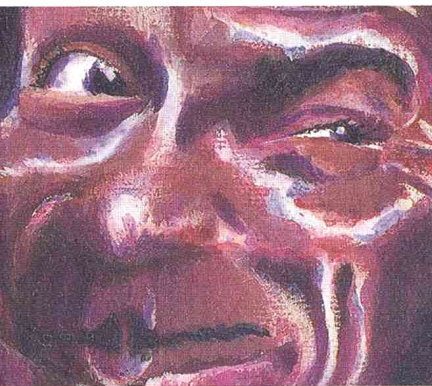
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 9 No 7/July 1988



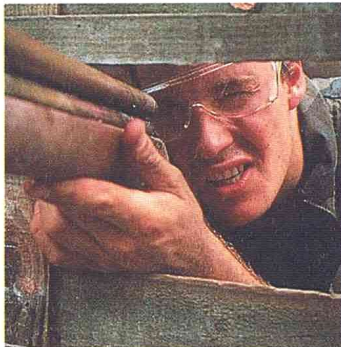
The Fast Lane



Bohemian Rhapsody



Hail! Hail! Chuck Berry



The Ultimate Game

REGULARS

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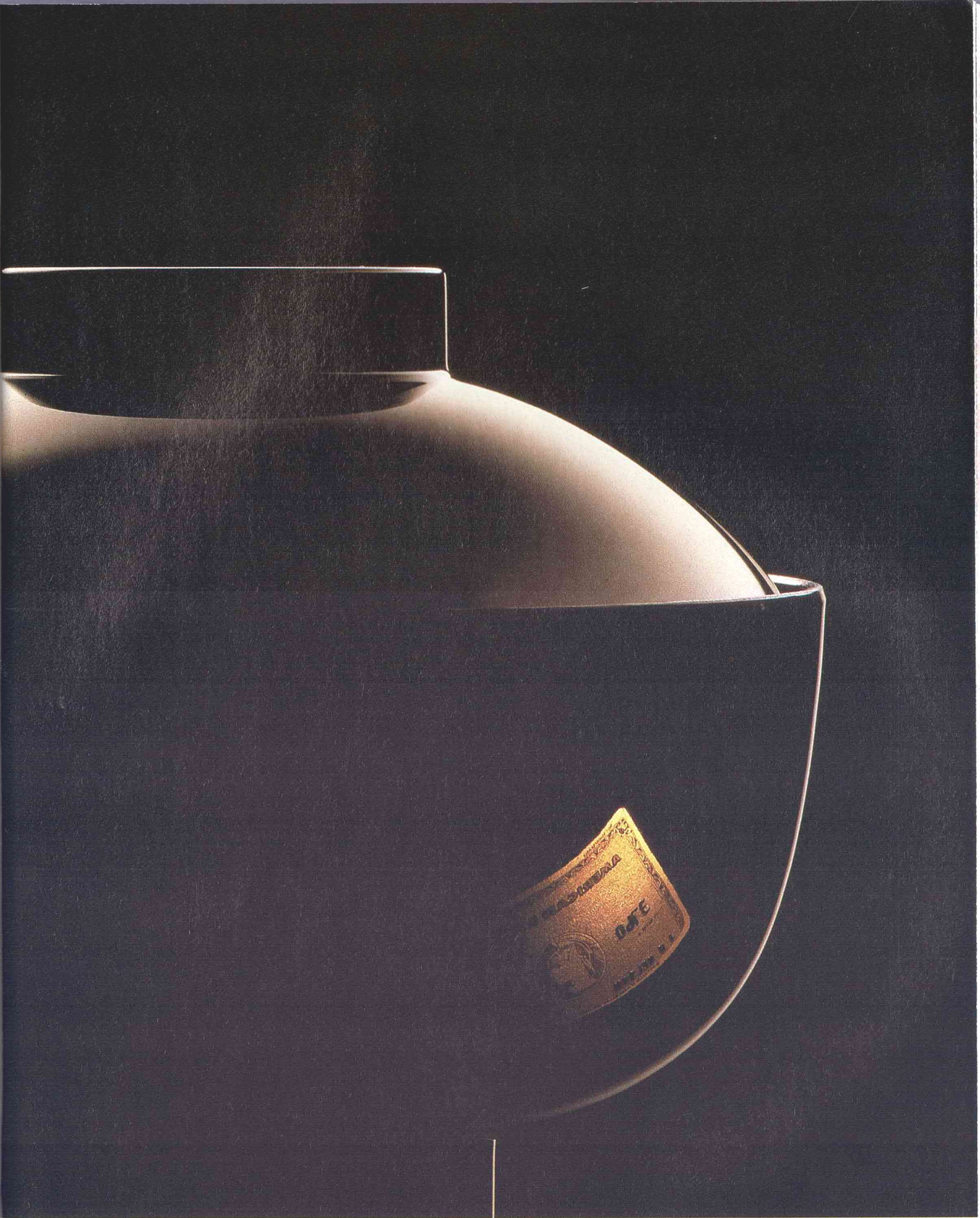
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JULY



GREG HUNTER



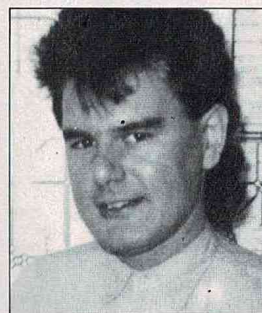
JAMES CROWN



PAUL MANSFIELD



FRANTS KANTOR



MARK TREMLETT

HOUSECALL

THE POOR WAR

People Power has triumphed and a shaky democracy rules the Philippines, yet the fighting is even fiercer now than in the days of the demonic dictator. The communist New People's Army will not lay down and die. Are there the seeds of a new Kampuchea in the volatile political landscape of this strategically vital republic? James Crown used his close contacts within the NPA to find out exactly where their bloody revolution is heading. Frants Kantor contributed the illustration on page 32.

HOSPITAL COVER-UPS

What does your doctor really mean when he suggests you get a second opinion? According to humor writer Garry Sargeant he's telling you that you've got something so serious that he'll be buggered if he'll take sole responsibility. Find out how to decode medical mumbo-jumbo or die laughing when you read Sargeant's macabre article beginning on page 50. Jon Berkeley provided the illustration.

THE FAST LANE

Get set for an hilarious hell ride as renowned humorist P.J. O'Rourke takes us step by step through the techniques he has developed over the years for driving ridiculously fast while drunk and high on drugs and getting his dork squeezed by a blonde bimbo in the passenger's seat. "Name me, if you can, a better feeling," the man challenges. We can't. Turn to Mark Tremlett's illustration on page 54.

HAIL! HAIL! CHUCK BERRY

Nobody had ever sung about sex and

Cadillacs and good times before Chuck Berry came along. No-one has done it since with the same effortless style. At 61, the father of rock 'n' roll remains the quintessential outlaw: complicated, introspective, uncompromising. And still belting out the riffs that changed the face of popular music. Paul Mansfield came up with a flash of insight that allowed him to penetrate Berry's rock-solid armor and present a fascinating profile on page 58. The accompanying illustration is by Nicholas Harding.

THE ULTIMATE GAME

The most controversial sport in Australia is Skirmish — a simulated war game played with paint pellets instead of bullets. While the game's organisers strive to turn it into a fully fledged national sport, its opponents are determined to see it banned. Senior Editor Greg Hunter joined the weekend warriors in a Ramboesque journey to the heart of darkness, and concluded that for some people at least, this thing is going to be too hot to handle. The accompanying photos were shot by Eddie Adams and Graham Monro. Turn to page 74.

RED OVER BLACK

Private investigator Duane Dooley wouldn't recognise a moral code if he fell over one. How then does he end up promising to become the black man's greatest friend since Malcolm Fraser? It's a matter of feminine inducement, in several different sizes and colors. Roger Raftery's slick wit makes this fiction piece a rollicking read. The illustration on page 90 is by Jill Carter-Hansen. 



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Smoky Mountain

Your pictorial feature on Smoky Mountain (April *Penthouse*) fascinated me. I once visited there, back in the Marcos days, and it certainly is "the Earth's most squalid human habitat." But the amazing thing about the place is that its inhabitants seem so cheerful; everywhere I went I was greeted with smiles, even laughter — and this from people whose wretchedness was beyond the comprehension of the average Australian. I believe there's a lesson for us all in that. — *P.J. Reardon, Sydney, NSW*

Stoned

Congratulations to *Penthouse* readers on the discerning choice of Emma Stone as the 1988 Pet of the Year. As an ardent *Penthouse* fan (I have a collection extending back to January 1980) I have not always found my own tastes in women reflected in the Pet of the Year choice — but this time I'm 100 percent on side. Emma Stone is a knockout. — *Jeff Barnes, Sylvania, NSW*

Battered husband

Your story on battered husbands (April *Penthouse*) was spot on. I went to the Philippines to find a wife and I got the "treatment" — just like the guy in the article. This woman treated me like a king and I fell for it. Sure, I'm no oil painting and maybe I was a bit stupid to think she was really in love with me; I'm just a knockabout sort of bloke with a good heart and I didn't want a wife who'd cut my toenails and peel grapes for me. I just wanted a partner in life. Anyway, as soon as I got my new bride home she started telling me I had to send \$50 a week back to her relatives in the Philippines or she'd run away and get a divorce. I was shocked — I couldn't believe it. When I refused she moved out into the lounge room at night and that was the end of our sex life. I've been married now for one month and it's been the worst month of my life by miles. We don't even speak to each other any more, except to yell abuse. Then when I read in your story about the bloke being thrown out of his own house and how all these other suckers are having to give away half of what they own in divorce settlements with Filipino women they hardly even know, I got so scared I can't sleep at night. I don't know where to turn. Anyway, if this letter and your article do



Juliet Carey: new romantic

anything to warn Aussie men of the minefield they step into when they go looking for Filipino brides, you'll have done a great service. I just wish you'd printed that story sooner. — *Name and address withheld*

A fine romance

Sorry about the handwriting but the truth is my hands have been shaking ever since I picked up your April issue and experienced your "New Romantic" centrefold Juliet Carey. What a cover! What a centrefold! What a woman! Whatta I have to do to see more of her? Sorry about the over-the-top tone of this letter. Love does strange things to a bloke. — *Richard Finch, Melbourne, Vic*

Eye-opener

Congratulations, *Penthouse*, on the Mike Gore interview (April issue). It was a real eye-opener, especially the stuff about the Bjelke-Petersen fiasco. As far as Sanctuary Cove is concerned, I was up there for the opening and it was fantastic value. Great work, Mike. Further congratulations for a great spread on the beautiful Angie Reidman. I'm into telescopes too and I would love Angie to peer down mine anytime. Talk about visual stimulation! — *N. Morgan, Bangor, NSW*

Up tools

The pictorial Down Tools (April Black

Label *Penthouse*) was an outright winner. When can we have more of Cheryl and Chelsea photographed by John David? Between them they capture the finest elements of beauty and human sexuality. — *R.G. Marshall, Bayswater, Vic*

Here's Toohey

Brian Toohey's article Labor Pains (March *Penthouse*) was a very timely piece of work. It set the background from which we could observe the controversies at Fairfax over editorial independence and understand what the dispute was really all about. No other publication in Australia with any worthwhile circulation would have had the guts to run that story. With the demise of the *Times On Sunday* — itself a pale imitation of its predecessor — *Penthouse* has an added responsibility to print the stories that Murdoch and Fairfax won't. I hope that in future issues we'll see that responsibility accepted with gusto. — *M. Jacobs, Balmain, NSW*

Plain English

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed Robert English's satirical series, The Ugly Australians. I presume that somewhere along the line we'll be treated to a piece on the ugliest of all Australians — the politician in power. I'll await that one with keen interest. — *J. Miles, Ballarat, Vic*

The Jackson tapes

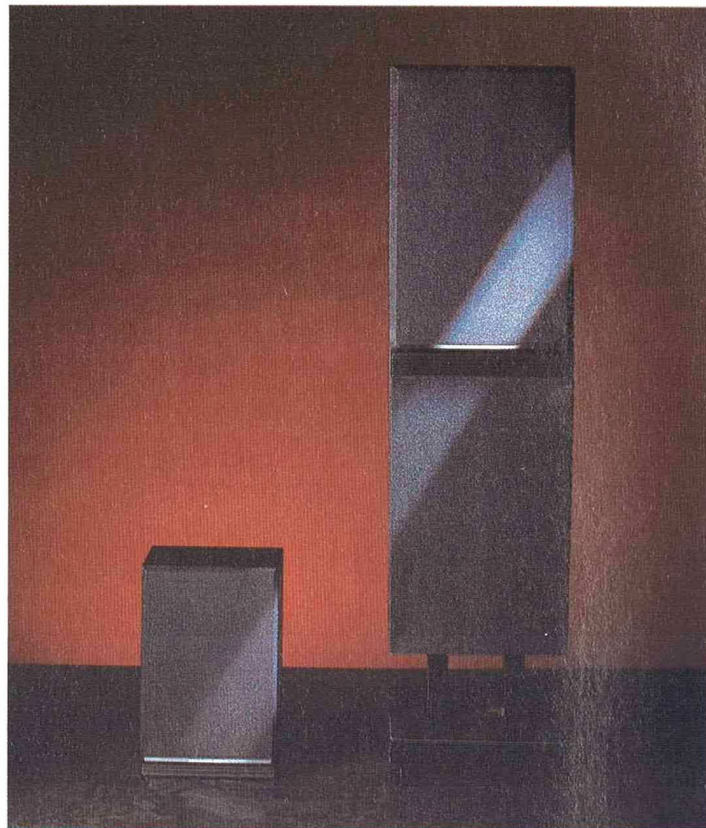
I can't understand why *Penthouse* magazine, which I have always regarded as an intelligent publication, would bother to sully its name by presenting us with Michael Jackson: The Man Behind The Mask. This androgynous wimp is not a man at all; worse, he has insulted his own race by making every effort to transform himself into a pathetic impersonation of a white man. I can't understand why he has not been ostracised by black people in his own country. If I were black my attitude toward Mr Jackson would be extremely hostile. Since I'm not, I merely hold him in contempt. Can you expect people to be actually interested in the opinions of this confused creature? I would have been more rivetted by a 5000-word treatise on the sexual habits of the garden snail. Please don't insult your readers with this sort of pap again. — *Jeff Richardson, Melbourne, Vic* ☐



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

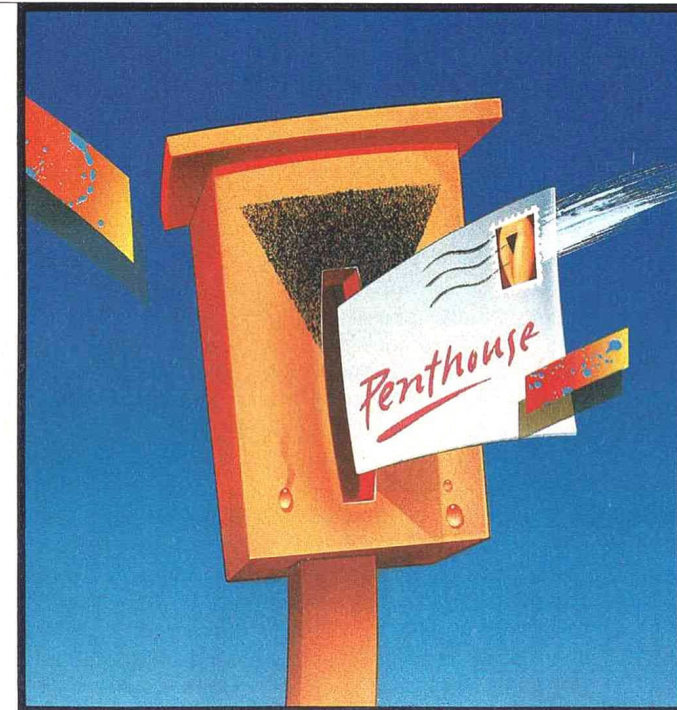
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Mother's milk

I am an American. On a return trip from New Zealand, I flew into Sydney, Australia, and changed planes. I found myself seated next to a very pretty young mother with a four-month-old daughter. We were seated in two adjacent seats between the window and the aisle, headed for Hawaii, and not a seat on the plane was vacant. The young mother very shyly commenced to nurse the child and became quite upset when she couldn't burp her little one. I offered to try, and she was most relieved when I succeeded. Before our conversation progressed past her thank-yous, the child was asleep in my arms. I'd made this trip many times and suggested that since it was such a long and boring ride, and because children become restless by its end, the mother should sleep now while she could while I held her baby. She accepted my offer and promptly drifted off. Her head actually shifted on to my shoulder, and I signalled the hostess for a blanket. In my attempt to cover her, she shifted even more, so that her head was in my lap. I had no place for my hand but on her shoulder.

Within 20 minutes she reached up, took my hand, and held it to her breast, catching me so much by surprise that I actually squeezed and compressed it in return. She adjusted her clothing, and I now found myself holding a large, full breast and a nipple no longer confined by a brassiere. You don't have to hit me over the head till I get a hint, so I gently massaged her soft skin and rolled her ample nipple between my fingers, feeling the moisture of its milk. With the lights of the plane on low, she undid my belt under the cover of the blanket and freed my prick as it rose at the touch of her gentle hand and moist lips. With no noise and imperceptible motion, she licked and sucked as I played with her nipple. All of a sudden, her flesh became goose-bumped and she shuddered. This was too much for me, and I came almost instantly. We slept for almost an hour in this hidden mode of undress before the baby woke us both.

Quickly, she properly arranged her



clothing and mine, sat up, and openly began to nurse her child. She was facing me, giving me a full view of her magnificent breasts in their God-given function. It was a beautiful sight. I noticed that her skirt was open, so I gently reached over and slid my hand under her silky slip. She responded by parting her legs slightly. She wore stockings and a garter belt, and her thighs were baby soft. I was able to push her panties aside and locate the object of my desire in all its heavenly wetness. Although the position prevented all but limited penetration with my forefinger, my thumb was very firmly pressing the seat of her passion, and it was not long before her breast flushed. With her head rolled back slightly, she shuddered and came. After completing the nursing, mother and child disappeared to the rest room.

The rest of the trip was occupied with small talk, during which I learned her name, Christina, and her daughter's, Lili. I also learned the two were travelling on to Chicago, while I'd be holding up in Hawaii for two days. At the end of the flight, mother and child were escorted to the front of the Customs line, and the last I saw was a demure wave as they left the processing centre.

Later that afternoon in my hotel, I was awakened by the telephone. A soft voice said, "I missed my plane and need help with Lili again." I told her my room number,

and for the next two days I had the most exciting affair with the most luscious creature I've met in my life. We swam and played in the sun, nursed and fed Lili, and made love relentlessly. Christina is too young for me, and we are both very much married, live at different ends of the world, and will never see each other again. But as an older man, I have a memory to keep me warm on many a night.
— Name and address withheld

Tunnel vision

I am a 26-year-old male who resides in a small rural community. About two years ago, my mother purchased a small motel-restaurant. My father passed away a few years back, so I more or less became the handyman when I wasn't working the front desk, which was never that busy. One day I was looking things over in the basement when I discovered something very peculiar — a small hinged door midway down from the ceiling. I stood on a chair, opened it, and squeezed my way through. I found myself in a narrow walk-way about two feet wide and 50 feet long. There were three panes of glass to each side, spaced about 15 feet apart. I couldn't believe it when I looked through one of the windows into one of the motel rooms.

Each one of the panes, I learned, was actually a two-way mirror. In other words, all six units of the motel could be easily spied upon. Unknown to anyone, when an attractive woman undresses, I can masturbate while watching her parade around in her birthday suit. This has become a very erotic pastime for me, and my only wish is that the place were more busy. I have seen my share of couples making love and performing oral sex on each other, and I have secretly shared beautiful orgasms with these people time and again. But nothing has ever aroused me as much as what I saw a month or so ago.

It was on a Friday evening, and I was working the front desk as usual. I had not had a good "look" and an orgasm in over a week, because things had been really slow. I had just taken out the rubbish when a new car pulled up to the office. A very tall lady got out and came to the desk. I fig-

FORUM

ured she had to be in her mid to late forties. She was quite attractive, with a large build and big boobs. I became totally aroused because I really wanted to see her completely naked, and I now fumbled with the key to room 9, which had two double beds.

After I told her where the room was, I followed her to see that there was another woman sitting behind the wheel of the car. I watched as both of them walked with suitcases to their room. This other woman was also quite tall, slender, smartly dressed, and extremely nice-looking with very short hair. I began to get excited, so I called my mother to watch the desk, telling her that there were some things I wanted to finish up before dark.

After I was sure my mother was behind the front desk, I squirmed up through the trapdoor to the tunnel. The floor to the small corridor was quite squeaky, and I had to walk very quietly. Room 9 was at the extreme end of the tunnel, and it seemed to me to take forever to get there. When I finally peered through the mirror, the first woman was standing in nothing but her bra and panties. I thought I was on fire, and broke out into an immediate sweat. I couldn't believe how long and deep her cleavage was. She was only a couple of feet away from me, adjusting the

TV mounted on the wall, and I could see the thick hair on her forearms and around the edges of her panties.

I pulled my trousers down to my knees and started jacking my already stiff penis. I had not seen the other woman, but it wasn't a few minutes before she walked out of the bathroom, still fully clothed. I could now see that she was about the same age as the other one. It was hard for me to understand their conversation, as the walls were well soundproofed, and the television being on loud didn't help, either. I more or less played with myself, not wanting to shoot my load until I could see these women completely naked, if I was going to be fortunate enough to do so.

Then as I stood there, something happened that completely blew my mind. As the first woman continued to fumble with the television, the other one came up behind her and wrapped her arms around her bare midriff, and kissed her on her shoulder. I almost fell over. *Jesus*, I thought, *they're dykes*. I hadn't seen two females get it on at the hotel ever, and this was something I had always fantasised about — especially two older, nice-looking lesbians such as these.

I stripped off everything in the darkness of the tunnel, and my rigid pecker felt the hardest it had ever been. I watched as the two women came together in front of the television and French-kissed as deeply as they could. I started sweating so bad that I

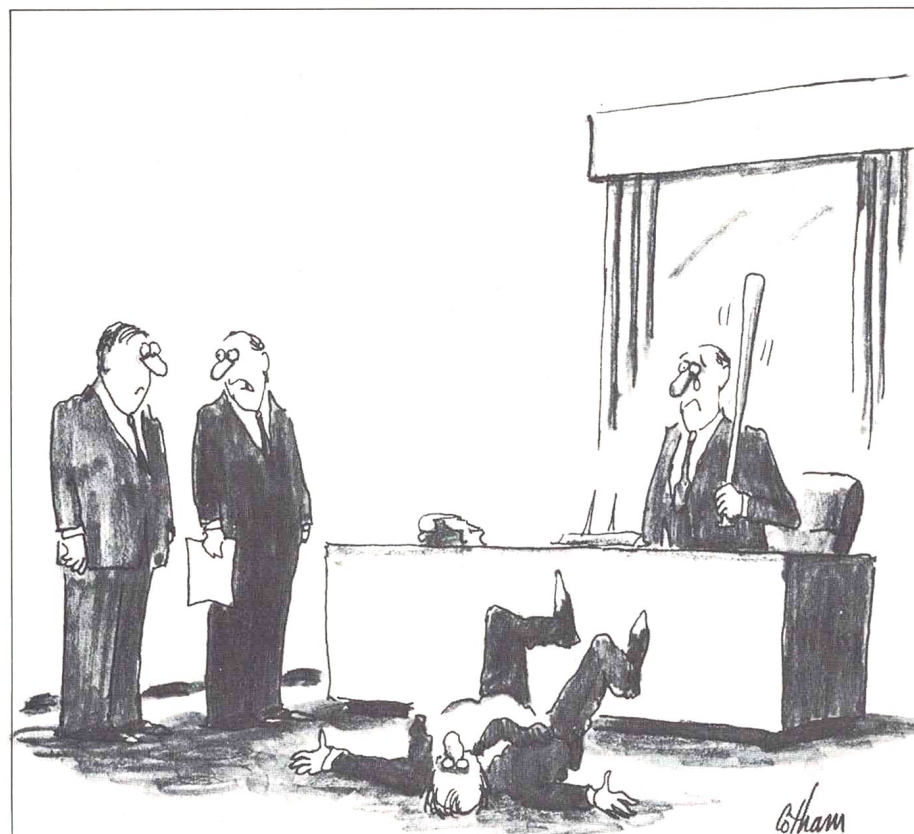
literally became drenched, but I was so light-headed from what was happening right in front of me that it didn't matter. I couldn't believe it when they both walked arm and arm into the bathroom and closed the door on me. I became frustrated and wanted to dump my load — but not until I could rest my eyes on their beautiful nude bodies. I slumped against the tunnel wall and watched the steam pour through the crack of the door. My erect penis would not die.

After what seemed like the longest 15 minutes I ever endured, my fantasy came true. Both women exited the bathroom, now completely naked. The first woman's unsupported tits resembled big, heavy water balloons, and as I figured, she had the biggest crop of pubic hair I'd ever seen. It trailed all the way to her belly button. The other woman was very slender and well shaped. She led her friend to one of the large beds, where they pulled back the bedspread and lay down together. Seeing them both stripped and heatedly kissing was too much. I felt myself erupting and heard my jism splat in the darkness.

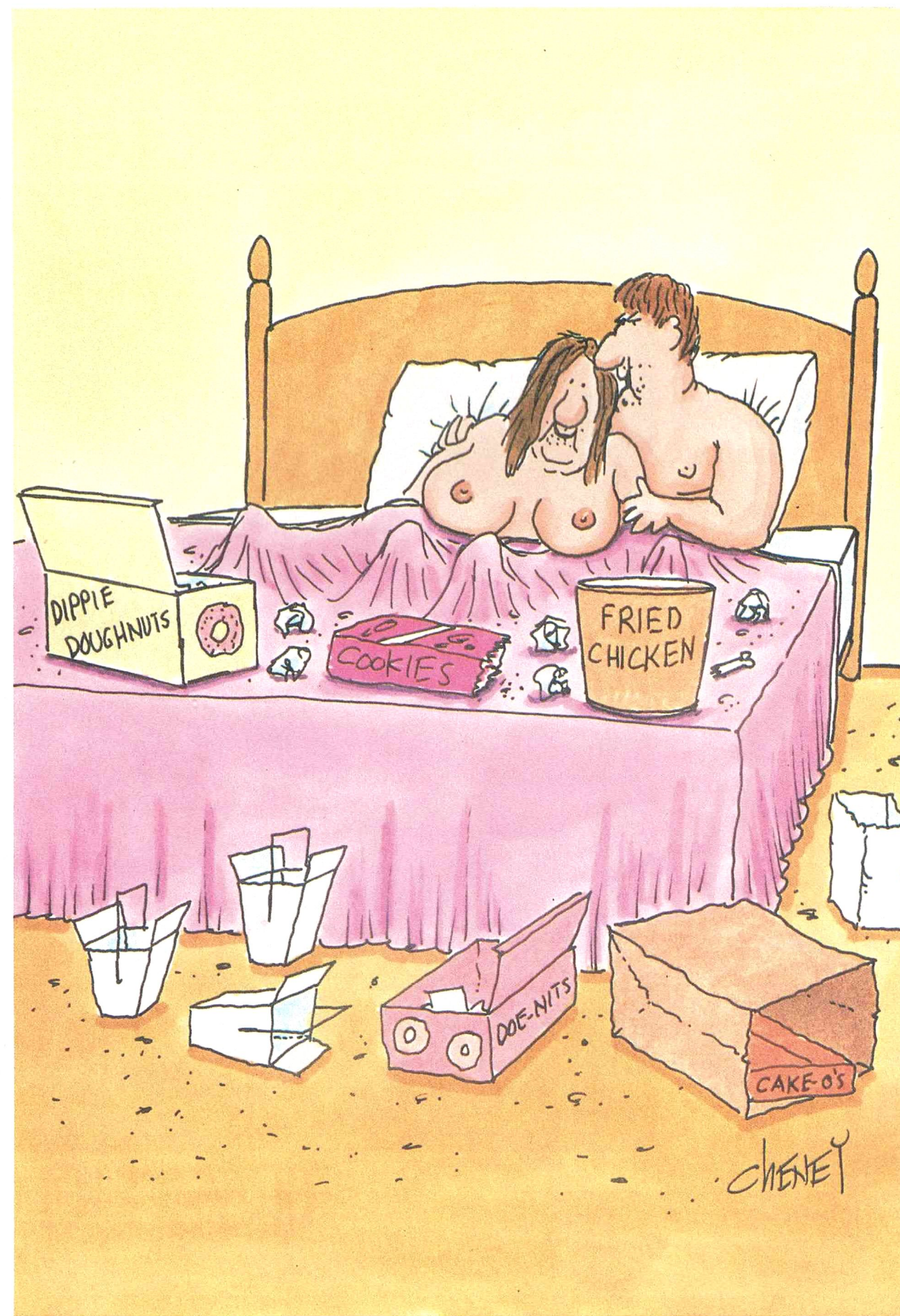
I felt really weak after shooting so much come, but I couldn't take my eyes off the ladies in front of me. The first one was getting her tits sucked royally, and judging by the expression on her face, she was totally overwhelmed by it all. It wasn't long at all before my pud was completely stiff again and I was involved in another intense hand wallop. I watched starry eyed as the second woman moved between her lover's large thighs, grabbed her big arse, and shoved her face into the thick patch of hair. The other woman's face contorted in extreme lust, and I could imagine her voicing her pleasure. She hooked her heels around her slender lover's buttocks, and stroked her head with her long, black fingers.

This beautiful event was happening right before my eyes, and again I was nearing another wonderful orgasm. I could see both ladies beginning to perspire, for they were really getting worked up. I could see their dark sweaty legs wrapping tighter and tighter around each other's bodies. Her long hands had moved to either side of her lover's head, seemingly guiding its movements. I kept my eyes fixed to what was happening only seven or eight feet in front of me, and I felt the beautiful feeling begin to tingle in my toes.

As I shot load after load of thick semen, I watched the first woman's face fiercely contort with her huge orgasm. I heard her screams faintly through the wall; I became completely exhausted from my overexertion and the stuffiness of the dark tunnel. I leaned against the dusty wall as the second lesbian moved into her lover's sweaty arms and relaxedly fondled her gigantic boobs. Their mood was very tender, and I dressed as they huddled in each other's closeness.



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Oh
What
A
Feeling!

TOYOTA
4RUNNER

FORUM

As I moved down through the trapdoor, the fresh air felt great. It was already after dark and I was concerned about my mother's whereabouts. I found her in the office, and told her that I was very tired and I wanted to turn in. She asked me about the people in room 9, and I merely told her that they were two women from out of town.

I intended to get up early and visit the tunnel for any further sensuous activity in that room; however, when I arose their car was already gone. I got the key from the office and went into the unit that I had so earnestly spied on the night before. Things looked typical — wet towels on the floor, messed up bedding (they had even unravelled the covers on the second bed to make it look right), and missing soap. As I quickly surveyed the sheets, I detected several unbelievably long pubic hairs. Glancing quickly around me, I picked one up and pulled it out straight. The black thing had to be six inches long. I quickly ran it through my lips before spitting it to the floor. It had been my best jerk ever. — *Name and address withheld*

Open house

I am a 22-year-old male who has always gone out with girls a couple of years younger than myself. I recently met a 19-

year-old named Charlotte, a dark-haired beauty with a great body, including firm breasts with dollar-sized nipples that point out almost an inch when erect. She also has a set of luscious full lips that I've always dreamed of seeing wrapped around my man-meat. Until this weekend, I had begun to wonder if my dreams would ever become a reality.

Although Charlotte and I have been dating about a month and a half, we've never progressed beyond some kissing and petting. She hadn't had much experience with men, and she said her upbringing made her uncomfortable about "giving in" too easily to her animal lust, which she said was getting stronger and stronger each time we went out.

Charlotte had to pick up some things at home for her room, so we decided to spend the weekend there. Her parents were clearly suspicious of the older guy with their sweet young daughter. They were afraid of me corrupting her, and made it evident during dinner. Afterward, the four of us spent another hour in the den, uncomfortably making small talk, then Charlotte's parents went off to their room to watch television.

Charlotte apologised for their behavior, and we talked for a while about how protective they were and how they refused to face the reality of her becoming an adult. As we talked we kissed and held hands, and suddenly Charlotte looked up into my

eyes and whispered in a sultry voice, "I'm not afraid anymore. Let's do it!"

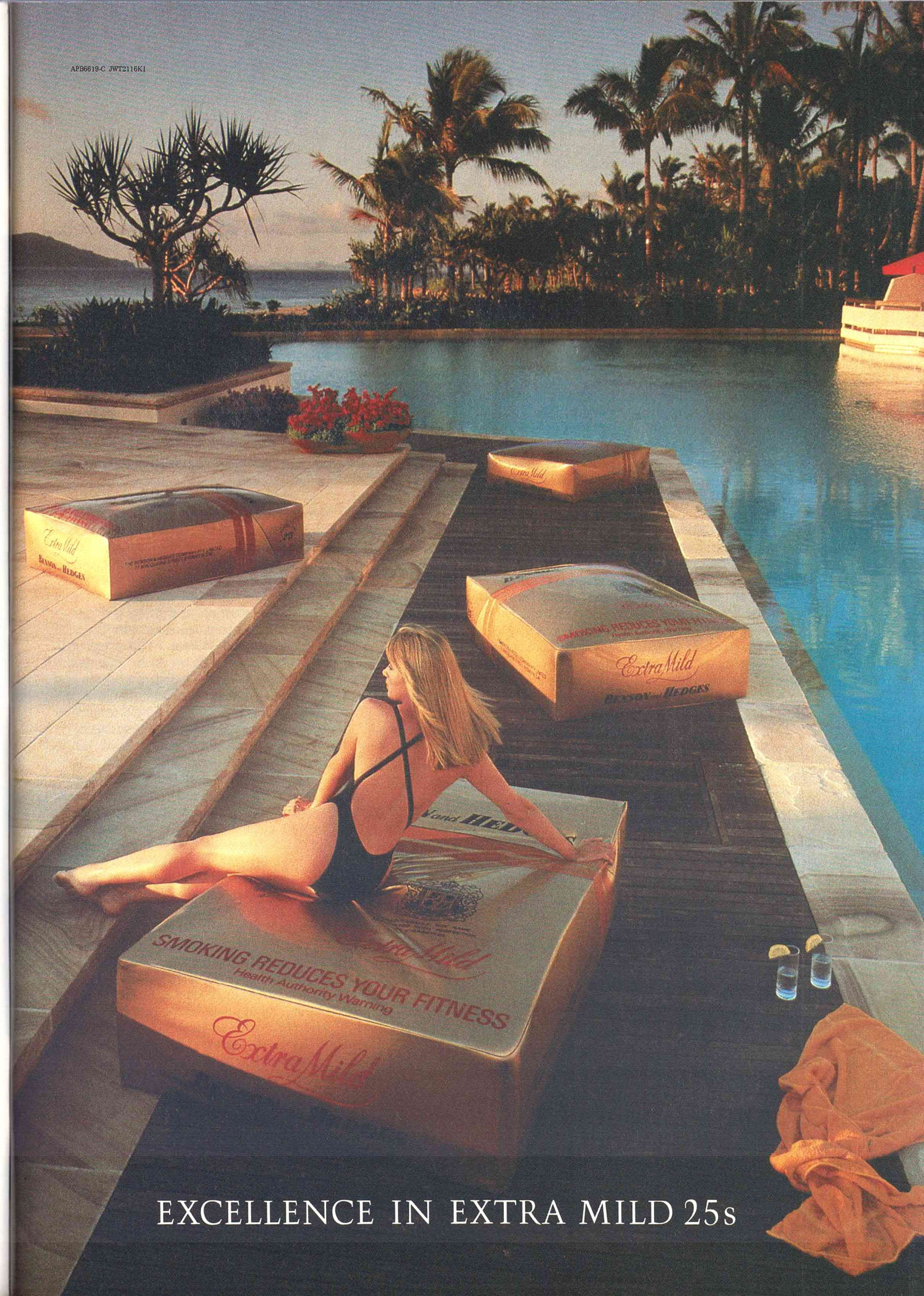
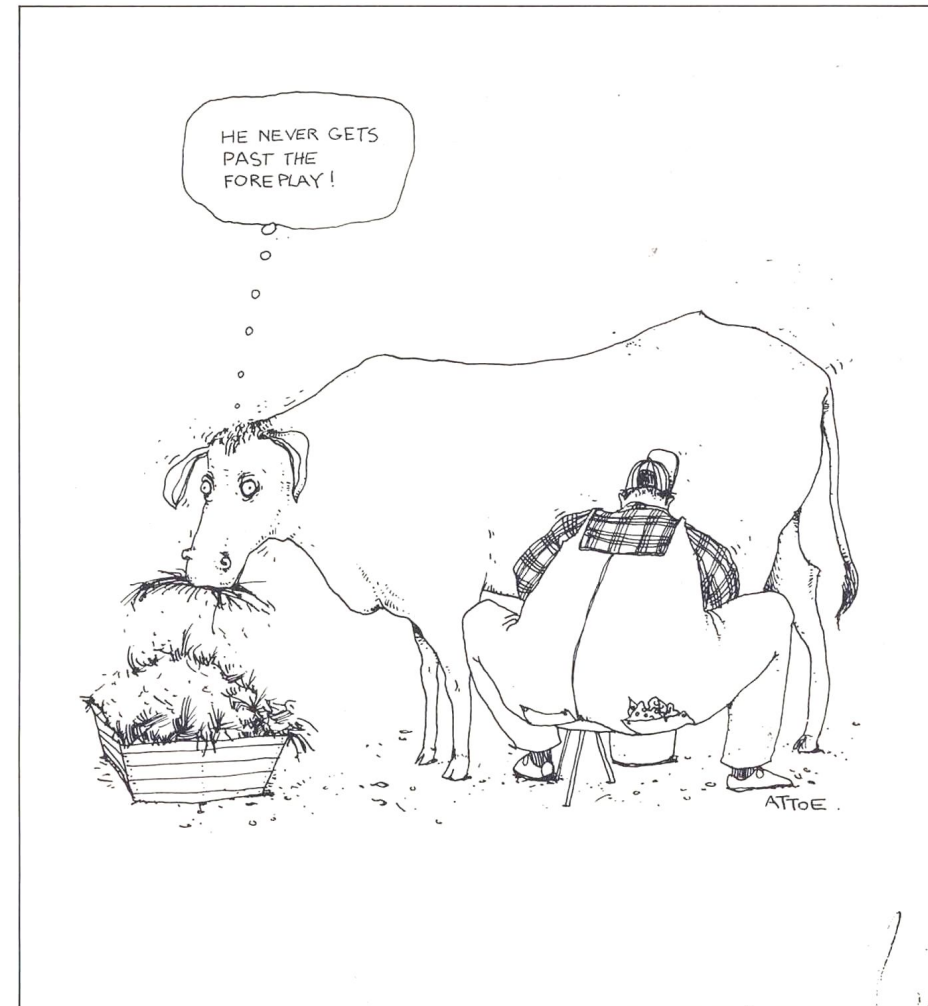
Before I could respond, Charlotte started to kiss me wildly, her tongue darting into my mouth, her body pressing against mine. I hungrily kissed her back, running my hands over her shoulders and against her tits, feeling her amazing nipples stiffening under her thick top. She, in turn, began playing with my nipples, which are also sensitive, pulling up my shirt to nip at them with her teeth. As I began to push up her top to gain access to those fantastic mounds, I thought of our vulnerable position right there in the middle of the house. However, Charlotte's hot tongue in my ear stopped any rational thought as stronger instincts took over.

I quickly undid her bra and began sucking at her taut tips, running my tongue around them in circles, then flicking it against the hard points. She began to moan softly, and as my tongue continued its worship of her sweet tits, my hand wandered down to rub at the hot spot between her legs. She was wearing pants, and I could feel her moistness as my fingers caressed her slit through the fabric. She began to buck against me as my fingers slid back and forth, and then she cried out as she was rocked by a powerful orgasm.

Recovering her strength, Charlotte suddenly undid my zipper and pulled my jeans down. With a simple gasp, she freed my cock from my shorts and started to lick around its seven hard inches. She attacked it with a frenzy, sucking on the head and licking it up and down. She pumped it with her hands and blew on the moistened tip, exclaiming over and over, "I've dreamed of sucking your hard cock!"

Apparently her dreams had taught her some things, because she was doing excellently for her first blowjob. She tried to deep-throat me, but was only able to devour the first couple of inches without gagging. I began to fuck her mouth with my hard pole, sliding in and out as she sucked. The sight of her lovely lips wrapped around my engorged organ, along with the incredible slickness of her tongue and hot mouth, caused me to groan as I felt a huge orgasm coming on. "I'm coming!" I warned her, but Charlotte kept to her task, sucking me for all she was worth. Just as seemingly gallons of my liquid passion flooded Charlotte's throat, we heard her father's voice exclaim, "What's going on here?" Charlotte pulled up, and several jets of my cream splashed against her cheeks.

Needless to say, this resulted in a nasty situation, as it was impossible for Charlotte to explain away my come dripping from her hair and mouth. I was promptly asked to leave and never return, and Charlotte was told not to see me again. However, Charlotte and I still get together, and now she isn't the only one who has to wipe the juice of passion off her



EXCELLENCE IN EXTRA MILD 25s

FORUM

face! — Name and address withheld

60 minutes

My fiancé Leonard and I have been good friends for the past eight months with two other couples — Jim and Gail, and Theodore and Rosie. We're all 30 to 32 years old, have the same basic income, and are into looking fit. I stand five foot six, with full 36Cs and, I've been told, a very nice arse. Leonard is six foot one and very healthy. We plan to marry sometime next year.

We all enjoy games together — poker, Trivial Pursuit etc — and get together regularly. One Wednesday evening, Rosie called and asked Leonard and me to come over Saturday night. The reason? She said she'd discovered a new game. We got there around seven. Jim and Gail had arrived a few minutes earlier. We all kissed each other hello and then settled down to some serious business — wine and food. After everyone got comfortable, Rosie brought out an adult board game. Theodore started setting it up on the floor.

"Okay now," said Rosie, "if we're going to play this, we all must be in agreement. Theodore and I played this the other night and it was . . . well" — she smirked — "stimulating." Jim picked up the deck of cards and started flipping through it until

Theodore reached over and took it out of his hands. "No fair cheating," he admonished. "We either all agree to play — no matter what — or none of us play." I looked at Leonard, and he shrugged with indifference. I saw Gail nod positively at Jim, who mumbled, "Sure, why not?" Since no-one said no outright, Theodore passed the bag containing the playing pieces to Gail. Each of us in turn reached in. I had a strange feeling about this, but I was feeling good and chose to ignore it.

We stocked up on more food and drink, then settled down to play. Rosie volunteered to go first, and rolled a five. She moved her plastic-cock playing piece and landed on a square that instructed her to draw a card from the pile. She removed the top one and read it out loud: "Expose your right breast for 30 seconds." She looked around at us. "Um, this is how the game goes. I must admit that it is a bit embarrassing at first, but believe me, it gets easier."

"Let's see a tit, honey," Theodore slurred in his best John Wayne imitation. That got us tittering as Rosie unbuttoned her shirt, undid the front hook on her bra, and pulled the right cup away, exposing her breast. Theodore bent down to give her a quick suck, but Rosie caught his head before it hit home and pushed him away. "Uh-hu, no-no," she teased. "That's another card."

"This is what the whole game's like,"

Theodore stated. I could see Leonard trying not to look at Rosie. I was turned on, but also a tad jealous.

For the next hour, we had a hysterical time. There was a lot of coercion, some of us not wanting to obey the cards. But after we got through that, it was a piece of cake. Theodore sucked my left tit for 45 seconds; Leonard licked Rosie's pussy for five seconds; I lay on my stomach, exposing my bare arse, for a minute; Rosie had to sit with her jeans and panties off, her legs spread, for ten seconds; Leonard had to sit with his dick in his hand for 20 seconds etc. However, what made it strange was that we were all fully clothed. A tit was exposed and then covered up, a dick was sucked and then tucked back into the pants. Somehow it was more erotic this way.

Each card had an assigned point value, and we finally reached a point where it was anybody's game. It was my turn, I rolled a four, picked a card, read it, and just stared at it. I couldn't bring myself to read it aloud.

"Come on, Anne," Jim teased, "it can't be that bad."

"I'm gonna read it," I stated to no-one in particular, "but that doesn't mean I'll do it." Oh boy, I thought to myself, *here goes*. I took a deep breath and read, "You must obey all players for a period of 60 minutes. The players must act as a group, giving no more than one command at a time."

Rosie grinned. "Great! I had a feeling this one would come up soon," she said excitedly.

"Guys, I'm really not comfortable with this," I stated flatly. For the next ten minutes, I was barraged with: "Aw, come on," "You can't quit now," and "Pussy!" That last one from Leonard, and he said it because he knows I hate being called that. Finally I couldn't stand it anymore. "Okay, okay, I'll do it!" I shouted at them, and collapsed against Leonard. "Now what?" I asked, not really wanting to know.

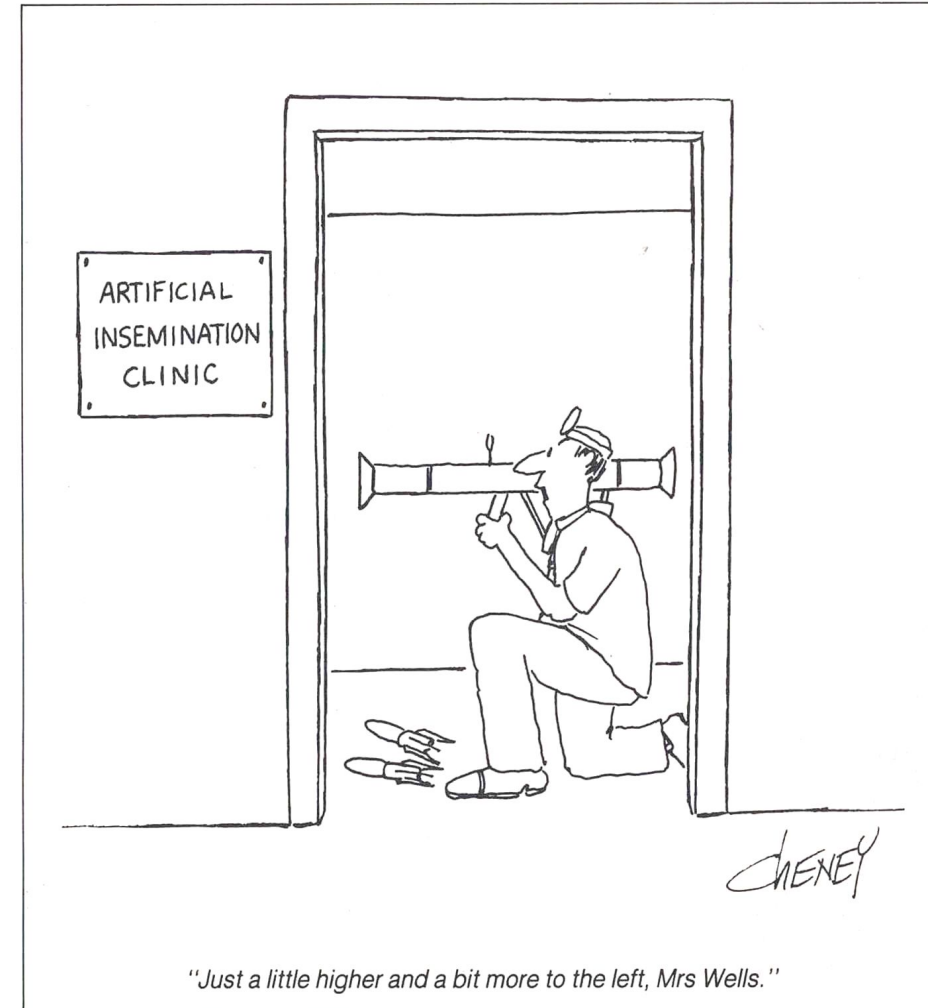
"Let's see," responded Theodore. "Do you have to use the john or something?" Suddenly I did, so I went upstairs to the guest bathroom. *Sixty minutes*, I thought to myself. *What can they do in 60 minutes?* Plenty, I found myself replying. As nervous as I was, I did feel excited. I'd always had fantasies along these lines, and now was my chance to see them come true. Figuring that enough time had elapsed, I went back downstairs.

The group were huddled around the bar and stopped talking when they saw me. "Let's get this going, people, I'm real nervous," I said. They turned to face me, and without ceremony. Theodore said, "Take your clothes off."

My mouth fell open. "What! Just like that?" I shrieked at him.

"You've agreed to go along. I promise no-one's going to hurt you," he said softly.

Continued on page 118



"Just a little higher and a bit more to the left, Mrs Wells."

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

THE CHARGE OF THE BULL

If there's one thing about Australians that tourists find attractive it's our easy-going attitude to just about everything. Not a lot bothers us.

On one hand, we so often stand accused internationally of laziness, drunkenness and chauvinism, not to mention the lack of any formality. On the other we see tourists in their plane loads in desperate search of anything Australian.

To be sure, at times we do drink a wee bit much and throw up in public places. Call it local color. Perhaps also we treat our women with less than ideal sexual respect, but what with dinner costing 100 bucks and the movie tickets and petrol, well, fair's fair. Yet there is a marvellously magnetic characteristic in Australians. The tourists sense it. The world pokes fun at it. We take it for granted.

It doesn't have a real name so we'll simply refer to it as our Bullshit Detector. An Aussie can see the bullshit coming from a mile away. In-built and hereditary, our mistrust of hype, wanking and pretention keeps us sane.

One wonders, given the demeanor of most Americans, why the hell they come here when they know they'll be in for a hard time. Probably the same reason that psychiatrists in the US are a growth industry. But we're getting off the track, here. With all the bullshit flying it may become difficult to isolate the real bad cases. Relax, I've done it for you.

Bullshit in music: Watch any music award show from the US and take note of who wins the Grammy or the Whammy or the Weinie. The same sanitised, authorised warblers every time. Doesn't that strike you as a touch odd?

The Whitney Houstons, Lionel Richies, The Band Who Wear Their Hair Nicely Permed And Jump Around Sorta Tough Like. Take into account the same staged standing ovations and whoops! and hoots! and you have a formula for total, new and improved Grade A bullshit. Just for fun, play Guess Who's Gonna Get The Gold Humanitarian Award. The only proviso is he or she should be dead or at least giving a reasonable impression of same, and have a collection of the most insipid love songs ever recorded. This is prime bullshit in prime time.

Bullshit in business: Company X, Australia's largest doormat supplier, buys Company Y, a shitty backstreet hustler pumping out rubber wear. Down goes the deal, the headlines scream, the nation is

supposedly spinning out from the tremendous excitement. . . and Australia's richest man has just doubled his personal wealth. Who cares? There is a misguided notion that real Australians are interested in the takeover battles of the mega-rich. You who bust a gut for an arsehole boss for a couple of hundred a week . . .

Bullshit in porn films: Have you noticed a change in your everyday porn effort? Where have the jumpy, badly colored 8mm prints gone that we loved so much? Now we have proper sets and lighting, plotlines(!) and participants who try to act! Let's get serious, it's porno, for Chrissake. Does a slobbering bunch of drunks in the rear of a gymnasium really give a damn about continuity? Cut the bullshit and realise just what good, honest porno is all about. It's ugly but it gets you there.

Bullshit interpersonal relationships study: This is a doozy. In the last decade, the whole sphere of how we interact with each other has occupied more book and magazine space than the Royal Family. We've been urged to get into the other person's head instead of her pants. To feel her aura and not her aureola. Alan Alda has a lot to answer for. You got men, women and farm animals and that's the deal, okay?

The list goes on forever. Each day brings newer and more extreme forms of BS streaming into the country. Keep your guard up. Here are a couple of real lulus that have crept into our mass consciousness. (See, even I'm starting to get caught up in it!)

Car phones: Apparently it looks flash in traffic. The joke's on them, it looks naff. I'm sure most of them aren't even hooked up.

TV news hour: Do we really need two people reading us the news? Is the news better when halved?

Another does the sport, the bimbo points to the weather charts, and the day's gorier acts of madness are replayed over the closing credits. All The News That's Fit To Hype. **Telephone manners:** The latest trend in answering business calls with "Good Morning, DirtBag Tyres, Ron Speaking, Can I Help You?" is not on. Whatever happened to, "This better be important, I'm having my lunch"? Let's cut the crap.

As long as your Bullshit Detector is constantly in gear, you'll be safe. The influx of cash and the slow deterioration of the hard-core Aussie style means the BS will keep coming in buckets. These are dangerous times in which we live.

And that's no bullshit. — Steven Gibbs



Illustration by Christine Haberstock

On a recent trip to Italy, I was favored with an audience with the

They wouldn't quit. "Cicci — leeen — yaaa!" Cicci was straightening up and blowing big smacks to the crowd, and I realised I was going to go home blueballed, not fucked but fucked over by a politician once again. — *Al Goldstein*

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AVARICE



ON THE PENSION

You young blokes out there should get back to work as soon as you finish reading this instructive article so that your father and I can continue the life to which we have become accustomed. For unless you young bludgers work like crazy over the next 40 years your dad and I are going to suffer a terrible drop in living standards.

The Pill has a lot to do with it. But we can't help that now, can we? We can't turn back the clock and give ourselves four or five children each instead of the measly one point something we actually had. Our own fault, I suppose — but the kids cop the blame.

So where we'll be sending you, young ones, is the salt mine. It's all to do with the pension, you see.

In Australia old age pensions are paid out of the public purse as and when they are needed. Each time an old bloke retires and goes for the pension the Government just adds another to the list. It's worked that way for 40 years without too much trouble — but the system is now on the verge of getting out of hand.

For this we have demography to blame. Too many Australians are now growing old; what's more, having grown old we are living longer: a year or two longer than 40 years ago. Which means there are more pensioners and these pensioners are sticking around on the bludge for longer. And it's our taxes that keep them in dog-food and stale bread.

But crikey, if you think it's tough now, just wait until me and your old man retire. Because it's going to be far worse.

What's happening now is all those migrants who streamed out here after World War II to work on

the Snowy Mountains Scheme and to open fruit shops, and who had about 43 kids, are now retiring. With a lot of their savings stashed away in the old £5 notes, they're able to go on the pension. Luckily, there's still a large workforce still paying taxes so these increasing numbers of pensioners can be looked after.

The vast bulk of the workforce is me and my generation. Unlike the previous generation, which gave birth to us all — we were known as the Baby Boom — we haven't gone round getting our wives and girl-friends up the duff every conceivable moment.

No, we were too smart for that,

pension, that ratio will come down a bit, possibly to as much as 3.5 or even three to one.

You can see what I'm driving at. The Baby Boom, like a possum sliding down the insides of a carpet snake, is going to end up in one big lump, on the pension, in about 2015 AD. And who's going to pay for that huge lump of old age pensioners (all sitting around the Senior Citizens' Centre smoking dope and listening to the Rolling Stones)?

About ten years ago economists got the politicians to start talking about a National Superannuation Scheme and three years ago there was a whole lot more talk about it. But that's all it's been so far: talk. There've been some half-hearted measures to boost the superannuation business generally but overall it's hard to see whether recent reforms have been an improvement. In one way tomorrow's pensioners have been made worse off.

You see, all this three percent productivity going into industry superannuation schemes is one big dud. It'll only provide today's 40-year-olds with a very modest pittance upon retirement and today's 20-year-olds with a little less than the pension.

The catch is that we're paying for it directly. We are now funding our future pension out of today's wages — and that pension isn't going to be anything as good as the value of pensions paid today.

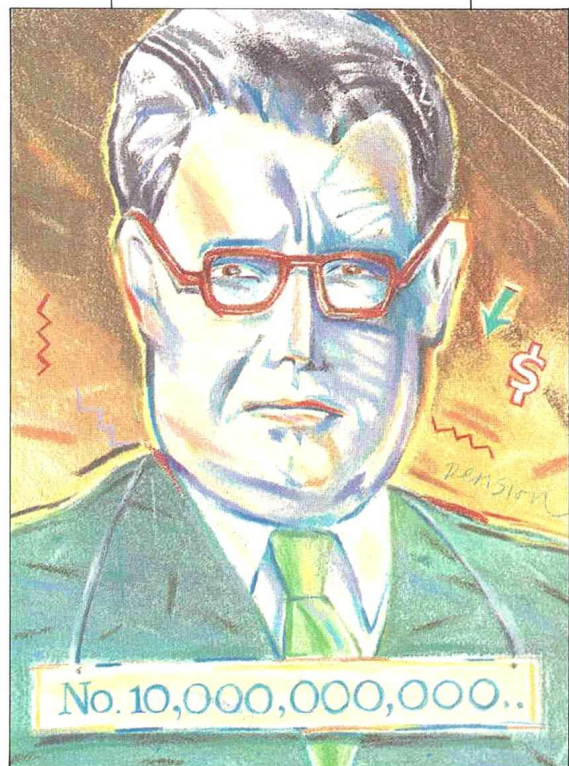
Not only is the Government making us pay today for our pensions tomorrow (except those

who don't get the productivity-increase going into superannuation, who get to spend the money today but will still be entitled to a pension other workers have paid for), but it is also wishing to tax those savings: that is, reduce our future nest egg to pay for their present grandiose plans.

To add to the outrage of it all, a good whack of our taxes goes to pay retired public servants living off 70 percent of their already bloated pre-retirement salaries. Which is maybe why the non-public servant superannuation problem hasn't really attracted too much attention from the Government's policy advisers. They're all right, Jack, and there's still a couple of decades before the Baby Boom gets to the end of the carpet snake.

Probably they will get around to doing something about the old age Baby Boomers by the time we retire. But the year 2000 will be too late. Years and years of saving are needed to fund pensions. (If you save 25 percent of your salary for ten years you'll end up with enough to live on, not counting for inflation and interest, for 3.3 years. As the life expectancy of a bloke at age 65 is another 13-plus years, you can see something like 40 years of saving are needed.)

So while we're waiting for the welfare state to get its act together we've got to do what people had to do before such things as the welfare state were invented: look after ourselves. I know it's hard with the bastards in Canberra forever ferreting away at our savings, but if we sock some away each year — preferably where the taxmen and income-testers can't find it — we might be able to afford the odd beer once or twice a month when we're old and grey... and, if you young bludgers out there keep working and paying your taxes, there might even be a bit of money left in consolidated revenue by the year 2015 to pay us a bit of pension — but don't count on it. — *David Quicksilver*



weren't we? Yes, well, the chickens are yet to come home — but they will.

At the moment there's just on four workers for every Australian over 65 years of age. However, as the Baby Boom ages, leaves the workforce and goes on to the



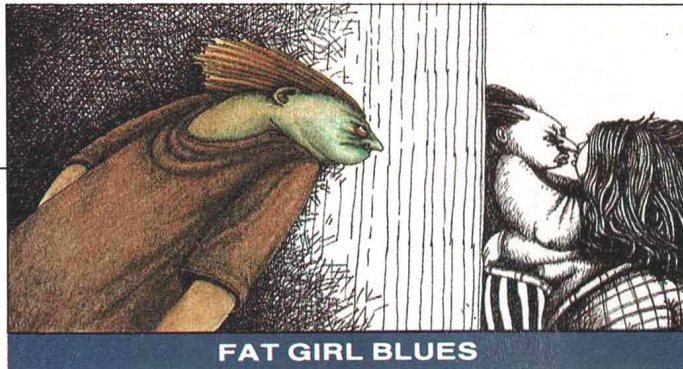
Bag a Stag.

Tooheys Stag Premium Lager.

If it didn't have an Australian accent, you'd swear it was imported.



ENVY



FAT GIRL BLUES

I am a woman in my 30s. I am told I look young for my age. I am officially classified as a genius. I like challenges; they give me a sense of achievement. I'm a successful gambler and ready to take a risk. I am comfortably well off. I have lots of friends and plenty of interests. But one challenge I can't meet. One simple little thing I can't beat.

I am jealous. Eaten up with envy. I have to use a plastic mouth guard to stop me grinding my teeth down in my sleep because of it. Sometimes it consumes me so much I feel overwhelmed with helplessness and grief. And you know what it is — this consuming pain? I want to be thin.

I was a skinny kid. I can remember the feeling of running fast, of excelling at gymnastics, of being fit and unencumbered. When puberty hit I developed a magnificent pair of tits, large and firm (they still are) and combined with my slender figure they made me quite an eyecatcher.

But gradually my body seemed to slow down. My pulse and blood pressure are low and my temperature is less than average. My thyroid gland (that which determines the amount of energy your body gets from food) is sluggish — not pathologically, you understand, just producing a little below the bottom of the normal range. So diets don't work. Cutting out food simply puts me to sleep. Exercise makes me taut but doesn't remove any fat. Doctors don't want me

to go on artificial thyroxin because my problem isn't severe enough (*hah!*) and because my body would come to depend on the drug.

Dieticians assume their diets don't work because I've been cheating and lying about them.

Gym instructors admire my determination but seldom blame me for giving up as several months of vigorous exercise and diet make not an ounce of difference.

So why bash my head against this particular brick wall? Because of the sexy woman in the poster there. And all the smug people who give me little lectures about self-indulgence and make idiot remarks like, "There were no fat people in Belsen you know." (I suppose I could try a concentration camp — God knows I've tried everything else!) But I also feel uncomfortable the way I am.

The worst thing of all is men. I

fuck is all that's offered. There is an old joke. A fat girl, it says, is like a moped. Lots of fun to play with, but you don't want anyone to see you on one. Sadly, it's true — it's bloody true and terribly unfair. That joke isn't funny. Ask a fat girl.

At night I have dreams where I find a zip in my back. I undo it and the real me steps out, free at last of the padded trap she got caught in. In my waking hours I find myself torn between accepting men's assessment of me and getting angry with them for being so shallow, defiantly telling myself that any man worth his salt would see my real value. This is pointless. I am just as chauvinistic myself. I like slender men. No matter how fond I get of fat ones, I still can't make myself fancy them.

I get plenty of propositions, but from men who are clearly ashamed of their attraction and assume there must be something wrong with them. I can have affairs by the dozen, as long as they are on the quiet and I never expect to be taken out in public. The men who feel this way often make it clear that I should be grateful. After all, they say, looking the way I do, I can't have many other choices and must be desperate for it.

Sometimes I am offered love — of a sort. Some men are attracted to what people used to call Earth-mother types. They follow me around with doe-eyed devotion. In return they want me to mother them, look after them, give them advice and spend end-



am an independent sort of person and probably the world's laziest housekeeper. I don't want marriage. I value my privacy and my own space. And like most women I have no trouble finding a fuck when I need one. I can even afford to pick and choose. But a

less hours nurturing their poor, tender egos. But dammit, if I wanted a child I'd have one of my own! Like all women I would like to be cherished occasionally. I would like someone to want to look after me now and then instead of deciding there's no point because I can already look after myself. Just occasionally I would like a little romance instead of easy camaraderie and off-hand sex. I would like someone to be proud of me. Not much to ask but impossible to expect, it seems, from today's man. There's this insuperable barrier, you see. It is distributed mainly around my hips.

After a few years of this, I found the whole sex thing too destructive. I was terrified of getting close to anyone because that would give him the power to hurt me with a careless or callous remark. I found myself selecting men that I couldn't like so that I wouldn't be tempted to get close to them.

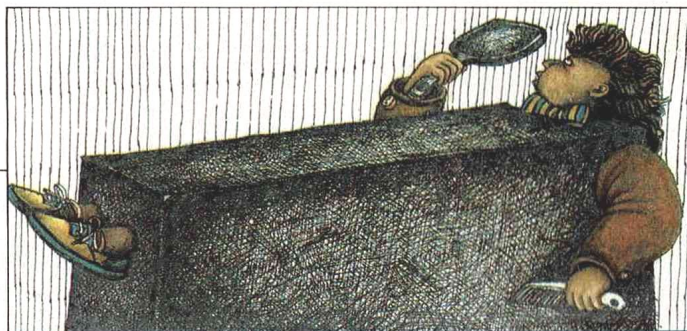
So I gave up my active sex life. I became celibate. Enter three years of relative peace and happiness. Even so, the odd man who decided to "do me a favor" by offering his body never really understood. He was likely to get nasty when I turned him down. After all, he'd say, I might get hurt if an absolute stunner turns me down but it's bloody insulting to be knocked back by someone who looks like the archetype of a desperate.

Now, I am beginning to feel maybe I'd like to get back into the race again. But not the way I did before. Somewhere out there there must be attractive men who like a woman for who she is as much as what she looks like. Somewhere there must be people like me, who don't want to get married, who don't need financial support, who don't need a man to make all their decisions for them and yet have been able to find a loving relationship. I'd like that too. But going out and looking for it — that will take courage, perhaps more courage than I have. — Sue Robinson



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ALL THAT GLITTERS

Australian men don't like jewellery, if you didn't know — and marketing plans are afoot to make you change your mind.

"Australian men think jewellery is ethnic," reported a diamond industry spokesperson. "They're way behind. If you look around the Wall Street area, it's the total status object." Seems the Geckos of the world are decking themselves out to the hilt in the form of rings, diamond-studded cufflinks and jewelled tie-tacks — while jewellers over there are racing to keep up with the demand. Meanwhile, Australia's high-powered jewellery marketeers are scratching their heads and pondering the discrepancy between the male and female market; estimates are that the male portion is five to ten percent at the most.

How do you make someone like something? Especially when Australians see jewellery on men as pooney and pretentious. Sure, there's fun jewellery — what red-blooded Aussie male wouldn't want a Phantom Death's Head ring ("Hey, it don't come off") — but when it comes to all that glitters, and is genuine, the very idea is dismissed as the ultimate in vanity.

Scratch beneath the high-powered sales surface, however, and you'll find the distinctive work of someone like Tony White — fickle social mores don't really affect him in his Potts Point fortress/workshop in Sydney. White feels no compulsion to make people like anything; he just makes things people like. Clients come to him — and have done for 20 years.

Tony White is an artist. You do not buy his work in shops. He exhibits in galleries, annually in Syd-

ney, Melbourne and Brisbane, occasionally accepting invites to show his stuff around the world. Since tossing in architecture and going fulltime into jewellery-making in the mid-Sixties, he's carved himself a reputation and clientele of global proportions.

"I'm more classical in my designs," he explains — part of his recipe for success. "Unlike fashion trends which come and go, jewellery must last a long time and look right. You can't be too flamboyant or pretty soon the buyer gets tired of wearing it. It's got to be comfortable, practical and feel right."

White estimates 90 percent of

wear, then you're really getting twice your value," he says. "Attached men don't have to feel so selfish buying something for themselves." Still, part of his trademark is his personalisation. Clients meet him and discuss what they want, select a stone and leave him to it. From those impressions, he'll create an original. Most men seem aware of the potentially ostentatious nature of jewellery-wearing in this country and ask him to play down the setting if it's for themselves.

"Most of my clients are over 35," says White. "Younger guys tend to go for fun jewellery, whereas I appeal more to the more established, better travelled man. They've looked around the world and know what they want."

Further to his trademark style is White's emphasis on unusual stones and their setting as the centrepiece; he is not into freeform. Obtaining those stones requires regular overseas expeditions: South America for emeralds, aquamarine and tourmaline, India for rubies, around Australia for opals and sapphires, and the huge markets of Japan and Thailand for just about anything.

Distinctions between men's and women's jewellery basically come down to individual taste, but there are a few principles of selection which are generally observed. Men tend to prefer flat stones, as opposed to the faceted, hefty numbers which are more the domain of the women and the Liberaces of the world. Men prefer stronger

colors: blacks, browns, dark reds and dark blues.

Rings are the number one personalised items, size being the main consideration there; quite a number of orders are for signet rings with family crests and the like. A cast in wax is carved first — gold is the general preference of material.

One increasing market is for corporate jewellery — principally cufflinks for men, ear-rings for women — the sort of stuff they can safely hand out to Joe Bloggs who's flogged his guts out for the company for 25 years and who deserves something a bit less tacky than a fountain pen. Cufflinks are the one and only safe bet for presents for men, as they're not too personal, and if big bucks are involved they can always be handed down.

Men who still can't feel comfortable hanging baubles and sparklers on their person might consider the expanding market of jewelled keyrings — hardly jewellery in the strictest sense, but a special way to flash the heavy lettuce. Not a good idea, though, for people who can never remember where they left their keys...

Okay, so most of the ideas so far have been for Mr Cool, trying to play down his millions, the sort of guy who doesn't have to flaunt it. Not everyone fits into that category. Very rich men who want to go the whole hog might consider pink diamonds. Diamonds come in all sorts of colors; the pink variety can be yours for around a half million dollars per carat. Or you can wear rubies on the soles of your shoes; they can be even more expensive than any diamond, depending on the quality. These are the ultimate stones for anyone.

That is definitely the upper end of the market, though. Most of Tony White's sales are for items between \$1000 and \$3000, though they range from \$500 up and up.

He can be contacted on (02) 358 5467.

Clients are seen by appointment only. — Graem Sims

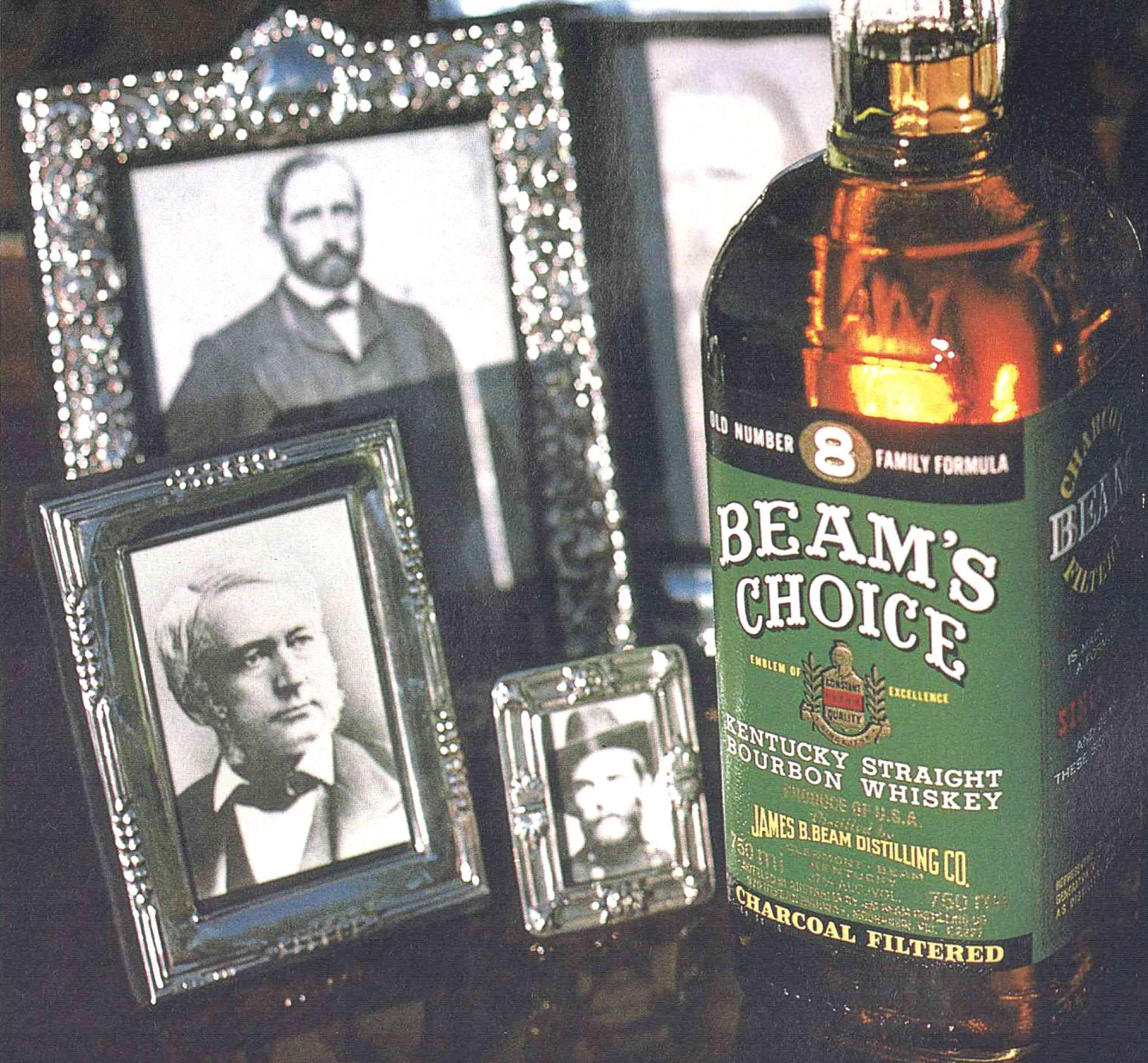


A glimpse at the renowned work of jewellery designer Tony White, of Sydney. Clockwise from top left: 1.66ct Argyle (WA) brown diamond set in gold — brown diamonds even as exquisite as this can be the difference between paying \$8000 and \$28,000; gold platypus ring, \$550; cufflinks of Indian moonstone set in black onyx, around \$1500.

his work is for women, but he's noticed an increasing tendency for designs which might be considered unisex. "If you're paying a top price for something, you want to be sure you're going to get some use out of it — and if it's something either of a couple can

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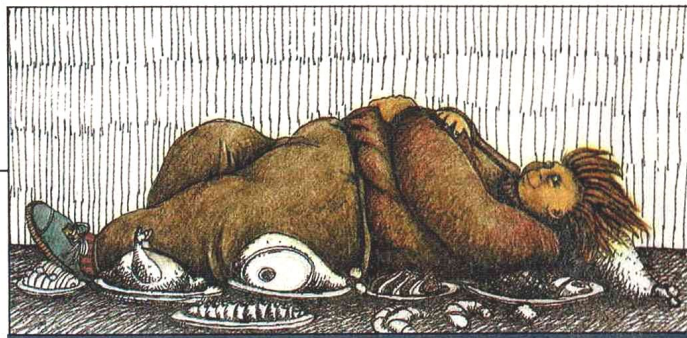
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GLUTTONY



THE RISE OF SAUVIGNON BLANC

People who didn't know the difference between French Colombard and French fries a few years ago are suddenly familiar with the harvest statistics of their favorite Chardonnays. In 1988, such knowledge is mandatory. With the export boom on and bad harvests last year severely curtailing available grapes, Chardonnay grapes are now fetching in excess of \$1500 a tonne. These prices will most definitely be passed on to consumers.

Enter Sauvignon Blanc, a worthy alternative to the expensive Burgundian grape and a wine that can hold its own with the best of them. Sauvignon Blanc, also known as Fume Blanc, is the white grape of Bordeaux from which tart, white Graves wines are made.

Sauvignon Blanc has had a rough ride in Australia up until a few years ago. Some detractors likened it to cat's piss, others equated its grassy notes with discarded lawn clippings. The moniker wasn't exactly helpful either — consumers frequently didn't order the wine for fear of looking like an illiterate when a supercilious wine waiter corrected their pronunciation — very slowly and loudly.

With the benefit of hindsight and the runaway success of Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc, it's hard to see how Sauvignon Blanc stayed in the wings so long. Yet for many years, the only significant planting in Australia (Hardy's at McLaren Vale) was made into fortified wines. Given its relatively low yield and sometimes erratic performance, Sauvignon Blanc didn't prove too popular even in that minor role. In the late Seventies, Australian Sauvignon Blanc plantings increased, mostly in the

hope of catching the wave of Robert Mondavi's Fume Blanc success in America. Fume Blanc became a generic style — to the betterment and detriment of Sauvignon Blanc's reputation.

Pre-Mondavi, dry Sauvignon Blanc wines in France had always been made without new oak maturation. In 1971, Mondavi, one of California's best winemakers and most savvy marketing men, was faced with a glut of Sauvignon Blanc and a dearth of Chardonnay. He picked the Sauvignon Blanc very ripe and matured it in small oak casks. Rather than label the spicy dry wine Sauvignon Blanc, he looked

a bit like Russian roulette. You never know what you're going to get until you've done a private marketing survey. Fine if that suits your drinking habits and pocket, rather off-putting if you don't have the time or the bank balance.

To save you trouble and money, here is a rundown of the finest Fume Blancs currently available. To my mind, the best Fume Blanc in Australia is Lindemans Padthaway Fume Blanc 1987. This year it won the Chablis/White Burgundy Championship at the Sydney Wine Show, in addition to the trophy and four gold medals it had already picked up. An exquisitely made wine, it has a perfectly balanced palate and very complex bouquet of top quality fruit. An absolute steal at \$11.95.

Hill Smith Estate 1986 Fume Blanc took out top honors at last year's Qantas Cup, making it my second top choice. A shade down the scale are: Arrowfield 1986, Taltarni 1987, Andrew Garrett 1987, Rosemount Estate 1987, Houghton Wildflower Ridge 1987, McWilliams Hanwood 1986, Killawarra 1987 and Krondorf 1987.

Wines firmly labelled Sauvignon Blanc are far more straight and narrow. Because they have the varietal name on the bottle, they are guaranteed to contain that grape. The standard descriptions of Sauvignon Blanc are an indication of the variety's intensity — variously described as grassy, gooseberry, capsicum, even broad bean. Grassy is

the most common adjective employed because the flavor and aroma of Sauvignon Blanc, at its best, smells like new-mown hay. The finest examples are second only to Chardonnay in complexity and finesse, but they have a raw assertiveness that is all their own.

As with the Traminer craze of a few years ago, winemakers fear that the intensity of Sauvignon Blanc could make it a fad of the moment rather than a long-term trend. For this reason, some proponents of the style encourage the wine to go through malolactic fermentation, a secondary, bacterial fermentation that increases the wine's complexity and tones down its acidity. Sauvignon Blancs made this way are usually rich and full-bodied with a somewhat muted character.

Lindemans conquer again in the Sauvignon Blanc line-up. Leo Buring Padthaway DWP 25 1986 is a "champagne" wine for the beer budget price of \$11.95. The bouquet shows top class varietal character, the palate is full with richness and depth. Drinking well now but a good one to lay down in anticipation of the high prices of 1989.

My next ranking dozen would be: Mount Avoca 1987, Andrew Garrett 1987, Brown Brothers 1986, Middlebrook 1987, Leeuwin Estate Art Series 1986, Yalumba 1987, Arrowfield Reserve 1987, St Leonards 1987, Angoves 1987, Miramar 1987 and Morris 1986.

To consolidate your image as a man of the world, waxing lyrical about the right Sauvignon Blanc/Fume Blanc and food combinations gets you maximum points in business and seduction scenarios.

In general, Fume Blancs are top accompaniments to the foods that combine well with Chardonnay: chicken, veal, pork and other light meats, plus richer, more highly flavored seafood dishes.

Sauvignon Blancs are superb with seafood, poultry and veal. — Elisabeth King

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SLOTH



SWISS TRACK RECORDS

again.

The Engadine Express winds through seven steep mountain passes, connecting St Moritz with Innsbruck, Salzburg and Vienna. The minority language, Romansch, is still spoken in the perfectly preserved villages that could step in for a remake of *Heidi*. The Inn River flows through the Engadine Valley on its way to the Danube and the Black Sea. The railway runs north to Zuoz, one of the oldest settlements in this enclave of ancient villages. Get off and stay a night or two.

Zuoz lies at the heart of dense Grimm Brothers forest and soar-

Europe, climbing and diving into Italy like the corkscrew twister on the Gold Coast. Passing woodlands and the white water of the Inn River, you arrive at the first pack ice of the Morterach Glacier. Climbing surely at a gradient of seven percent, the glacier is finally dwarfed by an oval of phallic mountains. At the end of the valley, the sky fills with cable cars squiring sightseers up to the Dravolezza and the Piz Lagalp.

Alp Grun is an obligatory disembarkation point. The train station perches on a huge crag with a world-famous alpine garden. Defying gravity, the rock juts out over the enormous Palm Glacier.

Loop the loop, two huge ones, signals the descent from Alp Grun to Poschiavo. The "as the crow flies" distance is only six kilometres, but due to the vast peaks the train has to travel 16 kilometres, descending over 1000 metres in the process. The naked mountainside gradually levels into the balmy vegetation of northern Italy.

The journey on the Palm Express begins at St Moritz with a huge postal bus. The road and subsequent rail journey is every bit as tortuous as the Bernina Express, so much so that the Swiss National

Tourist Office issues you with a stamped certificate to prove to one and all that you've done it. The journey takes two days. The bus leg negotiates roads carved on top of bottomless hillsides that lead down to the shores of Lake Como in Italy. The expertise of

the driver is given a second, more rigorous challenge by the kamikaze Italian drivers. Carry a few Italian lire for a calming drink when the bus stops at Maneggio.

The bus moves on to Lugano, where the sensible will take a hiatus for a couple of days to enjoy the chocolate box beauty of Lake Lugano. The Hotel Alba at Paradiso is the best small grand hotel.

A connecting train will take you to Ascona, where a blue bus squires Palm Express passengers to Locarno for the change-over to the Hundred Valleys railway. There's not really 100 valleys, but the winding foothills of the Italian alps make it feel that way. At Domodossola, yet another Palm Express postal bus is waiting to return you to Switzerland via the Simplon Pass.

The pathway to Zermatt and the Glacier Express begins on the narrow-gauge train at Brig. The reason for the narrow gauge is obvious: it's a bloody long ascent. Zermatt never has an off-season. The streets of this former tiny hamlet always seem as if they were the centre of some vast pilgrimage. One of the most zappy resorts in Europe, Zermatt has been a mountaineers' and skiers' nirvana for 130 years.

The Glacier Express enjoys the anomaly of being the slowest fast train in Europe. Passing over 291 bridges and through 91 tunnels, three continuous but distinct tracks reach from Zermatt to St Moritz in just under eight hours.

The train greets the Rhone River at Visp, the dividing line between Switzerland's French and German speaking communities. Leaning back in your seat, your eyes swivel past giant glaciers and huge mountains fashioned by the Ice Age and meadows that produce the rich Swiss summer milk.

The Glacier Express terminates at St Moritz. Go and have a drink at the exclusive Palace Hotel — a compelling blend of Dracula's castle and a middle European gothic post office. For a true train buff, only the best will do. — *Elisabeth King*



Majestic Ascona, lakeside resort

The sad truth is that most of us aren't paid to criss-cross the world by rail as Paul Theroux was to write that bible for rolling stock junkies, *The Great Train Bazaar*. Most of us have to follow the Great Master Plan piecemeal. Where to start? Switzerland, of course — that mecca for all that trains should be, could be and will become.

Armed with the Swiss Holiday Card, you can ride the four major "expresses" of Switzerland for less than \$200 for two weeks. The card also allows you to catch lake ferries and postal buses to join up to the network of four main lines that show you the natural flash and glitter of alpine and Italian Switzerland. A roller coaster ride, past mountains that are topped with hair styling mousse and lakes so romantic writers have incorporated them in tragic literary love scenes.

All the routes centre on St Moritz — a town where demonstrators in evening clothes once burned an effigy of the Ayatollah because caviar prices suddenly shot up. First out of the sheds is the Engadine Express which circumvents the Swiss National Park, Europe's largest. The Bernina Express scales the heights, not surprisingly, of the almost vertical Bernina Pass. Number three is the Palm Express that takes you through Ticino, the sub-tropical, Italian-speaking canton of Switzerland from Locarno through the Hundred Valleys to Domodossola in Italy, a wheel or two's turn

from the Simplon Pass. A lone connecting train and postal bus delivers you at the Matterhorn to board the Glacier Express. Then it's across the backbone of Switzerland, through countryside that is only half-heartedly portrayed at Disneyland, to St Moritz once

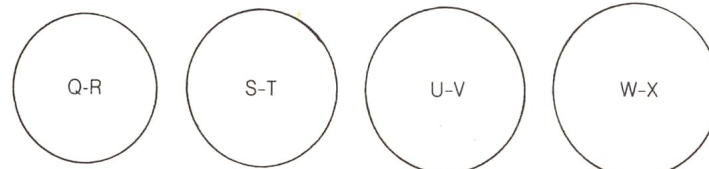
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BY JAMES CROWN

Marcos may be gone, but the Philippines' New People's Army is still waging war

Antonio had lost his left arm since the last time I saw him. A burst of bullets from a .30-calibre machine gun had left it ripped and useless. The arm had been sawn off close to his shoulder, leaving only a small stump. His comrades said he'd done enough and they wanted him to retire. He was only 25 when he was wounded. He refused to leave them. So they gave him a small machine gun he could hold and fire with one hand.

Juan and Pedro were still there, five years older and many years wiser. Jose, the commander, was there — by far the eldest at 35. Petra had left her job in the hospital and now lived on the edge of town. She'd married and had a daughter, but she still made frequent trips through the hills to the camp of the communist guerrillas.

Maria, the 16-year-old with the infectious laugh and long coal-black hair, was dead — as were a few others I'd met in the mountains of southern Luzon in August 1983 as foreign editor of *The Courier Mail* in Brisbane. Now it was 1988 and I was back.

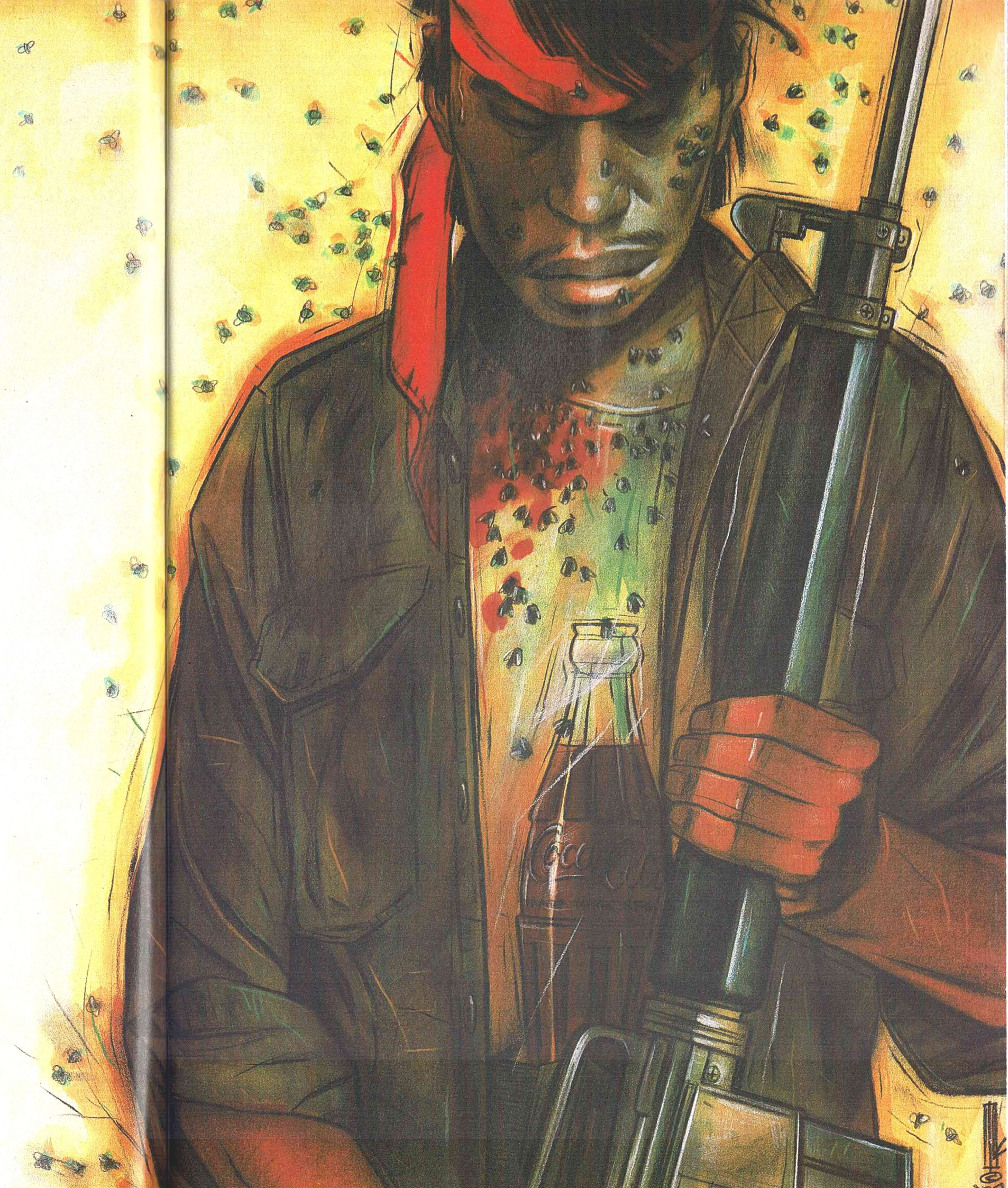
When I was in the Philippines in 1983, Benigno Aquino — the husband of Cory, the current president — was murdered at Manila airport a few days after I arrived; the

THE POOR WAR

military quickly declared a Red Alert which had soldiers and paramilitary police scouring the countryside for the New People's Army (NPA) guerrillas.

I didn't know about the alert until I left Jose's camp and was driving back to Manila. I almost ran my rented car into an army tank. Nervous soldiers with M-16s rushed

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR



THE POOR WAR

up to my car; I lamely suggested I was writing a travel story about the Philippines. I also invoked the name of then Prime Minister Cesar Virata, whom I had interviewed a few days before.

Virata's name seemed to work. They bought the explanation, posed with the tank for a couple of pictures, and I was soon on my way. I repeated the routine half a dozen times more before finding sanctuary at the Manila Hotel.

Five years later I went back. The same pot-holed, dusty roads; the same beautiful scenery. There was no red alert this time, no tanks blocking the roads.

But a few things had changed. There was a very different government in the capital of Manila. A vibrant lady named Cory, dressed in yellow, had ridden a wave of People Power to defeat a fading old bull named Ferdinand. The guerrillas of August 1983 had been fighting Ferdinand Marcos. Now he was gone, chased out by the revolution and whisked away by the Americans to a pleasant exile in Hawaii. But the NPA guerrillas were still fighting — this time against the pleasant lady in yellow who had convinced an adoring Western world she was a true believer in democracy.

In 1983, Jose, the commander of the NPA unit I was with, explained that most of his troops weren't hardcore communists.

Mostly they were fighting to rid the country of Marcos: "You tell the people of Australia about Marcos," he had said. "You tell them about his laws, about how he lives like a king in his palace while millions starve and rot in the cities and provinces. We're going to send Marcos out the same way as the Shah of Iran was thrown out — right out of the country."

Now Marcos is gone. There is a fragile democracy in place and among some Filipinos there is an uneasy hope that the future for their country will be better.

Yet Jose and his followers — and 22,000 other guerrillas spread across the 7000-island archipelago — are still fighting. And if you believe the statistics of dead and wounded, the fighting is even fiercer now than ever.

The political violence is no longer only found in the countryside. There is a new brand of urban terrorism led by NPA “Sparrow” units sweeping Manila — and that is official policy from the NPA’s political wing: the 33,000-member Communist Party of the Philippines (CPP), now in its third decade of revolutionary struggle.

In 1983 my Manila contacts had arranged my journey into the mountains. I'd driven to a small town where I was picked up in a quiet cafe by two youngsters: Pedro, 15, and Maria, 16. They ushered me quickly into a yard near a crumbling warehouse where Juan, 18, was waiting with an old pickup. We drove up into the hills and

then spent long hours marching in and out of valleys before we reached the guerrilla camp. I'd been nervous; they'd been suspicious.

In 1988 my contact was the young nurse, Petra. I'd met her in Jose's camp. She worked, in those days, in a local hospital and pilfered medicines to keep Jose's fighters healthy. She patched up bullet wounds and helped bury those she couldn't help. She went into the hills as often as possible, living a dangerous double life.

Petra was 24 years old when I met her the first time, a nursing graduate in Manila. Her first experience with the guerrillas was when a 16-year-old shot himself during training and Jose asked her to come to the camp to stitch up the hole: "I hate the violence. I did not really care about politics until a friend of mine, who was with the NPA, was arrested by the PC [Philippine Constabulary]. My friend had left her six-month-old baby with a maid, but the PCs arrested the maid and took the baby away. We have heard nothing of them since."

Petra and I exchanged letters during the five years I was away. She married Jose and they now had a daughter. Jose camped in the hills with his guerrillas; Petra lived in the town with their daughter. On the night I had spent with them five years ago, the three of us had shared a lean-to. Jose had slept on one side, his M-16 under his arm; I was in the middle; Petra was curled up on my other side.

It was Petra who was waiting for me this time. We were soon on our way. We bumped over the roads in an old sedan that had seen far better days. Juan was the driver, like last time. He was nervous and wanted to get out of town quickly.

In 1983, Juan had been the local kid with the two missing front teeth who loitered around the headquarters of the PC and Integrated National Police, doing errands and shining shoes, and listening wide-eyed while naive young constables showed off their knowledge of their officers' plans. He was Jose's best spy, and proud of it.

Back then he'd said: "I can play dumb for a long time." He'd laughed and then turned serious. "If they take me, we are many. They cannot get us all. What I cannot get from the PC, someone else will."

Now, as he twisted the battered sedan into a narrow track heading east, he told me how much had changed: "I don't play spy anymore. I don't come out of the mountains very much — at least not to this town."

"They almost caught him," Petra added. "They knew someone was talking too much so they put out a phony story. Juan believed it and they almost got him."

"How'd you get away?" I asked.

"Pretended I was sick. Threw up, all over everything. There was only one guard. When he went to get a bucket, I ran."



THE POOR WAR

out. Kept running."

The track was getting rougher. "Where are we going?"

"Not far. Different place from last time," Petra said. "Not many of the same ones still there that you saw last time."

I nodded. I was thinking of Maria, the 16-year-old with the cheery grin who had laughed at me as I sweated on the long march that first morning. Petra's letter had only said she had died. No details. "What happened to Maria?"

"She wanted to go back to Cebu, to see her family. She'd run away when she was 13. Now she was 17. She talked Jose into letting her go on one more raid before she went home. I guess she wanted one more to talk about when she got home."

There was a long pause before Petra continued. Juan kept his eyes firmly on the track ahead.

"It was just shooting up a police station a few miles away. We did most of the shooting. The police inside only managed to get off a few shots but one of them hit Maria. She died right there. There was nothing we could do. Jose and Antonio carried her all the way back to the camp. Then they buried her properly — they got a priest and some flowers, everything."

We parked the sedan off the track, as deep in the bushes as Juan could drive it. Then we covered it with branches and started hiking. Three hours we walked, with few stops along the way. Everything ached.

Security was as severe as last time, although there was no confusion this time about my Canadian accent when they were expecting an Australian. (In 1983 my Canadian accent sounded American — certainly not Australian, which they equated with British — and the safety catches on the rifles had all clicked off until I could get my passport and press card out to prove my identity.)

It was a great reunion. There were embraces, while those who were new stood back and watched with a mixture of curiosity and suspicion. Jose and Petra embraced and kissed each other lightly.

Most of the guerrillas were teenagers. All were armed — with a mixture of M-16s and Communist bloc AK-47s — and most were dressed in fatigues and T-shirts. Not as many girls this time. Most of Jose's troops still looked like they belonged on a beach rather than roaming this province killing government soldiers and police.

Antonio came forward with his one arm. I grinned and told him he looked a little lopsided.

He laughed: "No problem." He lifted a small machinegun. "They gave me this instead of the AK-47." He tucked the gun deftly under his little stump, grasped my hand tightly and shook it with enthusiasm.

We walked further into the camp. The lush vegetation had been cleared back under a canopy of tall trees. From the air nothing would be seen. On ground level, you had to be virtually in the middle of the camp before it showed.

We drank warm San Miguel beer, ate some *tapa* (dried beef) and chicken along with the ubiquitous rice. Later, when everyone else was resting through the heat of the early afternoon, I took Jose aside to talk. I showed him a copy of the article I'd written in 1983. He read it carefully.

Jose had studied political science at university for four years, had enrolled in law, then had dropped out — along with many other disillusioned young campus radicals. He was in trouble with Marcos' martial law authorities during the mid-Seventies, risking arrest and torture by organising communists busy printing anti-Marcos pamphlets. In 1983 he'd told

“If Benigno
Aquino had lived,
it might have been
different. He had the
strength that it
would take.”

me: "There was no future for any of us under martial law. It wasn't enough to oppose Marcos with paper, so I came here where there are guns, where a Filipino can have some self-respect."

That was the heart of the matter. "The whole thrust of your argument in 1983 was that you were waging war against Marcos. You said you wanted to get your country back. Marcos is gone. The country is free. Why are you still up here?"

He frowned: "Freedom has not yet been won. Marcos is gone. That is true. Cory Aquino means well, but she is weak. And waiting all around her are men who covet her title and the trappings of the presidency. They would go the same way as Marcos in no time."

"If Benigno Aquino had lived, it might have been different," Jose said softly. "He had the strength that it would take to push through the land reforms that must be the basis of our future freedom."

"Must you stay up here and fight, though?" I asked.

He smiled slightly. "The struggle has grown. We fight harder now than we did before. Some of those who lead us can

sense victory. Others want to surrender, to look for a purely political solution. But they are no longer in power. The 60-day amnesty Aquino gave us backfired. The politicians among us fell for it. The fighters did not."

"What did you do during the amnesty?"

"We sat right up here and polished our weapons. We knew it wouldn't work."

"The NPA was very quiet during the revolution," I commented.

He grinned. "We celebrated that Marcos had given us the country on a platter. We knew that Cory Aquino was too weak to solve the root problems facing our people. Her army is already divided. There is discontent. I sometimes think we can sit up here and not fire a shot and then someday there will be such chaos down there that we will be able to march in and impose our will."

"What's that will? Whose will is it to be?"

"Filipino will."

"And what foreigners?"

"When the Americans are gone, it will be the Russians," he answered quickly. "They have been very helpful with the European fronts the CPP has opened."

"And you think the Russians will provide the freedoms you are fighting for?" I asked.

He shrugged and looked at me blankly. "I'm too tired and it's too hot for such serious talk." He stood up, abruptly ending the conversation. There was no animosity. It was just a question he didn't want to answer.

I changed the subject. "Last time I was here I slept between you and Petra."

He laughed. "I remember. Not tonight, my friend. I don't see her often enough as it is. You sleep with Antonio tonight."

"Is it worth it, Jose?" I asked. "Wouldn't you rather be down there in your house watching your daughter grow up?"

He stared at me, hostile now. "That's a stupid question, James! Certainly I'd rather be down there with them. But what about when my daughter grows up? If we don't change things, what do I answer her when she asks why life is so difficult?"

When it was dark Antonio and I shared his lean-to. There were no fires and no moon that night. I could make out Antonio's facial features only when he drew hard on his pungent cigarette. I asked how he had lost his arm.

He grunted in the darkness: "Ambush. We beat the shit out of them — I think. I don't remember too much about it. At least not after I got hit. It was right after Jose and I had been to northern Luzon for training. We get a lot more of that now, the training. Not just on the weapons but in tactics."

"Who does the training? Foreigners?"

"No, I've never seen foreigners doing it. The last time it was a couple of AFP [Armed Forces of the Philippines] officers

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THE POOR WAR

who came over to our side. I guess we paid them well, or maybe they just defected because they agree with our stand. But they were good military men. They knew their jobs. They taught us hard."

"Then you came back here?"

"And straight out on a patrol that ran right into an ambush." He laughed quietly. "They would have killed me, most of us, if one of their soldiers hadn't fired off a shot too early. Probably nerves. I was heading for a ditch when I got hit. They said the bullets threw me a long way. Not like the movies where you just fall down. I got twisted around and the impact of the bullet threw me right past the ditch."

"What happened then?"

"I have no idea. I passed out and woke up in a house. Petra was there and a doctor. He sawed off the arm." He paused. "Wasn't actually as bad as it sounds. I was drugged up."

"Petra told me they tried to get you to retire," I said.

"Sure they did. But what would I do? A one-armed farmer? It's bad enough being a one-armed soldier — but I'd be even more useless as a farmer."

"What about when the war ends?" I asked.

There was silence for a minute, then he answered quietly. "The war will never end."

"Never?"

"Not in my lifetime."

Jose and I talked again the next morning.

"How good is the AFP?" I asked.

He grinned. "Not much good. A few trained at the special forces camp at Fort Magsaysay are excellent. But they are also the ones [AFP commander and now Defence Minister Fidel] Ramos and Aquino cannot trust. They have been at the centre of military uprisings against the government."

"One morning in Bulacan province, a bunch of PCs saw some soldiers drinking coffee at a cafe. They thought the soldiers were NPA and opened fire. By the time they figured it out, one of the soldiers was dead and five other people were wounded — including the storeowner's pregnant wife."

"I've heard where the army has sent in 1000 men to act as backup for a raid on a suspected NPA camp that turned out to be another AFP garrison."

"We're growing stronger. After all these years we really know what we're doing. We can link our units together for major operations, and we can split into smaller units like this. We can ultimately force the 86 battalions of the AFP to become nothing more than garrison troops, locked into small fortified camps. The rest is ours."

Our conversation was interrupted by a newcomer. He was accompanied by one of the youngsters around the fire the night before. The newcomer and Jose went into deep conversation well away from where I was standing. A map was produced and Jose was nodding.

Petra came up to me, nursing a cup of hot coffee. "He's from our central command. Jose put forward a number of plans, targets, for our consideration. He's here to tell Jose which ones were approved."

An hour later, the man left and Jose took me aside. They had been given a number of tasks to carry out. The first was to destroy a bridge a few miles away. It was an important bridge because the army used it to get from one garrison to another. If the bridge was destroyed, the army convoys would have to take another route, much longer and through an area where there was large-scale NPA activity.

He was also to step up "tax collections"

“Would
you kill them
if they refused?
He stared at me
with a blank look.
“Probably.”

from local timber mill operators. Jose didn't like that. "When we started, it made sense. But now the operators are getting tired of it. They don't see us making very much progress. They pay it grudgingly and probably only because they think we would kill them if they didn't."

"Would you kill them if they refused?"

He stared at me with that blank look he seemed to use whenever faced with the hard questions. "Probably."

The visit of the man from central command brought a new sense of enthusiasm to the youngsters. They knew he had brought Jose orders. Jose and Petra grew much quieter after the man left.

Later in the day I asked Petra if she ever thought of asking Jose to give it up, to come down out of his hills: "I couldn't do that. I want it, more than anything else. But I couldn't ask him. He has to see this through. I guess we all do."

Petra and her daughter returned to Manila with me when it came time to leave the guerrillas. I had asked if she could set up an interview with someone who could explain the larger political picture. I

wanted to meet someone who was making policy.

It didn't take Petra long to line up the interview. The meeting place surprised me. It was a lawyer's office in the financial district of Makati. The change from the guerrilla camp to the skyscrapers rising up along wide, clean-swept Ayala Boulevard was overwhelming.

The man I met is part of a flourishing law practice. He is also in the hierarchy of the Communist Party of the Philippines. In the elevator on the way up to his floor, Petra explained that this man would no doubt be a ranking officer if a communist government ever came to power in Manila.

He was a tall man dressed in a three-piece suit. There was an air of confidence about him, and a sense of material affluence and moral influence. He knew about my recent visit to Jose and of my visit there in August 1983. I asked him why there seemed to be an escalation in NPA violence, as if the communists were seeking some kind of open confrontation with the government.

"We want more confrontation. Certainly not open. We want it our way, by our tactics. The government is almost powerless to respond if we do it the way we know best. We want to provoke the military, force them to come down hard on us and the people, to beat us down. Then the people will rally. Aquino is too soft. In fact, the ousting of Aquino and the installation of a military government might even be better for our cause. The generals would be repressive and the people would rise up sooner." He paused. "It would be risky, though."

"Are you stepping up your campaigns because you've lost the middle class to Aquino?" I asked.

"Partially. There can be no doubt that People Power was a double-edged sword for our aims. While it produced an incisive and vacillating Aquino administration and set her on a collision course with the military, it lost us a lot of our peripheral support. The middle class, as you say, who were turning to us as an alternative to a repressive Marcos, swung during the February Revolution to Aquino. I think some of the defectors have already come back to us."

"A year ago Aquino's troops opened fire at the Mendiola Bridge at a march by 10,000 Filipinos protesting against Aquino's failure to implement land reform. Sixteen died and more than 100 were wounded. It brought back memories of Marcos. Her revolution was an aberration. The people will see that in time."

"A few months ago there were 50,000 Filipinos marching in the streets when [leftist leader Leandro] Alejandro's funeral was held. It was vocal support for the NPA. They were actually cheering on our fighters, chanting for them."

I asked about the recent attacks on US military personnel. Three servicemen had

been shot dead near Clark Air Base, 80 kms north of Manila.

"The United States has stepped up its involvement in our affairs. It must suffer the consequences. Our policy paper, *Ang Bayan*, talks of total war against the Americans. Covert operations against us are being directed from Clark."

"So the Sparrows were sent in?"

He frowned. "It was not quite that simple, of course. The Sparrows are NPA assassinatons squads, individual units, operating as cells, cut off from our more regular units."

"But quite effective in spreading terror across Manila."

"Is terror the right word? Our violence is targeted against individuals mostly. The Sparrows don't number more than 100."

"Can you win with these tactics?"

He laughed. "Certainly. There are 74 provinces in this country. We are influential in 60 of them. Some we virtually control."

"What do you mean by 'control'?"

"One morning last December we sent NPA troops into the town of Kiangnan in the [northern Luzon] province of Ifugao. There are 20,000 people there and 100,000 in the whole province. The NPA seized the town hall and the policemen fled. We got radio equipment, M-16s, and 100,000 pesos from the Town Hall safe. Then we called together the townsfolk, lectured them on the revolution, stayed for the night, and left the next morning after breakfast. That's the kind of control we have."

"What about here in the capital?"

"That's a different story. All I can say is that the Sparrows are doing very well. The Alex Boncayao Brigade [named for a Seventies leftist labor leader] feels secure enough to openly march in a cemetery at the burial of one of their number."

"The government must be fighting back?"

"It is. They've created Eagles to chase our Sparrows. They're well trained police squads. They've put out rewards, started spot checks. But look how many years the IRA cells have operated in Northern Ireland. The Eagles will run out of energy long before the Sparrows."

"Can you see a situation where the United States becomes involved in military activity against the NPA?"

"They already are involved covertly. If they come out of the closet into the open, they'll find themselves bogged down in another Vietnam. They learned very little about fighting guerrilla wars in Vietnam and they lost. They'll lose here too."

"Look at their Subic Bay [naval] and Clark [air force] bases. We've got excellent infrastructure in place in all the provinces around each base. We've got grassroots support from Filipinos nearby. We could hide hundreds of our regulars within rocket-fire range of the bases."

"There are targets everywhere. At Angeles City near Clark there are 20,000 Am-

ericans in a city of over 200,000 population. There are less than 150 policemen, most of them on foot. At Subic there are two dozen fuel tanks — it's one of the largest fuel depots in the world — a fine target for a rocket attack. Their ships won't get very far without fuel."

"How much support are you getting from overseas?" I asked.

"None that I'll talk much about!"

"What about foreign help on weapons?"

"The struggle is getting more intense. We are getting more weapons than ever before and larger weapons — anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons. Sophisticated equipment, and the training to use it effectively."

"Where from?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Does Aquino have any chance of bringing the Left into a real coalition, thus ending the violence?"

"That's the key question and the answer, unfortunately, is no. She is naive to suggest, as she has, that by 1992 her land reform and economic strategies will be in place. The Right, her own people, the landowners, will never let her get that far."

"So what will be in place in 1992?"

"We will be, in our own right, and with the support of the people."

"What role will Moscow play then?"

"Any role played by Moscow will be less than that now played by the United States." He grinned. "Imagine the Americans' confusion when they are forced out and the Russians move into Subic Bay — just like the Russians took over Cam Ranh Bay when the Americans were thrown out of Vietnam."

Petra saw me off from Manila International Airport when it was time for my return to Australia. We sat in the coffee shop waiting for my flight, talking mostly of Maria.

"There will be many more like her, I think," Petra told me sadly.

"There are some Western observers who believe the NPA and CPP, if they take over, will rule like Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge in Kampuchea: mass murders, genocide, re-education camps, the destruction of a whole society," I said.

"Never," she answered forcefully. "I have seen *The Killing Fields*. That is not what we are fighting for."

"How can you be so sure?"

She just shook her head. "I just know." A few minutes later I boarded. Petra had been so sure. Yet the fact remains there are those who say the signs are there for a repeat of Cambodia's terrifying destruction if the NPA and CPP win their war. I hope the experts are wrong, not because of my deep loathing of communism but because it would be a tragic legacy for Maria, and all those like her, who have died believing they were fighting for something better. ☐

"BUT MY SECRET LOVE IS A CROCTAIL"

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Stephanie
Adams readily admits she's a lunatic —
but with qualification. "My body is so attuned to
the phases of the moon that it's true: I do go crazy
around full moon, every month. Forget the furry
hands, though, and all that folklore and mysticism
about it. It's real."

MOONSTRUCK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS





Stephanie is quick to point out that she's not alone in her thoughts on the matter: "But it's a particularly feminine thing, from what I can tell. If I try to explain my lunacy to men, they think I'm strange. But women seem to know exactly where I'm coming from."





"Just look at what the moon does to the ocean — causing tides," she explains. "Our brains are mainly fluid, so why shouldn't the gravity of the moon affect us? It's logical."



As for sex, Stephanie has plenty to offer. "I work on an advanced rhythm method," she says. "Sex is so much about fluids, and sex is about going crazy. I try never to miss a night's passion on a full moon..."





"So you can see why I'm such a nightowl," Stephanie adds with a grin. "Just don't try and find me on any full moon. I'm making hay while the moon shines."



HUMOR BY GARRY SARGEANT

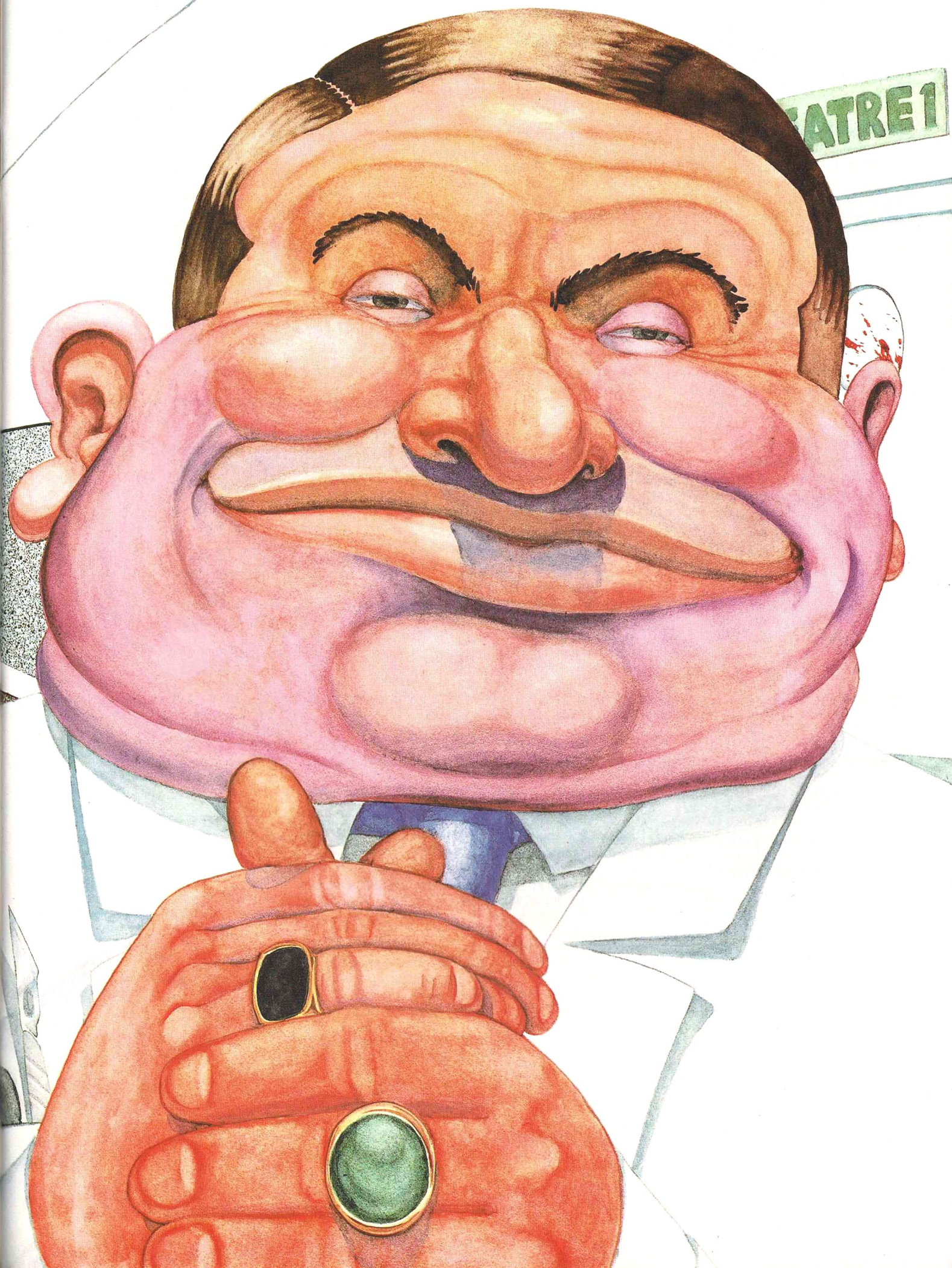
When it comes to diagnostic
doubletalk, the medical
profession has got us by the pills

DOCTORED English

We've all heard of the Hippocratic oath — it's something that doctors take. Since they don't prescribe it to their patients, it is probably very good for you.

But you don't know what "Hippocratic" means, do you? In fact, there are a lot of words that your doctor uses that you don't understand, aren't there? Words like *biopsy* (is it an operation to turn a man into a bisexual?), *colic* (is it something you get from supporting Collingwood?), *aneurism* (is it an earache that comes once a year?), *thrombosis* (is it a new ballroom dance from Latin America?), and *infarction* (is this how hermaphrodites achieve sexual satisfaction?).

ILLUSTRATION BY JON BERKELEY



DOCTORED English

And what about the other words that doctors use? Words like: *Volvo*, *Alpha Romeo*, *over-servicing*, *negative gearing* ... Do these mean anything to you? Because they mean a lot to doctors.

MDs nowadays are equipped with an awesome arsenal of technological weapons — X-Rays, EEGs, amniosentesis — and all that other equipment that sounds like it emerged from a Fifties B-grade sci-fi flick. They use this arsenal to spy on your insides. Like all spies, doctors speak in code. This code is designed to keep the average person feeling comfortably at ease while the doctor communicates tragic news about his condition to any other therapeutic spy in the room. The patient and his relatives are thus allowed to believe whatever fantasy they feel comfortable with.

Consider this: *major*, *minor*, *covert*, *secret*, *exploratory*, *routine*, *illicit*, *undercover* and *without-hospital-cover* are all adjectives used to describe one word — "operation."

Now you'll be able to de-code this secret language of medical undercover operators by use of the following ciphers. (But before reading any further, stop and think — do you really, *really* want to know what your doctor is saying?)

What the doctor says before the operation Translation

I think we should get a second opinion	You've got something so serious I don't want to take responsibility.
We might run a few tests	I'm stumped; I don't know what the hell you've got.
an unusual complaint	a profitable complaint
minor surgery	The anaesthetist and I will be discussing our sex lives throughout the entire operation.
major surgery	I have checked that my malpractice insurance is up to date.
a routine procedure	a dangerous, tricky operation
exploratory surgery	We may have to rip a few things out.
just put you under and fix you up	major thoracic surgery
We may have to perform some corrective surgery	You look like the elephant man.
You realise this procedure is purely elective	God, you're a vain bastard.
There is absolutely nothing for you to worry about	There is plenty for us to worry about.
We'll just fix up your waterworks	You will need a catheter for the next six months.
There are modern alternative ways	You will need a colostomy bag for the rest of your life.
I'm only relieving here	I don't know what the hell I'm doing.

I think I should leave you some time to discuss this with your wife	After this operation, you will be impotent for the rest of your life.
I'll get a nutrition consultant to see you	You're fat.
I won't be a moment	I will be much, much longer.
I need to know a few details about your past health	You have AIDS.
There will be some slight scarring	You will look like Sylvester Stallone at the end of <i>Rocky I</i> .
This won't hurt at all	This won't hurt <i>me</i> at all; you, however, will be in agony.
This won't hurt you a bit	It <i>will</i> hurt you a lot.
We'll keep an eye on that	We'll wait until it gets really bad.
We're just waiting on the results of the test	Stop pestering me; I don't know what's wrong.
The last time this operation was performed	This operation has only ever been done once before.
I'd like to have a word to your spouse	The test results have come back.
This might feel a little cold	If you were an Eskimo this would feel a little cold.
You might feel a slight prick	But <i>probably</i> you will feel a searing stab.
Worrying about it won't do you any good	In fact, nothing at all could do you any good.
Please sign these forms	Please sign away the right to sue me if I botch the operation.
What the doctor says after the operation Translation	
We decided you didn't need these	Here are the extra things we ripped out of you while you were under.
While we were there we just thought we'd fix up a few things	You're falling apart inside.
You're doing just fine	You're still alive.
We're all very pleased with your progress	You're still alive — much to our surprise.
a satisfactory condition	unlikely to die today
a stable condition	the heart is still beating

a critical condition	could drop off any second
improving condition	less likely to die today than you were yesterday
The operation was more complicated than expected	We failed.
These things come and go	You have 12 months left to live.
We can't make predictions	You have 6 months left to live.
We'll just top you up with a little blood	Make your will in the next two hours.
Now it's a case of trial and error	Expect a slow, lingering death.
We can't really give you any time scale	You could last 20 years but my money is on you dropping dead on the way out of the hospital.
We'll just have to wait and see	Surprise us all — get better.



It takes a little time for your body to remedy itself	Have you tried prayer?
There's nothing more we can do for you	You are dead.
You must be patient	Learn to enjoy pain.
You can't always see the results straight away	Sometimes you never see any results.
If you have any repeat of the symptoms please come back and see me	We haven't really fixed you up but we have our fingers crossed.
We'll see how you go on this program	You'll hate this regimen but you're just going to have to suffer.
We've decided on a different tack in your treatment	I botched your diagnosis the first time.

You have a growth	You're dying of cancer.
This is a new drug from overseas with fewer side-effects	This is an experimental drug.
These tablets can't be taken orally	Take these and shove them up your arse.
It will be a little sore in some places	The rest of your body will be in agony.
We've got some new drugs. If you feel anything strange and unusual, let me know	They have bizarre side-effects; you may grow hair in odd places.
It's important for the final year students to have some hands-on experience	We want these first-years to have a grope of your body.
I'll be handing you over to the physio	I'm washing my hands of you.
It's amazing how you learn to adjust to these sorts of things ..	Learn to love your colostomy bag.

What the doctor says to the relatives Translation

He was late entering theatre ...	He was on the table three hours longer than expected because he's falling apart inside.
The patient slept well	We bombed him out on sleeping tablets.
He's eating and drinking well ...	At least his mouth works.
He's up and about	He hasn't had a relapse yet.
With your son's bump, you may notice a few unusual behavior patterns	He will dribble saliva for the rest of his life.
He is emotionally disturbed	He's ga-ga.
We've put your son on some new hormones	We have chemically castrated him to protect small children.
Your daughter may need a psychological consultation	She thinks she's Benny Hill.
He's a bit confused	He just bashed up three nurses.
Have you noticed any unusual behavior in your son?	He's a drug addict.
Would you and your family step into this room for a minute?	We've had to cut something off him.
What religion are you?	He's dead.

*How to drive fast on drugs while
getting your dork squeezed
and not spill your drink*

THE FAST LANE

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT

When it comes to taking chances, some people like to play poker or shoot dice; other people prefer to parachute-jump, go rhino hunting, or climb ice floes, while still others engage in crime or marriage. But I like to get drunk and drive like a fool. Name me, if you can, a better feeling than the one you get when you're half a bottle of Chivas in the bag with a gram of coke up your nose and a teenage lovely pulling off her tube top in the next seat over while you're doing a hundred miles an hour down a suburban side street. You'd have to watch the entire Mexican air force crash-land in a liquid petroleum gas storage facility to match this kind of thrill.

But wait. Let's pause and analyse *why* this particular matrix of activities is perceived as so highly enjoyable. The answer, quite simply, is this: How would your mother feel if she knew you were doing it? She'd cry. She really would. And that's how you know it's fun. Anything that makes your mother cry is fun. Sigmund Freud wrote all about this. It's a well-known fact.

Of course, it's a shame to waste young lives behaving this way — speeding around all tanked up with your feet hooked in the steering wheel while your date crawls around on the floor mats opening

HUMOR BY P.J. O'ROURKE



FAST

zippers with her teeth and pounding on the accelerator with an empty liquor bottle. But it wouldn't be taking a chance if you weren't risking *something*. And even if it is a shame to waste young lives behaving this way, it is definitely cooler than risking *old* lives behaving this way. I mean, so what if some 58-year-old butt-head gets a load on and starts playing *Death Race 2000* in the rush-hour traffic jam? What kind of chance is he taking? He's just waiting around to see what kind of cancer he gets anyway. But if young, talented *you*, with all of life's possibilities at your fingertips, you and the future Cheryl Tiegs there, so fresh, so beautiful — if the two of *you* stake your handsome heads on a single roll of the dice in life's game of stop-the-semi — now *that's* taking chances! Which is why old people rarely risk their lives. It's not because they're chicken — they just have too much dignity to play for small stakes.

Now a lot of people say to me, "Hey, PJ, you like to drive fast. Why not join a responsible organisation, such as the Sports Car Club of America, and enjoy participation in sports car racing? That way you could drive as fast as you wish while still engaging in a well-regulated spectator sport that is becoming more popular each year." No thanks. In the first place, if you ask me, those guys are a bunch of tweedy old barf mats who like to talk about things like what necktie they wore to Alberto Ascari's funeral. And in the second place, they won't let me drive drunk. They expect me to go out there and smash into things and roll over on the roof and catch fire and burn to death when I'm sober. They must think I'm crazy. That stuff scares me. I have to get completely shit-faced to even think about driving fast. How can you have a lot of exciting thrills when you're so terrified that you wet yourself all the time? That's not fun. It's just *not fun* to have exciting thrills when you're scared. Take the heroes of the *Iliad* for instance — they really had some exciting thrills, and were they scared? No. They were drunk. Every chance they could get. And so am I, and I'm not going out there and have a horrible car wreck until somebody brings me a cocktail.

Also, it's important to be drunk because being drunk keeps your body all loose, and that way, if you have an accident or anything, you'll sort of roll with the punches and not get banged up so bad. For example, there was this guy I heard about who was really drunk and was driving through the Adirondacks. He got sideswiped by a bus and went head-on into another car, which knocked him off a bridge, and he plummeted 150 feet into a ravine. I mean, it killed him and everything, but if he hadn't been so drunk and loose, his body probably would have been banged up a lot worse — and you can imagine how much more upset his wife would

have been when she went down to the morgue to identify him.

Even more important than being drunk, however, is having the right car. You have to get a car that handles really well. This is extremely important, and there's a lot of debate on this subject — about what kind of car handles best. Some say a front-engined car; some say a rear-engined car. I say a *rented* car. Nothing handles better than a rented car. You can go faster, turn corners sharper, put the transmission into reverse while going forward at a higher speed in a rented car than in any other kind. You can also park without looking, and can use the trunk as an ice chest. Another thing about a rented car is that it's an all-terrain vehicle. Mud, snow, water, woods — you can take a rented car anywhere. True, you can't always get it back — but that's not your problem, is it?

Yet there's more to a really good-handling car than just making sure it

It's the bigness of the car that counts the most. Because when something bad happens it happens very far away, like a civil war in Africa.

doesn't belong to you. It has to be big. It's really hard for a girl to get her clothes off inside a small car, and this is one of the most important features of car handling. Also, what kind of drugs does it have in it? Most people like to drive on speed or cocaine with plenty of whisky mixed in. This gives you the confidence you want and need to plough through red lights and pass trucks on the wrong side. But don't neglect downs and 'ludes and codeine cough syrup either. It's hard to beat the heavy depressants for high-speed spin-outs, backing into trees, and a general feeling of not giving two fucks about man and his universe.

Overall, though, it's the bigness of the car that counts the most. Because when something bad happens in a really big car — accidentally speeding through the middle of a gang of unruly young people who have been taunting you in a drive-in restaurant, for instance — it happens very far away, way out at the end of your fenders. It's like a civil war in Africa; you know, it doesn't really concern you too much. On the other hand, when something happens in a little bitty car it happens right in your

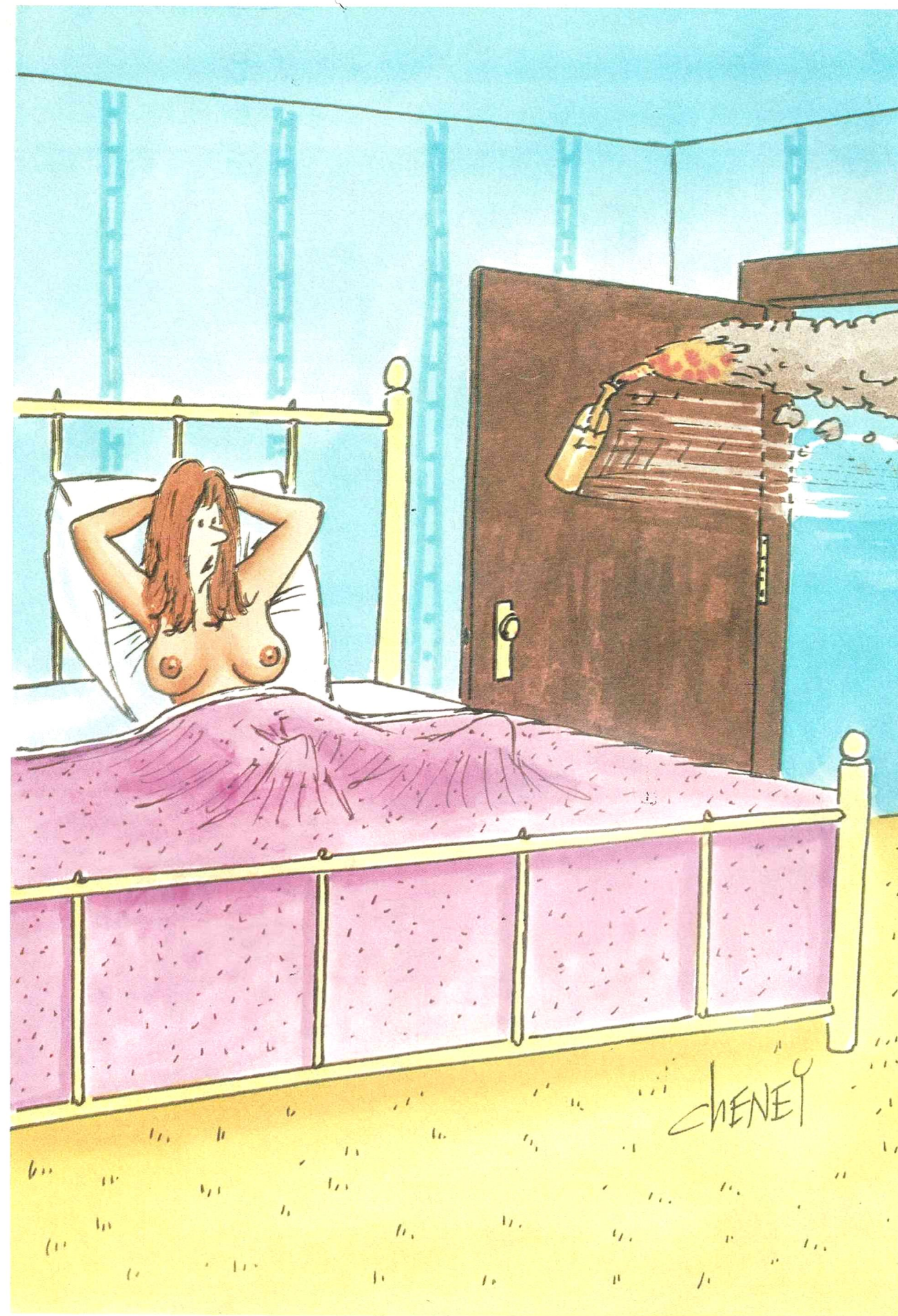
face. You get all involved in it and have to give everything a lot of thought. Driving around in a little bitty car is like being one of those sensitive girls who writes poetry. Life is just too much to bear. You end up staying at home in your bedroom and thinking up sonnets that don't get published till you die, which will be real soon if you keep driving around in little bitty cars like that.

Let's inspect some of the basic manoeuvres of drunken driving while you've got crazy girls who are on drugs with you. Look for these signs when picking up crazy girls: pierced ears with five or six earrings in them, unusual shoes, white lipstick, extreme thinness, hair that's less than an inch long, or clothing made of chrome and leather. Stay away from girls who cry a lot or who look like they get pregnant easily or have careers. They may want to do weird stuff in cars, but only in the back seat, and it's really hard to steer from back there. Besides, they'll want to get engaged right away afterwards. But the other kind of girls — there's no telling what they'll do. I used to know this girl who weighed about 7 stone and dressed in skirts that didn't even cover her underwear, when she wore any. I had this beat-up old Mercedes, and we were off someplace about 50 miles from nowhere on Christmas Eve in a horrible sleetstorm. The road was really a mess, all curves and big ditches, and I was blotto, and the car kept slipping off the pavement and sliding sideways. And just when I'd hit a big patch of glare ice and was frantically spinning the wheel trying to stay out of the oncoming traffic, she said, "I shaved my crotch today — wanna feel?"

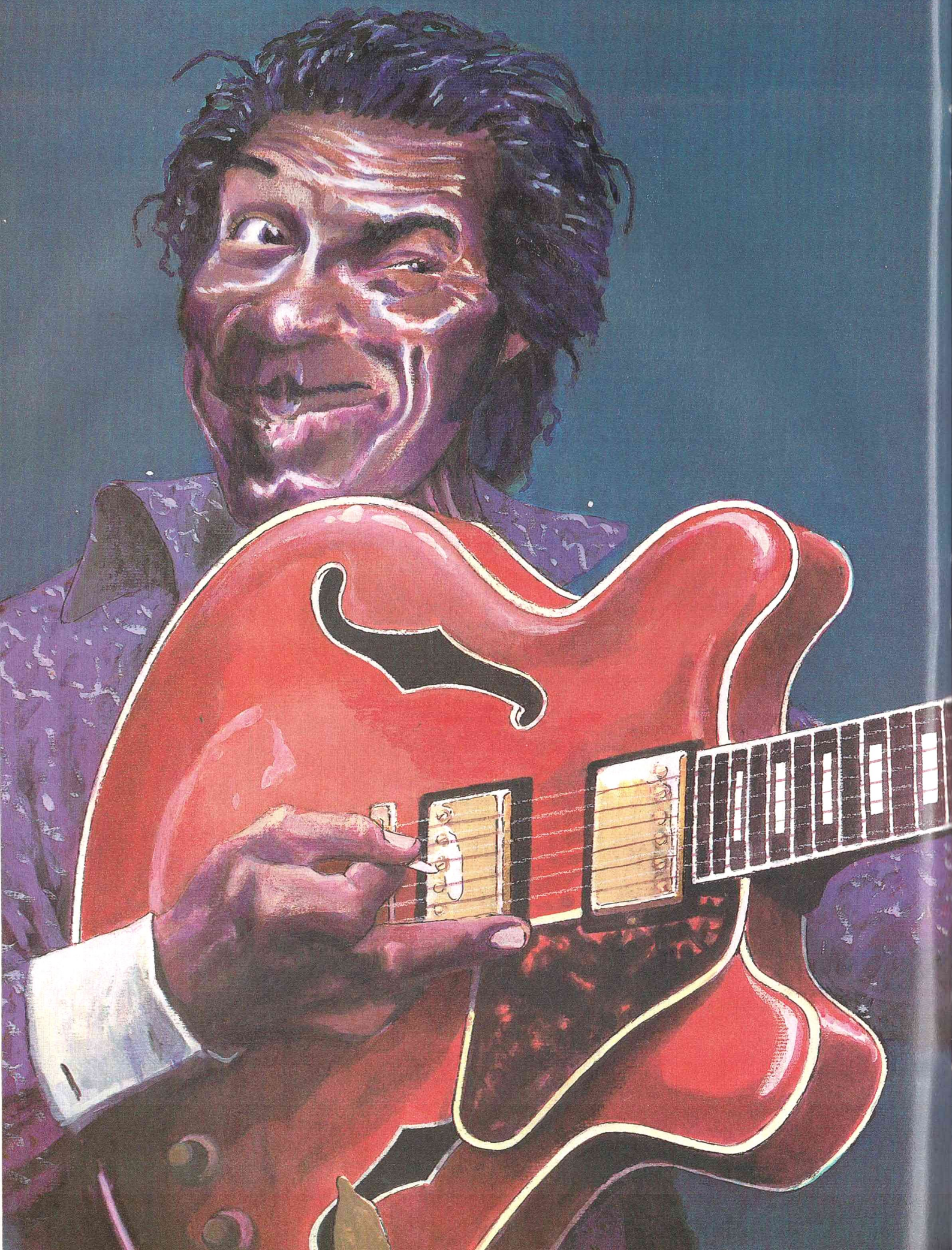
That's really true. And then about half an hour later the head gasket blew up, and we had to spend I don't know how long in this dirtball motel, although the girl walked all the way to the liquor store through about a mile of slush and got all kinds of wine and did weird stuff with the bottlenecks later. So it was sort of okay, except that the garage where I left the Mercedes burned down and I used the insurance money to buy a motorcycle.

Now, girls who like motorcycles really will do *anything*. I mean, really, *anything you can think of*. But it's not the same. For one thing, it's hard to drink when you're riding a motorcycle — there's no place to set your glass. And cocaine's out of the question. And personally, I find that grass makes me too sensitive. You smoke some grass and the first thing you know you're pulling over to the side of the road and taking a break to dig the gentle beauty of the sky's vast panorama, the slow, luxurious interlay of sun and clouds, the lulling trill of breezes midst leafy tree branches — and what kind of fun is that? Besides, it's tough to "get it on" with a chick (I mean in the biblical sense) and still make all the fast curves unless you let her take the handle-

Continued on page 134



"Arthur, what are you going to do now that your wife knows about us?"



hail! hail!

c h u c k b e r r y

"If you wanted to give rock 'n' roll another name, you could call it Chuck Berry" — John Lennon

BY PAUL MANSFIELD

In a sixth-floor suite at London's Royal Garden Hotel, Chuck Berry is being impossible. He already has a reputation for being difficult, but this is something else. He is in London ostensibly to promote his new autobiography and the current film about him, *Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll*. But yesterday he cancelled all the press interviews without warning. This morning he cancelled his photo call too, leaving 40 photographers standing outside in the cold cursing, hoping he might change his mind — but he didn't. He has, it is rumored, made a pass at the female head of publicity of his publishing company, and then sulked when it was rebuffed. He has reduced several members of his PR entourage to tears.

The lobby of the Royal Garden is therefore full of disgruntled people with the name Chuck Berry on their lips. Berry's UK tour promoter, an affable man who also handles Rod Stewart's tours and is therefore not unused to the temperamental excesses of rock stars, is sitting on a couch staring off into space. "He's a wanker," he says morosely, referring to his charge in suite 626. "Yesterday I drove all the way out to the bloody airport at four o'clock in the morning to pick him up, and as soon as I get there he says he wants the car keys off me — he wants to drive himself. Never mind that he's got no bloody licence; never mind that he's not bloody insured — he wants those keys. Naturally I refuse to give them to him. So now, naturally, he's not talking to me. Sod him."

Eventually, after much to-ing and fro-ing, it is decided that Chuck Berry will see me for five minutes. I go up in the lift feeling like I'm on a visit to the dentist and make my way to his suite. He comes in shortly, a lean, big-boned man — much taller than he looks in photographs or on television — and very, very black. He sits down, his face a polite, insincere mask, and suggests we begin. He's already looking at his watch.

What can you do in five minutes? I've brought with me a clipping from a book of literary criticism. Berry has written in

his autobiography that as he gets older (he's now 61) he finds more and more pleasure in reflection and in recalling his experiences. The clipping I have is, I feel, quite relevant to this subject. Berry takes it with the merest hint of surprise. "You want me to read this now?" he says. "On your time? Okay." And he looks at his watch again.

Berry takes at least two and a half minutes to read the very short clipping. Then he passes it back and, without enthusiasm, says he doesn't understand it. What exactly is my question?

"There is no question. I just thought you might find it interesting."

"Why would I find it interesting?"

"Well, you say something similar in your book . . ."

"You wanna ask about my book? Well okay, where's your question . . .?"

And so on. Berry is a master of evasiveness. And he's offensive too. He throws everything back in your face. He manages to suggest that your questions are ridiculous, and yet he refuses to open up another line of dialogue. *What's made him like this?* I wonder as my five minutes draws to a close. How did he become so hostile?

And then something strange happens. Perhaps because of my refusal to ask orthodox questions; perhaps because he's begun to realise that this might be an opportunity to behave like a reasonable human being; perhaps because the whole fiasco has made me angry and some of the anger is beginning to appear in my voice — for whatever reason, his attitude suddenly changes. He cracks a smile. His posture relaxes. His voice even changes, and drops a register or two, and he leans over the table towards me. "I've got one more interview and then I'm through," says Chuck Berry conspiratorially. "Why don't you stick around? Then we can talk." And so we do.

Every 15 years or so Chuck Berry makes a big mistake; and in between he makes some little ones too. His first big one came at the age of 17 when he and two friends

ILLUSTRATION BY NICHOLAS HARDING

chuck berry

en route by car to California (a journey Chuck would later immortalise, with a happy ending, in "The Promised Land") held up a bakery store in Kansas City. They were caught and Chuck Berry, who had been brandishing an imitation gun during the hold-up, was given ten years in jail for armed robbery. He served three in Alcoa Reformatory in Missouri and was released, with remission for good behavior, on his 21st birthday.

Berry had grown up in a respectable middle class black neighborhood in St Louis. His parents were religious and musical; Berry remembers squabbling with his younger sister Lucy over the use of the family piano, an incident that would later be reworked into "Roll Over Beethoven." He made his family laugh with an amusing "scoot" walk as a child — something he later developed into his "duck walk" stage routine. The young Chuck Berry, clearly, was a fast learner who made the most of everything. He still seems like that today.

After his release from reform school Berry took a number of low-paid jobs and learned to play music on a borrowed guitar. When he began writing songs they were about his own obsessions — picking up girls, driving flashy cars, dancing, picking up more girls — which also happened to be the obsessions of teenagers (still a relatively new phenomenon) everywhere. No-one had ever sung about sex, Cadillacs and good times before, certainly not with such style, and many people — many older people — found it shocking. A few hundred miles away in Memphis, Elvis Presley was shocking older people for the same reasons; and Berry was like Elvis, a black Elvis... except that Elvis was a nice boy underneath, as everyone knew, and Berry was, well, black for one thing, and bad for another. Over the years Elvis would turn into the very essence of Nice Boy, but that would never happen to Chuck Berry. No-one would invite Chuck Berry to Hollywood to make a stream of gooey romantic movies. In the early years of his career, with continuing racial segregation in the South, very few people would invite him anywhere. "I imagine most black people naturally realise," says Berry, "but I feel safe in stating that no white person can conceive the feeling of obtaining Caucasian respect in a world of dark denial."

The other big difference between Elvis and Chuck Berry, of course, was that Elvis didn't write songs. In a sense Berry was in the right place at the right time, playing rock 'n' roll just as rock 'n' roll was being created. But in another sense, he was doing the creating himself. "Johnny B. Goode", "Roll Over Beethoven", "Reelin' And Rockin'", "Memphis Tennessee", "Sweet Little Sixteen" — he invented the genre by himself, almost overnight. John

Lennon put it best: "If you wanted to give rock 'n' roll another name," he said, "you might call it Chuck Berry."

Berry's rise was fast and spectacular — and it led straight to another mistake. Eight years after leaving Alcoa, Berry signed a publishing contract for his first record, "Maybellene", that gave away two-thirds of the record's royalties to a disc jockey and to his record company. The song went to number one overnight — but it wasn't until 1986 that Berry finally obtained full rights to his own composition. He made several other business errors at the time too. "Profit by your own mistakes," says Berry now. "My mother used to tell me, 'Don't let the same dog bite you twice.' And all those li'l things pretty much point to the same avenue of: Let It Not Happen Again."

I heard about these things sitting on a couch in Berry's hotel room, swigging from a bottle of beer while Berry, who doesn't

6
Berry was
given another stretch
in jail, for three years,
for sexual offences with
an underage
Indian girl
9

drink, sipped coffee and chatted. His manner was friendly, conspiratorial, man-to-man, and funny. Anything less like the impassive, unfriendly man of the interview a few moments earlier would be hard to imagine. But the tape recorder was now off, the Berry PR entourage had been icily dismissed, and we were two people having a conversation. Berry was talking about writing. "I've learned many a thing in 61 years," he said with a smile. "So what I'm doing, really, is answering questions that I think should be asked, if you can understand that. Frankly, it's just distributing data and information that I think is real. In any area that has to do with life itself."

The talk ranged over Berry's long career, including its most controversial moments. How, for example, at the height of his fame in 1962 Berry was given another stretch in jail, three years this time, for sexual offences under the *Mann Act* with an underage Indian girl. Hearing Berry's account of the trial — the exaggerated charges, the racism, the media bias (Berry's music was still being described as "filth" in those days), and the incompetence of the white lawyer to whom Berry

had entrusted a vast fee in advance — it's not difficult to understand any resentment he might feel about white American society. But Berry wasn't especially bitter about his second spell in jail. He served 16 months and wrote several of his best-known songs inside. "I've always believed," he writes in his book, "that no place or condition can really hinder a person from being free if he has an active, imaginative mind. There is one thing for sure, I did cheat the government of my imprisonment by way of the achievements I accomplished while there. Sorry, great white father, you can't indict me for that..."

As for women, Berry didn't let jail or anything else stop him from singing about pretty young girls. "I always did have a high libido," he tells me with an impish smile. "I have been girl-watching all my life..." This is something of an understatement. Even by the generous standards of rock 'n' roll, Berry's reputation as a ladies' man is enormous. At the age of 22 he married his wife Thematta, who has stayed with him and raised his large family for the last 39 years. If she knows about Chuck's other women she evidently doesn't care, or is prepared to accept them. Whatever, Thematta actually feels (she pops up for a brief half-minute in *Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll* to declare how happy she is) there never seems to have been any serious question of the Berrys' marriage breaking up.

Chuck Berry had a third spell in jail in 1979 for income tax evasion. Another big mistake, this time in pocketing US\$44,000 in English pounds from a British tour and omitting to declare part of the money to the taxman. "The Queen's smile on the bread was looking so good that I became attached to the ol' girl and decided to hold on to Her Majesty," says Chuck with a smile. He admitted the charges, and his subsequent 120-day sentence at Lompoc Prison Camp in California gave him a chance to rest and to begin work on the autobiography he has just finished. In some ways, he says, he didn't even want to leave jail when his time was up. He gives the impression, in recalling these various events both good and bad, of being a very contented man.

And a very private one too. Berry simply won't talk about most of these things in public (as the director of *Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll* discovered when Chuck cut him off mid-question several times — and this in a documentary made with Berry's "full co-operation"); Berry's hostility is a tool evolved over the years for dealing with the world. His wariness is an ex-con's instinct for dealing with people he doesn't know or trust — meaning the media, members of the music business, promoters everywhere, white policemen and Inland Revenue officials, to name but a few. But he's not "bitter." A bitter man would not say, in

Continued on page 124

Hair, makeup and styling by Susan Daub;
Beauty Treatment by Pampurrs, Neutral Bay; Lingerie from IM, QVB, Sydney; Sixties clothing from Mildred Rose, Paddington.



DANIELLE



BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

Beautifully crafted, with an emphasis on both precision and flair, luscious 21-year-old Danielle Schneider is a Swiss import whose presence in Australia puts the balance of trade definitely in our favor. Now residing for an indeterminate period in Sydney, Danielle left her homeland behind last year to search for freedom, sunshine and good times. She's never looked back.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA





The Swiss people are very stressed," says Danielle. "And because the weather is not so good, they are always in their own flat, isolated from the world. That is not a way for me to live. I like to have fun. I like to dance, go to parties, be around funny people. I like warm places where people are out on the street, together, sharing their fun." It's not hard to see why Danielle thinks Australia is heaven on a stick. The feeling is mutual.





If you get the impression Danielle is a child of the Sixties, then run with it. "I'm a real Beatles fan," she announces. "To me it was a great decade — flower power and all that. There were a lot of good people around then, and they made a difference to the way the world is. It wasn't all a waste of time." That's not to say Danielle is *rooted* in the Sixties. "Not at all," she smiles. "I was only a little girl at the time . . ."



She's a big girl now in more ways than one — a veteran of the hippie trail whose travels have taken her through India, Nepal, Thailand and across the USA. She's come a long way out of neutral territory. "I guess you could say I'm still looking for Bohemia," Danielle observes wistfully. "Maybe I'll never find the place, but I think I'm getting warm." For Danielle, getting warm is what it's all about.





Bohemia, of course, is where you find it. You might find it in a small artist's studio somewhere in the inner suburbs of Sydney, where a beautiful young lady with a distinctly European accent gazes soulfully from a third-storey window down on to the squalid street below, a bottle of medium quality French claret in one hand and the merest wisp of a smile on her lightly parted lips...







THE ULTIMATE GAME

BY GREG HUNTER

It's coming Did I ever tell you about the time I took Sat
soon to a Cong Village practically single-handed?
battlefield It was close enough to a suicide mission.
near you My four-man squad had a simple objective:
to blow up the enemy ammunition dump
by activating a previously concealed det-
onator. But first we'd have to knock out the
man in the straw-thatched tower directly
across the river by hitting the smoke bomb
detonator attached to it, then make a
scramble across the small wooden bridge, eluding
crossfire from any remaining enemy troops, and pull the
wire on the other side of the bridge to blow the ammo dump
sky-high. We had no more than 15 minutes to complete the
task. It looked impossible.

With one man in the tower and three others strategically
concealed at other points across the river — we knew not
where — the first mad dash for the only available cover was
nothing more than a life and death lucky dip. I raced out first,
screaming like a banshee, covered the 20 metres to the
small thatched hut, almost strangled myself on an invisible
clothesline as one-two-three shots rang past my ears, and
dove full-length through the narrow entrance. Two others hit
the dirt close beside me; one of us hadn't made it.

The detonator target on the tower — a piece of red metal
about six inches by three — would require a miraculous
shot at 50 metres. I wasted about ten rounds at it while the
other two tried to pick off a couple of snipers in a foxhole
close to the muddy banks of the river. Where was the third
man? Was he behind the ammunition dump? Be-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO
AND EDDIE ADAMS

THE ULTIMATE GAME

hind the bombed out tank adjacent to the tower? Behind a solitary tree just a stone's throw from our precarious position? He hadn't fired a shot; the bastard was waiting for the move he knew we'd have to make.

My weapon had an accurate range of about 30 metres. "I'm gonna go for that tree right in front of us," I screeched to my buddies. "I want cover on both sides — the foxhole and the tower. Just keep spraying till I'm there. And watch for that other motherfucker — wherever he is."

Anticipating a gun trained on the entrance to the hut, I decided to burst clean through the flimsy wall, shut my eyes and sprint for it. It didn't work out that way. I tripped over a bale of hay, fell flat on my face, waited for the thud that didn't come. Scared shitless, I finished my gormless charge on hands and knees as gunshots exploded in a circle around me, and finally embraced my tree like a long-lost lover.

I unzipped the pocket on my cammies and extracted the remaining ammo: about seven rounds. At this range, I should have been confident of hitting the target in seven; but my hands were shaking so violently I'd have had trouble wiping my bum. Branches were cracking around me in a hail of fire, but none of the enemy could get a clear shot until I poked my head out from behind the trunk to take aim. Hyperventilating from anxiety, I calmed myself by taking a long breath, then emerged for a second, took aim and missed. They missed me. I did the same again, and again and again. Miraculously, I still wasn't hit. God was on my side.

The fifth shot found its mark and the tower went up in a pall of smoke. "Let's go!" I screamed exultantly, racing for the bridge and glory, oblivious to the panic all around as enemy soldiers leaped from their cover to nail me before I reached the detonator. I contrived a sort of madcap dance to traverse the last desperate 20 metres, simultaneously bobbing, weaving, jumping and jerking about like a demented spastic as one shot after another skimmed past. A kind of righteous reckless insanity took hold of me as I hit the bridge belly-first and clawed my way across the rickety planks, all the while anticipating the one fatal shot, but in seconds I was on the wire, screaming "I've got it! I've got it!" and yanking the thing triumphantly, but so overloaded with sensory stimuli that I didn't even hear the explosion and kept on tearing away at the detonator like a man possessed until someone put their hand on my shoulder and said: "It's okay. You've done it. The game's over. You can stop now."

I leaned back against the railing, trying to stop my body from shaking. Too stunned to respond to the congratulations of my team, I became aware only that my

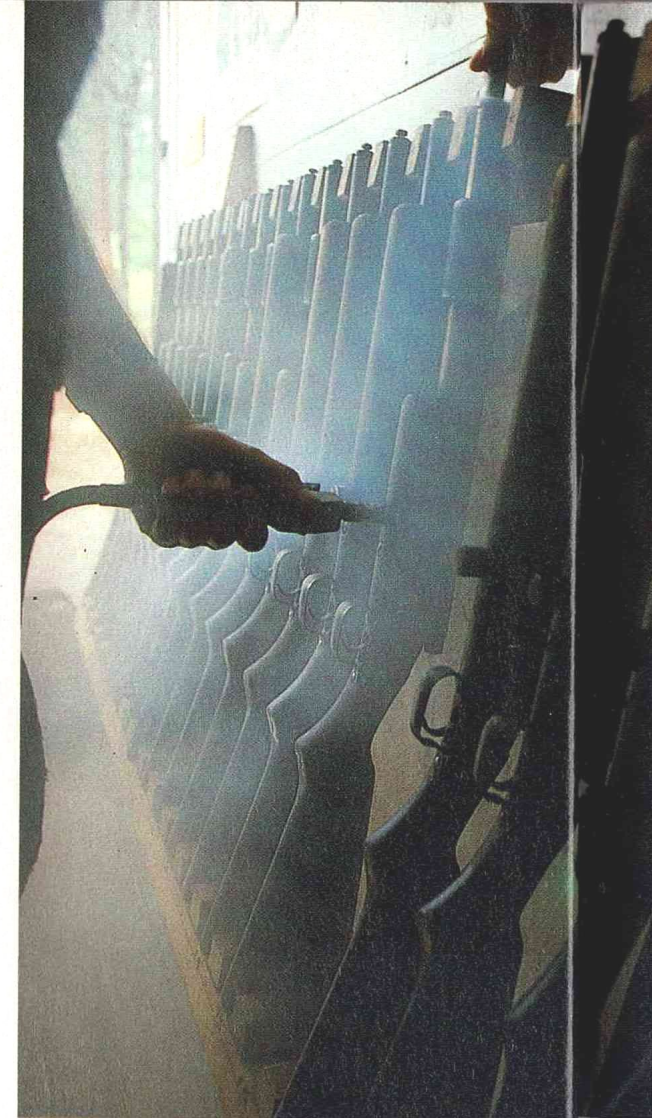
face had formed a beatific smile: the smile of a man who feels that he has actually accomplished something of significance, but is too dim to realise what. I felt simultaneously exhilarated and ashamed of myself. I felt like a fool: the Sat Cong Village Idiot. What dark and primitive instinct, I wondered, could cause a rational man to become utterly overwhelmed by excitement over a simulated war game played with guns that shoot paint pellets instead of bullets — a glorified adult version of Cowboys and Indians?

In the words of one devotee, "Skirmish" is a game that "stirs up every feeling God ever made." He's right. The weapons may not be real, but the comradeship of battle, the euphoria of victory, the thrill of hunting down and extinguishing (even if only in fantasy) the life of another man, the incomparable relief of survival, and above all, the sheer gut-wrenching *terror* of battle — all of these emotions are as real and as palpable as life itself. The intensity of the thing is frightening. For those who've never experienced the reality of war, playing this game is a bit like lifting up a corner of the mind and glimpsing the uncharted depths beneath.

The *universal* reaction from novice players, according to the operators of Skirmish, is something like this: "If that was a real war — if those were real bullets — you wouldn't catch me out there in a million years." They continually stress that the game is antithetical to violence; that it is a potent promoter of pacifism. That may be so; it was certainly my own response to the experience — but as for the rest of humanity, I'm not so sure. I don't think this is a thing to be trifled with. There are many who share that opinion, which is why Skirmish is (among those who are aware of its existence) the most controversial "sport" played in this country.

Predictably enough, war games played with paint guns originated in the Land Of The Free. The first game was played in Henniker, New Hampshire, in 1981 as a one-off challenge to settle a bet; the originals reckon they never intended to "play war" but were so thrilled with the outcome they decided to incorporate the idea as "The Survival Game."

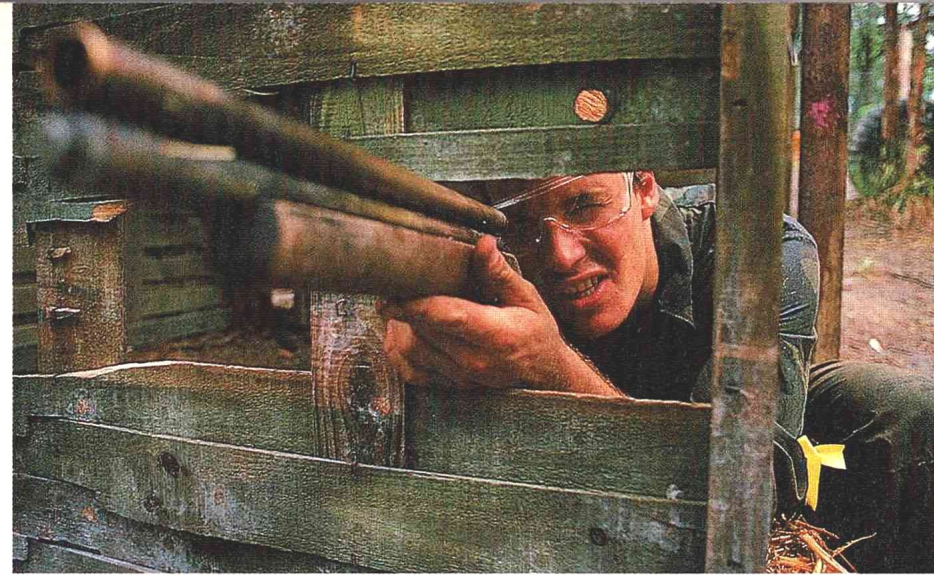
Although still banned in a few states, war games in the US (under numerous different names) now turn over an estimated \$100 million a year. It is a huge industry, supported by specialist magazines and videos, regular TV coverage of games, and hundreds of thousands of "weekend warriors", the vast majority drawn from the interminable ranks of gung-ho Yuppies who form teams representing their companies under monikers like "Nuke 'Em", "Body Count" and "The Final Solution." Games of "Celebrity Skirmish" are staged; Robert Redford is a regular player and the Osmond Family have their own team. Tournaments offer prize money run-



ning into tens of thousands of dollars.

Weaponry has evolved from the single-shot CO₂-powered paint pistol originally used for marking cattle into sophisticated and expensive semi-automatic equipment such as the "Full-on Annihilator," which purportedly allows the high-powered exec to blast his way out of a tight spot. Ammunition remains the same: a gumball-sized pellet with a gelatinous coating which shatters on impact, splattering the target with a couple of square inches of paint. Americans buy their equipment — camouflage gear, guns, ammo, war paint, Rambo headbands, army boots, goggles and CO₂ — from outfits like "Saigon Sam's Paintball Supply", then slip down to the nearest simulated Vietnamese village to blow the shit out of each other. They are fighting that god-forsaken war all over again.

It seems only natural that the Australian importer of this classically American aberration should have been a flamboyant Queensland entrepreneur. Peter Bailey, a young man in a hurry who has a penchant for claiming diverse political connections and amazingly eclectic entrepreneurial track record, bought the rights to operate Skirmish on our shores and opened the first battlefield behind the War Museum at Mudgeeraba in the Gold Coast hinterland on February 13, 1986. The response was phenomenal. Seven hundred people aged between 17 and 60, 10 percent of whom



were women, played the game in its first month of operation.

The notion of simulated combat carried out in full battle dress might have been controversial enough without Mr Bailey's outlandish input. But his first publicity stunt was to set up a game of Skirmish between a team of local bikers and the Gold Coast constabulary. "We didn't tell either side who they'd be playing, and the police were pretty shocked when they saw all those bikes lined up outside the fields. But they played for four hours and it was the best PR that ever happened — they all ended up great mates." Legend has it the bikers took the cops to the cleaners.

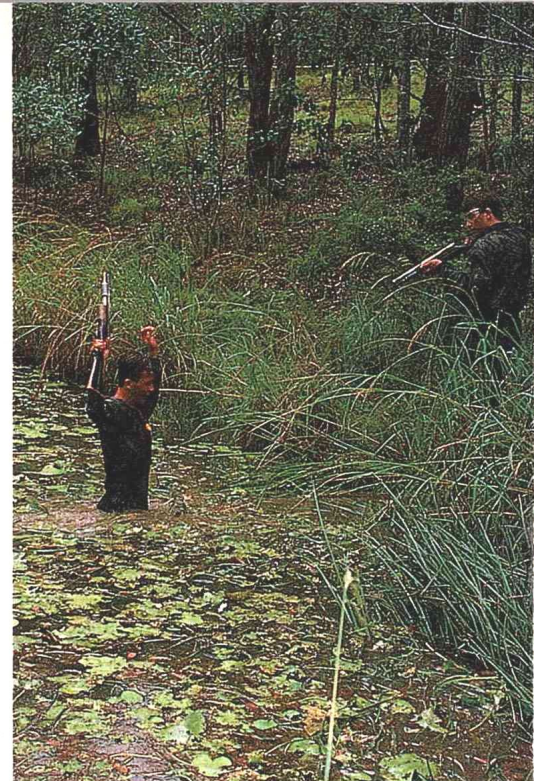
Bailey's next trick, in March '86, was to organise an army vs civilians game. By his own account, "The civilians thrashed them like you wouldn't believe. The army blokes did everything by the book, but within less than eight minutes we'd overrun them. Unfortunately, the Sunday Sun published a complete description of the battle, and from then on the army was forbidden to play Skirmish. It was a disaster."

These unseemly confrontations were a shade too rich for the blood of your average newspaper editor (even in Queensland), and thus there developed a media attitude which has remained "unbelievably hostile", according to Bailey, ever since.

Skirmish quickly became a burgeoning

industry in Queensland, with franchise operators opening up new playing fields from Mt Isa to the Gold Coast. In June '86 there were four separate battlefields in the Brisbane area catering for competition games between teams like the Devil's Brigade, Panthers, Killer Bees and Ninjas. Thousands of less committed warriors dabbled in the thrills of combat; the War Museum field, largely tourist-orientated, has pulled in at least 100 players a week since its inception and often attracted that many in a day. The substantial local Japanese population embraced Skirmish with boundless enthusiasm and on one occasion an all-Japanese team took on a Gold Coast team in a one-off competition game to settle the issue of combat supremacy. The Japs, extremely well-disciplined, hid themselves in the wilderness for a whole hour without firing a shot, but the Aussies eventually triumphed.

The game itself had not evolved a great deal. The basic version of Skirmish is called "Capture The Flag," in which teams consisting of a minimum of two and maximum of about 25 set out to capture the enemy's flag situated at the opposite end of the battlefield. The game is won either when this is accomplished or all enemy soldiers are eliminated. If a player carrying a captured flag is shot, he drops it immediately and walks off the field; whoever gets to it first takes up the running. Other simple Skirmish games are "Search And



Clockwise from far left: Paint guns are kept under lock and key until battle time, when they're fired up with carbon dioxide; Rule one — find some decent cover and hang in there; Close range shots can be quite painful, and so a five-metre "surrender zone" applies; The storming of Sat Cong Village at Mudgeeraba War Museum — "a Sense of Adventure the Protected will never know."

Destroy", in which one team hides in the field and the other attempts to hunt down and annihilate them, and "Last Man Standing", a self-explanatory version originally played for a cash pot. (An early ad for the Gold Coast War Museum field specified: "Rambo Scenario — For Experienced Players Only — \$500 First Prize — IF YOU SURVIVE." Other games included: "Apocalypse — Corporate Executives Only" and "Powder Puff Specials — Great For The Ladies, Beginners, Softies . . ." The advertisement promised "a Sense of Adventure the Protected will never know.")

The weapon was (and remains) the original paint gun — a bolt action or pump action cross between an M-79 grenade launcher and an old version of a cutdown .22 rifle with a second barrel and gas cylinder attachment. The guns are gassed up with CO₂ before the game and at maximum pressure can fire the paintball at 250 feet per second. When they hit at reasonably close range, they hurt.

Beyond that, the history of Skirmish in Australia (and for that matter, its current status) is an extremely murky affair, largely due to two factors. The first is the game's dubious legal position, consistently misrepresented in all the Queensland media with the result that most people believe Skirmish is banned in all other states (in fact this is only true of NSW) and many think it's banned in Queensland; the second is

THE ULTIMATE GAME

the propensity of the game's operators to make conflicting claims and to obfuscate the issues, no doubt due to the heavy paranoia in the air as political and public pressure continues to mount. Bailey's original franchise cost him \$218,000 and he wasn't about to see it flushed down the drain by "wimpish do-gooders and publicity-seeking politicians"; neither are the current operators who've shelled out substantial sums to set up their own Skirmish fields.

Fuelling their belligerence, reporters have consistently tried to link random killings (including the Melbourne Hoddle Street massacre) with Skirmish, and on one occasion a provincial paper falsely published a report that a multiple murder in NSW was committed by an ex-Skirmish enthusiast. The latest of such inflammatory accounts concerned two youths who shot each other with air rifles in August last year in bushland near Boondall; one of the boys had to have a slug extracted from his skull. The prosecutor claimed that "a game of Skirmish had developed" — a patently untrue statement seized upon by Gold Coast Alderman Peter Webber to launch, yet again, a push for a state-wide ban on the game. According to the secretary of the Australian Skirmish Association, Graham Miller, "Every time something happens involving a gun, some dopey politician blames 'Rambo-style Skirmish games' in the press. It's all attention-seeking. Not one of them has ever bothered to watch a game being played, yet they reckon we're training people to be terrorists. They don't know what they're talking about."

The nemesis of Skirmish since its inception has been Alderman Webber. It's true that he's scored a lot of publicity on this issue during the past two years; it's also true that he's genuinely concerned about Skirmish's possible psychological consequences and has some authority to voice those concerns. Webber spent nine months in Vietnam as a platoon commander. Prior to his tour of duty he ran weapons training courses in Australia for non-combat personnel so that they could defend themselves if overrun. "During those courses," he recalls, "it was gratifying to see that these guys — the cooks and bottlewashers who didn't have a violent bone in their bodies — could easily be trained into good soldiers, ready to kill." On his return, Webber graduated in psychology and set up a private practice.

Since no formal studies exist anywhere assessing the link between simulated war games and actual violence, Webber as a Vietnam veteran and psychologist is probably as qualified as anyone to venture an opinion on the darker aspects of the sport: "What frightens me is that for people who are on the fringe of committing a violent

crime but haven't got the confidence to do it, Skirmish provides them with a similar type of training to what the army used to do and still does — and that could give them the confidence they need. They'll have a weapon in their hands; they'll be able to point it at another person, pull the trigger and see a result."

Could Webber, in his capacity as the self-appointed scourge of Skirmish, produce any evidence of an association between war games and violence? "Okay," he admits, "the evidence is pretty scant. But how can we really quantify the danger? And what sort of evidence are we going to wait for? It takes a long time to get politicians sufficiently motivated to act on anything — but I have seen the actual behavioral changes in people when they're trained with weapons, and I've studied the psychology of it. I think it runs against human nature. If you spoke with any war veteran about it I think they'd

6
Gung-ho Yuppies
form teams representing
their companies under monikers
like "Nuke 'Em", "Body Count"
and "The Final
Solution."

agree that any game played with the intention of shooting people or being shot at is absolutely bloody sick."

The counter-argument, predictably enough, is based around individual liberty and the notion that simulated killing games — from Cowboys and Indians played by kids with water pistols up to adult pursuits such as fencing and martial arts — already exist in numerous forms, so where do you draw the line? According to the Gold Coast Council, the buck stops at Skirmish. Significantly, the Shire's May '86 legislation banning the game through a special by-law amendment defines "simulated death sports" so that the term does not include activities of pistol or gun clubs, video or board games, "recognised" sports including wrestling, boxing, fencing, martial arts and archery, and games played by children under the age of 12.

Webber then took his crusade to the highest levels, writing to all Federal Ministers from the PM down, all Premiers, Governors and Queensland Cabinet Ministers. He wanted an outright ban on war games across the nation. Almost to a man, the Federal Ministers responded that they

found the concept of Skirmish repugnant but believed that allowing such ugly pastimes was the price of democracy. In any case, according to Attorney-General Lionel Bowen, "I doubt whether the Commonwealth has the authority to deal with matters of this kind." (The only positive suggestion came from Senator John Button, who observed that if the players were compelled to use live ammunition the problem would soon resolve itself.)

As for the state politicians, according to Webber, "The majority agreed that the game should be banned and many of them said they'd look into it and take action when they got their reports. All this correspondence took place in 1986. To my knowledge, no action has been taken." He's right. Apart from NSW, there are no legal impediments to Skirmish in any state, with the exception of South Australia, where players would need a \$60 gun licence. The police attitude there and in Western Australia is hostile to Skirmish, but in both states they are confident that the game is not being played at present. Meanwhile, Victoria actively condones the sport by excluding war games from its gun licensing restrictions.

When Webber failed with an impassioned plea to the Queensland Local Government Association's conference in September '86 calling for a state-wide ban, it looked like he was snookered. In a state where gun control is a non-issue and free enterprise sacrosanct, no-one was prepared to carry the can until August last year, when the former Minister for Family Services Evonne Chapman, acting on a petition from residents near the Samford (Brisbane) Skirmish field in her electorate, sought Cabinet support to outlaw the game. The ball was passed to acting Police Minister Bill Gunn, who "undertook to refer the matter to the Police Department for advice." At the time of writing, the future of Skirmish in its spiritual home state appears to be resting on that advice — although the game's opponents wouldn't be holding their breaths.

Nonetheless, there remains an air of nervous belligerence among Skirmish operators throughout Queensland; the clear impression is that if legislation ever does find its way on to the books, Skirmish will go underground. That's close to being the case in some areas already; when *Penthouse* contacted the mayor of Toowoomba to ascertain his position on the issue, he was not even aware that Skirmish was being played in his shire; the mayor of Rockhampton believed the game was apparently being played in the neighboring shire of Livingstone, but the only evidence he'd seen of it was an advertisement scribbled on the back of a bus seat. Obviously the Skirmishers are keeping their bellies to the ground, both on and off the battlefield. Nobody wants to stir the pot.

The situation in NSW is equally

THE KILLER KIWIS

BY CHRISTOPHER PACKETT

The Kiwi equivalent of the Australian surfing safari used to be a weekend hunting anything on four legs up in the mountains; almost everyone has done it at some stage of their lives. With bugger all night life and even less in the way of culture, the great outdoors is the only real alternative for the hairy-chested Kiwi looking for something to do between rugby games.

Expatriate Irishman Noel Brown, owner of one of Wellington's two outdoor war game arenas, cites this affinity with hunting as the reason why, with a population of just three million, New Zealand supports at least ten outdoor battlefields and a further 11 indoor war game venues, called "Lazer-Strike" courses. The sport is big on this side of the Tasman — and perfectly legal. No clandestine games here. In a country that refuses to allow hotel trading or television advertising on the Sabbath, Sunday is battle day for thousands of killer Kiwis.

Noel Brown set up Wellington's "Combat" course three years ago under licence from the American-based "Ultimate Game." He spent 30 grand importing both pistol and rifle versions of the paint gun, providing a choice of weaponry not available to Australian players. The veterans generally select pistols.

Brown's cash flow looked good the day I

played war correspondent, with about 100 participants paying around \$30 each for 90 minutes of simulated guerrilla warfare. The games take place on three different fields, each with its own wooden fortifications and a common ammo resupply station in the Neutral Zone separating the fields.

From the security of the Neutral Zone, the bleak atmosphere generated by Wellington's perennial northerly zephyr and accompanying white haze brushing against the silver fern scrub-covered foothills seemed a perfectly surreal setting for the carnage in store. On field A, ten "regulars" — veterans with three years' experience — had dragooned a rag-tag bunch of 15 less experienced opponents to provide their afternoon's entertainment. The regulars, who call themselves the Wellington War Games Club, sported impressive combat paraphernalia including special holsters for their 30-shot pistols and black PVC bandoliers holding extra ammo. With the aid of army surplus jungle greens for camouflage, they were hardly ever seen in the open; their Vietcong-style tactics clearly played havoc with the opposition, who regularly returned, panting, for more ammunition, the red paint splatters testimony to the silent destruction wreaked by the veterans.

On field B, a mixed sex group of 15 junior Yuppies divided in two and headed into the bush to defend their respective forts. Simplistically, they had tagged themselves either "Commos" or "Nazis." The males had devised the tactics, which in effect meant the girls were left behind to defend the forts while the boys pursued their fantasies in the field. This battle, a more visible affair, quickly degenerated into a wasteful barrage of red pellets, then evolved into a scenario frighteningly reminiscent of *Lord Of The Flies*. At first the targets of the hunting pack were a few independent girls, and finally a lone male who managed to elude them for the last 20 minutes of the game. Most of the girls returned early to the Neutral Zone, either "bored" or pissed off at being shot regularly in sensitive areas by the rampant Rambos.

Throughout the action, Brown's daughter manned the armory and Bankcard ma-

chine while he ferried the combatants to and from the battlefields in his camouflaged jeep, occasionally calling the body count from each game through his PA system.

Naturally, Brown defends Combat vociferously and regards police disapproval of war games in Australia as "plain bloody-mindedness." He adds: "The police investigated it here and found that the weapons could not be classified as firearms by any stretch of the imagination." It's true enough that in New Zealand there have been no serious injuries nor any evidence that weekend warriors ever graduate to the real thing. And while the Wellington War Games Club are reasonably serious about their performances in the field, there are certainly no US-style battalion-strength battles; Combat is basically played at leisure level only. In fact, the disorganised growth of the sport is evidenced by the lack of formal competition or a national ruling body.

In January last year, panic-stricken residents of inner-city Auckland rang police with reports of late-night terrorism and armed robbery. Investigations revealed that games of Combat were being played on vacant building sites. Police blamed the outbreak of urban guerrilla warfare on the expensiveness of organised war games. All paint guns are now kept under lock and key by the game operators when not in use, as they are in Australia.

It's a strange irony that here in the land of the anti-nuclear stand, person-to-person violence is escalating on the streets. The popularity of war games is likewise on the increase, reflected in the organisation of the fast-growing indoor version, Lazer-Strike. Wellington's first league has just begun operating, and the inaugural plays have names like "Terminators", "Fungoids" and "Star Raiders."

Maybe these games are just good old-fashioned fun updated by new technology. But I was left wondering about that by the leader of the Wellington War Games Club, who told me solemnly: "When the real thing comes along, jokers like us will know how to survive and guys like you will last about two minutes before you get it in the back of the head."

convoluted. Ostensibly the law provides for fines of \$2000 or six months jail for possession of a paint gun, and the NSW Police rammed home the point last July by confiscating the famous antique cannon used by artist Pro Hart to bombard canvasses with paint. At around the same time, according to Peter Bailey, a clandestine game played in the Newcastle area was about to be raided by police when Bailey got a tip-off and called Comet: "We had 40 minutes to get them out before the constabulary arrived and within six hours we had everyone back over the border into Queensland." Local Newcastle franchise

holder Garth Young claims no knowledge of this dubious escapade; in any case, according to Young, "We've been playing the game in spite of the law for the past two years and don't get bothered by the police, although there's been a lot of bad publicity about 'training terrorists' and so on."

The "Newcastle Hunter Valley Wolves" are now 1000-strong, with monthly membership growing at a staggering 20 percent — and that's with no advertising whatsoever. It's a word-of-mouth operation. The only other franchisee in NSW runs a battlefield in the central coast area

of Bateau Bay and according to Young he was recently threatened by police, so the situation is very touchy at the moment. Having made a \$70,000 investment over the past two years in a technically illegal enterprise, Garth Young is no less nervous than his northern counterparts. "All we need," he told *Penthouse*, "is one nasty incident and the whole thing will be washed up in this state." As for the activities of Skirmish players in other parts of the country, he would say only this: "I don't want to get any of those guys into trouble. We're

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Variations

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB GUCCIONE

"Love is a gift, not a possession," says the sensuous Delia Sheppard. An international model and dancer, 27-year-old Delia was born "in the wilds of Africa" but has recently been living in Paris. "For someone with my passion, it is the obvious choice of a place to live," she explains.





Delia combines her good looks with a solid grounding in literature, art and history. "Books are extremely important to me. You can never be lonely with a thirst for knowledge."



Having been a dancer all her life, Delia has an intimate relationship with and profound respect for her body, though she adds: "As important as it is to be in touch with your body, a far more enduring facet is being in touch with your inner self . . ."







"Even though I know a woman is biologically superior to man, I admit I need a man's strength and protective aura around me," she adds.



red OVER BLACK

*When it comes to aiding
a good cause, even a hard
case like Duane Dooley is
open to persuasion*

FICTION BY ROGER RAFTERY

There was a hell of a row going on outside my bedroom window. It sounded like Walt, the neighborhood tom, was scoring again. According to my watch it was Tuesday and mid-morning. A knock at my door added another channel to the din.

Tuesday + mid-morning + *knock knock* = just possibly a new Avon chick astride my Welcome mat.

My caller was a honey all right, but in her mid-twenties and was standing there in a haughty, high-heeled stance that told you she wouldn't have been caught dead selling (or even wearing) Avon.

"I am Ms Clytia Wilde," she announced, giving me a card. "I'm representing the Aboriginal Legal Service."

"Nah," I said, patting my cheeks. "That's only a tan. I fell asleep under the sunlamp."

She took a deep breath, touched the toy combination lock on her attache case and took out some papers. "I'm working on the Susie Ryle case," she said. "I don't know if it's had much publicity down here but she was the seven-year-old white girl who was raped, dumped in a drain and left to bleed to death from internal injuries."

"Oh yeah," I said. "I remember reading a human interest story about it in the paper."

"Clement Piper — 'Old Clem' — has been charged with the crime. Simple police logic: the murder was one of brutal barbarity; Aborigines are brutal barbarians; Clem is an Aborigine. QED."

"If you're taking up a collection," I said, "I left my cheque-book in my other pants. I just wish I could remember where I left my other pants."

"Try casting your mind back eight months," she suggested. "I'll wait."

"Eight months! I'm a bit hazy about last night after ten o'clock."

They didn't build 'em to take much stalling where she came from. "I'll give you a clue," she said. "*Clang clang*. That's a jail door shutting behind you."

"Er, sorry — what kind of door?"

In truth, prodded thus (by an apparent expert) I could conjure up the odd vignette from Memory Lane:

Like me, eight months ago, being hired by this pastor and his good lady to bring back their 15-year-old daughter

ILLUSTRATION BY JILL CARTER-HANSEN



RED OVER BLACK

(last seen pressing her perishable parts into the pillion of the Go-Downs motorcycle club president, and heading north) before any "damage" had been done. No wonder they could believe a bloke rose from the dead... Arriving at this delightful hole called Granada just as the pubs were shutting at night. A guy detaching himself from a group of evicted black boozers in front of a hotel and inviting me to go down the creek with them for a bash. He had a way of punching you chummily in the arm as he spoke. Booze and birds were among the things on offer, he said. It was true I'd already decided I'd better slow down — in case I accidentally caught up with the bike gang before it'd quite dispensed with the Lutheran lovely's services. But the very idea of a respectable, prudent chap like myself going off into the night with a mob of drunken...

Me swigging out of a bottle in the back of a Ford Customline in the middle of about 15 blacks, wondering what happened to strength of character, putting its demise down to a lack of fibre in the diet...

An old, obese, toothless black chick named Betty making sheep's eyes at me around the bonfire. Me staring back through a Green Ginger haze... Waking up with my head in her lap, a neatly pol-

ished shoe indenting my ribcage and all around us uniformed cops hurling blacks in various stages of consciousness into paddy wagons. My kicker saying, "You too, paleface. Just to show there's no racial prejudice in this town." Me screaming: "Let go of my hair, you cunt!"... The door of the paddy wagon closing on me just as I see Betty going for my cop with her septic fingernails...

... About twenty of us being thrown into one open-barred cell, simply furnished with a burnt-out light socket, a concrete floor and an ensuite aluminium bucket... A long, cold sobering up, with nothing for scenery through the bars but a bare brick wall and an electric clock ticking away like Chinese torture. Nothing to do but swap atrocity stories: who'd been shat upon from the greatest height during this particular raid etc... 4.05 by the wall clock — some minor excitement: a stray, unconscious, blood-spattered black drunk, recognised by my fellow inmates as "Old Clem", is propelled in to join us. "Watch out for his bad leg, you bastards!" someone shouts, causing one of the propelling cops to stumble and bang Clem's leg against the bars... Clem giving his only sign of life during the night: a monumental spasmodic heave into the aluminium bucket which didn't leave much room for anything else and set off an outbreak of kidney panic among the rest of us...

... A courtroom with an arse-faced

magistrate who'd had a knockback that morning slugging me \$45 for drunkenness and \$5 costs. Me paying and getting out of town quick (my main terror being getting a look, sober and in daylight, at old Betty). Me scrubbing the assignment completely, going home and trying to forget the whole excursion — with great success.

"Er... jail door? I do seem to recollect something about it," I told her.

"That's nice," she said. "I was beginning to think you got locked up so often you couldn't distinguish one occasion from another. So you were there when Clem was brought into the tank. Would you remember what time that was?"

"4.05 in the morning. Who could forget? There was nothing to look at all night but a blank wall and this clock tick-ticking around. It was like being padlocked inside 60 Minutes."

"What state would you say he was in?"

"In medical terminology: so pissed he couldn't scratch himself," I said.

"Capable of having an erection?"

"He couldn't have raised an eyebrow."

"Good," she said, looking down at her papers. "Clem was only arrested for being drunk that night. But would you believe they now claim he was raping the little girl less than 25 minutes before you saw him?"

"Rather unlikely," I said.

"Would you come up and give evidence to that effect at the trial?"

I knew it had to be a touch of some kind the second I saw her. "Why me?" I whined. "Courts bring me out in a rash. There must have been 20 boongs... 20 other witnesses in the cell besides me. They all knew him and they live up there."

"Well, you're right," she said, putting her papers back into the attache case. "The fact is we don't so much need your evidence as your white face in our lineup of witnesses. The local Aboriginal fringe dwellers [she made them sound like headlice] have initiated a land rights claim and feelings are running pretty high in the town."

"My dear old mother's last words to me," I said. "Never get mixed up in religion or politics, and always put plenty of paper down on the seat."

"You know he can't have done it!" she said, blowing her Methodist Ladies cool for a couple of seconds. "A poor old bloke like that with a gammy leg."

"Nobody says he kicked her to death."

She stood up. "I can see I won't get very far appealing to your higher instincts," she said. "Have you got a bedroom around here?"

"Through there," I pointed. "Although it's not usually on show to the public before midday."

"You coming or not?" she asked me half-way to the bedroom door. We dead-heated at the doorknob.

She kicked her high-heeled shoes off into a corner of the bedroom and then

kicked her yellow slacks on top of them. "What are you staring at?" she asked me.

"I was just noticing the way your pubes match those luscious red locks of yours. I was wondering about that."

"Haven't you ever screwed a redhead before?" she asked, cocking an eye at me.

"Not in a good light," I said.

"Mmm," she said when it was all over.

"That wasn't bad at all."

"No," I agreed, "it could catch on."

"I always did think subpoenas were so impersonal. You are going to come up and give evidence for us?"

"You must have had your eyes closed: that was my body language way of saying 'probably'."

"Good, that's really great."

"You realise," I said, "this means I might be drummed out of the League of Rights and stripped of my Bwanacharge card."

"You'll live," she said.

"Ah, but those end of year socials..."

"See you in court," she said as she finished buttoning her blouse. "And wear your suit."

"My what?" I asked. But she zipped up her slacks — giving me a final flash of red peril — and was gone.

I offloaded my stuff at the Granada Motor Mansions and set out to see the sights. It was still early at night and I didn't have a care in the world till court opened next morning. I drifted into the Shearer's Arms (aka Armpit) out of the mud and drizzle. The barman and I had the bar, and practically the pub, to ourselves. "Pretty wild tonight," I said to him.

"Yeah, reminds me of the time I gate-crashed the nonalcoholic winetasting up at the vicarage," he said.

He was a darkish thick-set guy in his early thirties, with bulky, heavily-tattooed arms. He said his name was Kevie.

"Much been going on in the trial so far?" I asked him casually.

He disclaimed interest in anything but Rugby Union and Five-a-Side Sex. "Here, check out the local rag," he said tossing it at me, "if you must."

"Thanks," I said.

The paper and the news were two and three days, respectively, out of date. From the write-up I gathered that the fact that the murdered girl's body had been dumped into a flowing drain had resulted in a washout for forensic evidence. No useable semen samples. For what it was worth, the blood on Clem's clothes wasn't his own and did match the girl's (so what?) general blood group. But the prosecution was happier with the solid fact that the girl's Michael Jackson watch had stopped dead on 3.41am. They had thought they were on a winner too with their soils expert — who alleged that mud samples from Clem's shoes had characteristics associated with "an open drain or sewer" and matched police samples from the scene of

the crime. Till the defence QC described living conditions at the Aboriginal settlement and got the expert to concede that possibly the soil Clem trod every day had characteristics one would associate with "an open drain or sewer."

It seemed to me that, by default, us potential witnesses were going to be more important than I'd been led to believe.

The joint still wasn't exactly jumping and I began to wish for some more company. I'd be a dangerous guy with a genie. *Plonk plonk*: a body dropped on to each of the barstools flanking my own. The left side body belonged to a male in his twenties with a bristly black moustache, an overbearing brow and irregularly cropped hair. The right one was a male in his late forties or early fifties with thinning ginger hair and blotchy freckles.

"What are you having?" the older one said.

"Nightmares," I said. "Only earlier in the

6
In the wise
old words of Homer:
beware of cops buying
piss. "What trial
was that?"
I said.

day."

He interpreted that as a beer. "Three beers," he yelled down to Kevie.

"Detectives?" I asked the guy.

"Yeah. Does it show?" he asked amiably.

"It was more olfactory than ocular," I said. Luckily they didn't have the office dictionary with them. He said that he was Fitzpatrick and the younger one was Murphy.

"You're in town for the trial, aren't you?" Fitzpatrick said sipping beer.

In the wise old words of Homer: beware of cops buying piss. "What trial was that?" I said.

"The bloody Redex Reliability Trial I suppose!" Fitzpatrick said. "All right sport, we'll let that go. We've got a sense of humor. We can take a joke, can't we Murph?" Murph grunted something into his beer. Fitzpatrick tortured out a chuckle: "I understand last time you were in town some of our lads treated you a little bit... heavy-handed," he said.

"Footed," I said.

"Sounds plausible," he granted. "Shit, we all know what clodhoppers the uni-

formed branch are. Honestly there's more useless dopes down that station that at a — whassname — lesbian's picnic. What do you reckon, eh?"

I didn't bite.

"I suppose you're one of these land rights nuts?" Murphy came in. He had a voice you wouldn't particularly want to hear coming anonymously over the phone at 2am. "Personally I think they're pushing their luck with air rights. The Commoes'd abolish your lot — you private enterprise detectives — if they got the chance. I hope you realise that?"

So would you bastards, I said under my breath.

"Let me take a wild guess," I said out loud. "You two are the arresting officers in the case."

"Very good," Fitzpatrick said. "I s'pose your ol-whatsit-ory sense told you that? Did it also tell you we've busted Old Clem five times in the past seven years for interfering or trying to interfere with little girls?"

It hadn't. Neither had it slipped out during Clytia's pillow talk briefing.

"And," I went on regardless, "it's got nothing to do with race..."

"I don't care if they're black, white or brindle," Fitzpatrick said, shaking his head.

"It's simply that if people were to go around casting doubts on your professional wisdom you might be so overcome you'd have to hit the taxpayers for some compo?"

"By George, I think he's got it," Fitzpatrick said. "But don't go getting any wild ideas we're trying to put pressure on you."

"I wouldn't believe it if I read it in the *Bulletin*," I swore.

"Okay. Now we've got that sorted out we're going off to grab a hot dog — only if that's all right with you city people. We'd hate to..."

I gave permission.

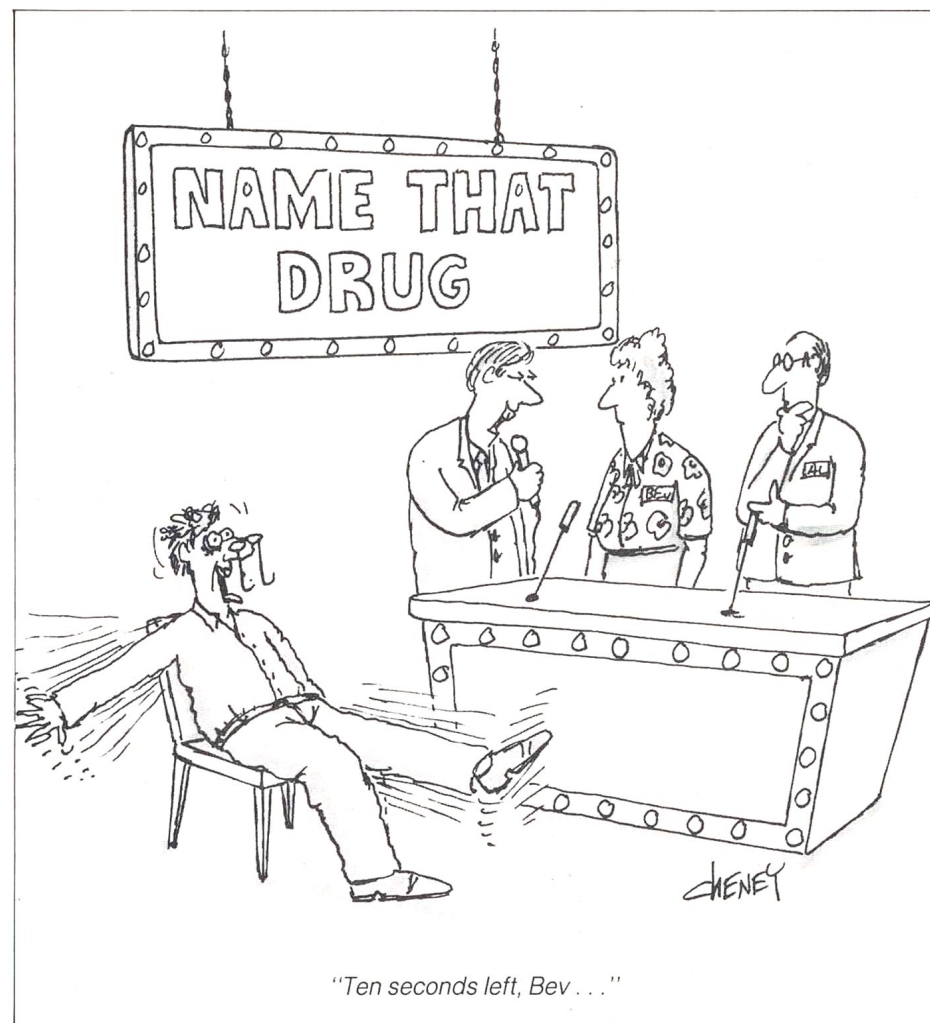
"Fuck, you're not bad," Kevie said, coming over to me. "You've only been in town an hour and you're already in the shit with the cops. How'd you manage that?"

"Personality," I said.

"That Fitzy," Kevie confided. "You mightn't think it to look at him but he used to be the town's leading gin-jockey once. Yeah, a few years ago he was always out the mission getting among the lubras. Probably half of them bare-arsed little boongs trotting around out there now are his. Then up springs all this crud about Aboriginal dignity, not to mention female dignity, and before old Fitzy knows what's hit him he's persona non gratification out there. I dunno how blokes can do it meself. They reckon they get whiter every fuck, but I can't see it. Plus you've got the Rhea sisters running wild all over the place — Pyorr, Diarr and Gonorr. You don't go out to the missions, do you?"

"Me? Hell no."

There was some commotion out in the street.



"Ten seconds left, Bev..."

RED OVER BLACK

"The natives are a bit restless tonight," I remarked.

"Yeah," Kevie agreed. "The whites too."

Taking my beer I went to the door for a look. There was the very sight I'd gone sightseeing for: Ms Clytia Wilde. And on the subject of whassname's picnics, entwined about Ms Wilde's body was a leggy Aboriginal chick in khaki-green Bermuda shorts. Their arms were about each other's waists and the black chick's head was nestled into the conflagration of hair on Clytia's shoulder. They looked like they were heading for somewhere private. My imagination (on double time and a half with a holiday loading) was already there ahead of them. I could visualise many intriguing conjunctions of red hair, black hair, white skin and black skin.

It was a pity it had stopped raining: several people in the vicinity could have used a cold shower.

It didn't seem like an opportune time for renewing old acquaintance with Clytia anyway, so I went back in the pub. "Shit, mate," Kevie said, "you're looking green."

"Must be envy," I said.

"What you need," he prescribed, "is a bottle of Bundaberg and a good lie down."

He dispensed me a bottle and I went back to my motel room with a good plan:

kick my boots off, lie on the bed and do nothing but sip spirits and watch the paper peel off the walls. It turned out it wasn't such a good plan after all. There was already somebody lying on my bed; to wit, a leggy black chick wearing khaki-green Bermuda shorts. "You wouldn't be the tea and coffee making facility mentioned in the motel brochure?" I asked.

"I'm Gabrielle," she said. "I'm a friend of Clytia's."

"You're not another lawyer? It's just the doctor's cut me down to one a week."

She shook her head. She said she was a dancer, originally from Granada but now a city-based member of an all-female, all-Aboriginal dance troupe. Which would explain the long glossy legs if nothing else. She opened those legs a few degrees on the bed. "Clytia didn't want you to be getting restless through lack of home comforts," she told me.

I began to wonder if it really was my speaking parts the defence was after.

"You aren't prejudiced against us, are you?" she asked, suspecting a moment's hesitation and bringing the legs hastily together.

I wasn't entirely sure which lot of "us" she meant. I made a working assumption she meant blacks. "Never," I said. "I'm an old . . . ah, freedom rider from way back."

"Well then . . ." she said, standing up. She undid a button and the shorts hit the floor so fast it would have given Isaac

Newton something to think about besides apples. All she had underneath was a fluffy Bermuda Shorts Triangle that was a perfect match for her topknot of woolly black tresses, even to the hint of ginger. She lay on her back and spread her legs widely. Next time I do my joint up I'm thinking of doing it in black and pink.

Our intercourse was only about three strokes old when there was this almighty crash of glass like a rock had gone through the window. "Fuck, that was close," I said pulling out of her.

"It wasn't *here*, was it?" she said irritably.

"They might have missed," I said.

A categorically imperative knock jack-hammered on the door. I pulled my jocks on and moved towards the door. "If this is anybody wearing hoods and carrying a fiery cross I'm gonna shit," I said, having nothing to defend myself with but a limp dick.

I opened the door. It was the town's detective duo. "Oh God," I groaned, "it's only the old Irish buddies Michael Fitzpatrick and Patrick Fitzmi . . ."

"What's the matter with you?" Fitzpatrick inquired.

"Withdrawal symptoms," I said.

"*The bomb*," he said, "is supposed to be in here. We gotta search."

He led Murphy in.

"No sniffer dogs?" I said.

No, not when you can do your own sniffing. Fitzpatrick headed straight for the bedroom. "You've got the privacy of Katingal around here," I said. He came out after a couple of minutes. "Nothing chemically explosive in there?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "You likee jig-a-jig with the nigs, eh? A bit of the old black velvet?" he croaked. "All look the same in the dark, right? Don't all smell the same though, do they?"

"I wouldn't know, I've got a cold," I said.

"Don't let her waxed legs or ballet school manners fool you," he assured me. "She's no different from the other petrol-sniffing . . ."

"It must be cheaper sniffing coke these days," I said.

" . . . petrol-sniffing loincloth lubras out the mission. Her old woman was Black Betty the town bike."

"She," Fitz went on, "pushed her way into this world out through Betty's filthy clap-trap. Just keep that in mind when you go back in there."

"So if that was everything, guys . . ." I said raising my arms to shoo them out.

"We'll be out there," Fitz pointed. "Just in case."

"Don't take any bangs you might hear too seriously," I said.

"What'd they want?" Gabrielle asked me when I went back in to her.

"Just the Fun Prevention Squad," I said. I had a sudden thought. If her mother was

Black Betty and Fitz used to frequent the mission in years gone by . . . That tinge of ginger in her hair — it can't have rubbed off Clytia?

"Good God, look at the time!" she said and jumped out of bed. The morning light was spearing through the dusty venetians.

"Hey!" I said.

She pulled up the shorts. If I ever get to be a striptease operator I'm going to initiate some changes in direction.

"Don't be like that, babe . . ." I wheedled. "The town is lousy with rights — Land Rights, League of Rights, Gay, Bi or Tri Rights. How about a turn for Bursting Scrotum Rights?"

"Sorry — got to get to court. So do you. There, Clytia gave me this for you," she said, tossing something on to my bare abdomen before legging it away.

The present was a legal document intimating that if I didn't get my arse to the local court by 8.30am exactly the sheriff might be inclined to nail it to a barn door. I didn't have time for a shower or even to hit the Listerine.

Right outside the room I bumped into Fitz and Murph. "Christ, you still here?" I said.

"Always on duty," Fitz said. "Don't always like all we see — young girls staying in blokes' rooms all night . . ."

"If you don't like what you see . . ." I said, starting to proffer some obvious advice.

"What've you been doing?" Fitz cut in, bending forward and sniffing at my face. "Write that down Murph — breath smells of gin."

Murph thought it was funny. I kept going and didn't stop till I saw the whites of Clytia's eyes glistening among the fake marble of the courthouse.

"Hi, Clyt," I said.

"Clytia," she said. "This is Tom; he'll look after you," she told me, whisking her dimple zone out of my reach and off through a door.

Tom was a young guy just short enough to have a chip on his shoulder and just black enough to have scraped in an Aboriginal grant to study law. "Good to see you, man," he said, commandeering me. "Run down to the washroom with this electric razor, will you? We're glad you could make it on time but not if it meant you had to sleep in your suit."

Partially remodelled, I was dumped into a witness room where I was the only white face. In fact apart from the suits, the sobriety and the smell it was just about a reunion of the old gang from the drink tank. The guys took the opportunity to explain a few things to me: eg that Clem's prior history of sex crimes was the result of culture clash. In traditional Aboriginal society the old men, the elders, had been accorded great honor, one of the perks being the young girls of the tribe. Like I always say, the maturer you get the more you find to

appreciate in other people's cultures.

And the guys, Clem's closest mates, swore he'd actually been impotent and unable to perform his de facto duties for years. Unfortunately his old woman had shot through and the judge (who had probably never had a fuck in a car that didn't have wheels and doors) had ruled that any evidence from them that Clem was a non-starter had to be hearsay.

When they finally called me to give evidence I started to go cold in the feet and other extremities. What was I doing here? What the hell did I know about the capabilities of Clem, drunks in general or anything else?

All I knew was that out there somewhere Gabrielle and Clytia were rubbing knees, Murph and Fitz were holding hands and Clem was shuffling from good foot to bad. I had to ask the guy to repeat the question. He'd only wanted to know my name.

I told Mr Hyphen-Smith QC pretty much

6
All I
knew was that
out there somewhere
Gabrielle and Clytia
were rubbing
knees
9

what I'd told Clytia. Then Mr Hyphen-Jones QC rose to cross-examine, and went straight for the foul zone: "Now you told my learned friend that the accused was 'paralytic.' That's only an expression, isn't it? In fact an ordinary person — take yourself for example — in a drunken stupor could still perform reflex bodily actions, couldn't he or she?"

"Could he or she?" I said.

"Oh come on, no modesty. I thought you knew a lot about this subject. You're only a witness here today because you were locked up in that cell for drunkenness yourself, isn't that so?"

His Honor interjected that he didn't think I was there as an expert witness.

"Now this '4.05' in the morning we've heard so much about," the big-wig came back at me. "When you were arrested — for drunkenness — your watch and the watches of everybody else in that cell had been confiscated. Is *that* correct?"

"I guess so," I said.

"The sole source of your prime timing, then, was the wall clock. You had no means of telling, did you, that the clock was not running, say, an hour slow?"

"No," I admitted. "No more than I did of knowing whether Michael Jackson was running an hour slow."

"All right, all right. One last thing: would you be capable of telling a lie if you thought it would assist a good cause?"

"I don't know any good causes."

He told me I could piss off, just when I was starting to enjoy myself.

The defence team, fortifying themselves out of ambiguous thermos flasks, were willing to bet their last year's tax avoidance on an early verdict. "It was a bit of a fizzer really," one told me. "The prosecution was bluffing with a pair of fours."

"What did we have?" I asked him.

He wouldn't say but did mention in passing you only needed fives to beat fours. Of course "early" verdict to a lawyer probably meant before the skiing season finished. It got very dark, but nobody left. Finally the jury came back in.

A roll on the drums: Not Guilty. Clem hobbled over to the excited congratulations of his supporters. He shot a hand out to me. "Thanks brother," he said.

"Don't mention it," I said, and stood there glowing with the conviction that I was the black man's greatest friend since Abe Lincoln or Mal Fraser.

"I suppose you think you're pretty smart," Fitzpatrick spat at me.

"Now you mention it . . ." I said.

"He's not worth it," Murph told him.

"Let's go over to the commune and bust a few weirdos. Make you feel better."

I actually managed to catch up with Clytia on her own in the corridor. "Pretty good stuff eh?" I said re myself.

"What? Oh yes, thanks for coming. Much appreciated," she said.

"Any chance of a . . . bonus for a job well done? Good references, willing to share . . ."

"Only the satisfaction of knowing you've helped justice to be done."

"Aw come on, Clyt. You know there's days when that just isn't enough."

"Next time maybe," she said as she pounded up the corridor away from me.

Next time what? Next time I happened to be the only white face in an all-black alibi crew? At the end of the corridor she linked arms with Tom on one side and Gabrielle on the other and strode out into the street, heading no doubt for a three-for-all somewhere.

An oddly familiar voice punctured my meditations. "Hey brother! We're all going down to the creek to celebrate Clem's victory. You coming? Plenty of booze and birds. Maybe even old Betty," he said, giggling and punching my arm.

"Very decent of you to ask, mate," I said, "but I . . ."

"Piker!" he said, still giggling, and punching my arm in the exact same spot.

"No, I really have to see about getting home . . . Really . . ."

And I've really got to see about that lack of diet fibre one of these days, too. ☹



"Tell it to me straight, Doc. How long do I have before my insurance runs out?"

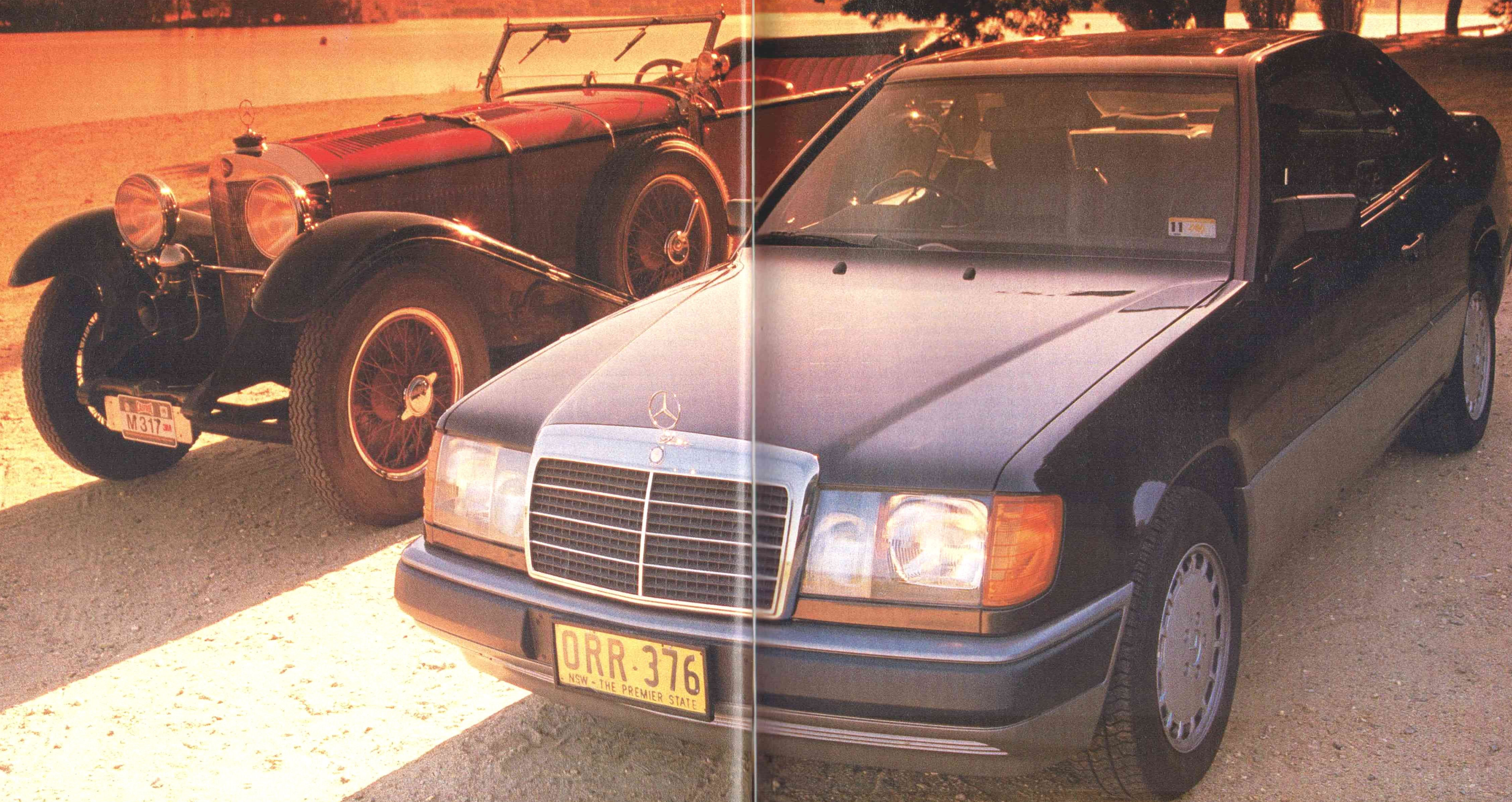
MOTORING BY PETER MACKAY

BENZ MEANS STYLE



Penthouse test drives the then and now of luxury motoring, the Mercedes way

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM CALLAGHAN



BENZ MEANS STYLE

If a week is an age in politics and in the life of a caterpillar, then 61 years is an eternity in the evolution of the motor car. Today's splendid mid-sized Mercedes-Benz 300CE coupe reflects automotive design and execution at the highest level. The Daimler-Benz company has a reputation to uphold and so it does with this sporting car. To drive it is to marvel at its completeness, the attention to detail, the finesse, the quality, the elegance, the refinement, the ambience...

It is top-drawer motoring in 1988.

Flashback to a time frame somewhere between Kaiser Bill and Uncle Adolf: 1927 to be precise. A dramatic new sporting car is launched in Germany, the Mercedes-Benz Type 680 S. One of the first products of a merger between one-time car-making rivals Daimler and Benz, it is a high-speed touring car capable of topping 160 km/h. It's a ground breaker and a ground shaker. Predictably, it sends the Deutch auto buffs into ecstasy.

The '27 Type 680 S and the current 300CE have served similar roles in their respective eras. Fast, personal transport; the last word in luxury and prestige. Expensive.

Only about 150 examples of the '27 680 S models were produced. Priced to be affordable only to the filthy rich of Germany,

the big Mercs generated little profit for the Three Pointed Star organisation. Money was not the motive behind the creation of the powerful supercharged convertible; then, as is often the case today, many major car companies built specific models with the object of enhancing the image. Back in the late Twenties, the new Daimler-Benz organisation pushed the massive new flagship on to the racetracks of Europe, while also ensuring it got to strut its stuff along the more fashionable boulevards.

It was the forerunner of a succession of magnificent sporting Mercedes-Benz S, SS, SSK, and SSKL models built through until 1934, prized vehicles worth a tidy fortune as auto collectables today.

Propelled by a formidable supercharged 6.8-litre six-cylinder engine, the Mercedes 680 S has a quoted output of 132kW at 3000 rpm. The suggested cruising speed is a not inconsiderable 140 km/h. Fuel consumption is a thirsty 35 litres per 100 km, or 8 mpg.

Its mechanical specification cries out for comparison with the car in the '88 Benz range which today assumes the glamor role once played by the oldie more than six decades ago.

The coupe-bodied 300CE is also a straight six, though one of more modest capacity: 3.0 litres and fed by fuel injection controlled by micro-processor. Output is 135kW. However, today's sophisticated

package sips rather than guzzles gas, at a rate of 10 litres/100km or 28 mpg.

The Type 680, shown in company with the latest Benz 300CE in the photo at the head of the story, is valued at something approaching \$1.5 million to the right buyer. Its insurance value is less, a token \$500,000. This vehicle was purchased from an Italian collection by Daimler-Benz. Several months ago it was pulled from the car maker's museum in Stuttgart and air freighted to Australia to participate in the bicentennial Castrol World Rally. It was driven from Melbourne to Canberra without the suggestion of mechanical trouble.

It was an auto *tour de force* of the day. The engine, with its single overhead cam layout Roots supercharger and fed by two carburetors, gave astonishing performance. Other highlights include electric-powered twin wipers, wire spoked wheels with a single knock-off locating hub, and an electric starter motor. Instrumentation was comprehensive with a tachometer. The Benz boasted huge four-wheel drums, a demonstrable safety item at a time when two-wheel braking was the norm. Of course two wheel brakes would have been hard-pressed knocking the speed off a vehicle tipping the scales at a weighty 1900 kilos.

There is much about the irreplaceable Type 680 to intimidate the child of a more modern era: to sit behind its large, polished timber steering wheel is to ponder the ramifications of scratching or, worse, actually reshaping the coachwork on this active museum piece...

A fine day calls for open top driving. The soft roof is unclipped and pushed away behind the rear seat. The engine fires at first press of the button. Clutch pedal is heavy, and the gear lever (it's a four-speed non-synchro box in the conventional H-pattern) slides readily into first gear. The accelerator pedal, it is noted, is located to the left of the foot brake. It takes some getting used to. There's also a long-levered hand brake poking up from the floor in the centre of the left-hand drive car.

Gear changing requires the old truckie technique — double de-clutching with a pause in neutral en route to the next cog. Not surprisingly there is the occasional embarrassing graunch as the gearbox registers a protest when a gear-change is too rushed.

The surprise is the car's level of flexibility. The engine, not awesomely powerful by today's standards, is nevertheless spectacularly torquey, pulling uncomplainingly from 500rpm. This is a godsend as it means the driver is not required to constantly change gears...

To bring the supercharger on song, the driver merely pushes the throttle to the floor, kickdown fashion. There is an instruction from the car's minder not to hold the pedal down for more than about ten seconds as there is a tendency for things to become a little hot under the bonnet.

In the Fatherland, the Type 680 S drinks 94 octane petrol; here it uses plain old super fuel. Not a problem. No silicon chip to be re-programmed. Just pour it in and away it goes. Brakes, whilst requiring plenty of effort (and some concentration by the driver to ensure his right foot nails the right pedal), are effective. Not deadly, mind, but useful.

The steering, despite the large circumference wheel, demands a level of muscular development that *Penthouse* could not provide. Cornering, with one arm deployed as a human directional indicator, was a fraught business as the other arm struggled to keep the precious metal on the asphalt and away from the roadside furniture.

Handling qualities are difficult to grasp as cornering speeds are often dependent on the driver's courage. In this case, caution was deployed in large quantities. Suspension was of the semi-elliptic design — leaf springs by another name.

In this discomfiting situation it is very easy for a modern man to be eternally thankful to the engineers who, in the intervening period since 1927, have sweated to bring us driving aids such as power steering, fully synchromesh gearboxes, orthopaedically-designed seating...

While aware of the opportunity to drive a vehicle of undeniable significance in automotive history, I was not greatly reluctant to leap from the driver's seat into the 300CE.

The aching body cries relief. The mind can relax. While elegance and style are paramount at Daimler-Benz, the car design is obliged to meet an entirely practical rationale. Today's car is not demanding to drive. The pain comes from paying for a 300CE. Mercedes-Benz lists this model at around \$107,000, with metallic paint. Government sales tax adds nearly \$25,000, taking the whack to \$132,000.

A price tag of this magnitude carries a legacy of exclusivity. Paying a premium price could promote a lordly attitude — a *hauteur* — obvious in so many owners of Mercedes-Benz. Or maybe it's the knowledge that a Benz is such a gilt-edged investment — its resale values are the envy of all other manufacturers except Porsche; it doesn't suffer a shattering devaluation the moment it leaves the showroom.

The distinctive coupe models such as the 300CE are based on the four-door saloon series of the day and form part of the Mercedes-Benz tradition. Though derived directly from the popular 300E saloon, the 300CE coupe is bodily identical in just two areas: the front and the tail lamps. Mechanically similar to the saloon, the two-door model is shorter and lower than the 300E. Past six-cylinder Benzes have offered disappointing performance but the current 300 models, with their new 3.0-litre SOHC engines, are commendably responsive. Still a touch timid off the line, the 300 does get mobile when called upon.

Acceleration from rest to 100 km/h is all over in just eight seconds.

The four-speed auto slides through the gears unobtrusively, and yet kicks down immediately the driver squeezes down the throttle. The coupe's pillarless profile is highlighted by fully-retractable electrically-powered side glass which closes virtually flush with the outer body skin. Moreover, Benz engineers have been able to retain the same impressive .30 drag co-efficient figure for the coupe as they achieved for the longer-wheelbase 300E saloon.

The interior of the four-seater 300CE goes close to matching the ambience and standard appointments in the bigger, more expensive 560SEC coupe. The Teutonic style is understated elegance. There's a full leather trim (including a hide-bound steering wheel and gear selection knob), central locking, electric tilt/slide sun-roof, power windows, Tempomat cruise control, heat-insulating glass and a

That every
drug dealer shot
down lately was along-
side his Mercedes
certainly hasn't
hurt sales

stunning Becker Grand Prix sound system.

The Mercedes panders to the occupants. The "belt-bringers" — the electric seatbelt guides similar to those provided with the 560SEC — are a nice touch. They offer the belts to the driver and front seat passenger as soon as the ignition is switched on. Saves groping behind the seat.

Fingertip electric adjustment of the front buckets for reach, backrest angle, and seat cushion angle and height, is sensibly located near the front door handle.

Entry to the rear passenger compartment is achieved by way of an ingenious locking system for the folding front seat backrests. While the engine is running and the doors remain closed, the front buckets are mechanically (and inaudibly) vacuum locked. The lock is released automatically when the doors open. Comfort levels defy criticism. At first the seating appears too firm; however, a four-hour highway drive confirmed the wonderful comfort and ergonomic standards met by Daimler-Benz.

The 300CE is a magnificent cruising ve-

hicle, its progress being unfussed yet fleet, all the time accompanied by a relaxing silence. No wind noise. No road noise. Only a whisper from the climate control fan. And a pleasant growl from up front whenever the automatic transmission slides back a cog in search of some acceleration for overtaking.

The suspension is an updated development of the system first seen in the smaller 190 model. It consists of a damper-strut and coil spring front wheel location with anti-dive. The rear end, considered to represent the leading edge of current design, is multi-link and coils.

Idiot proof anti-lock braking is also standard equipment, as it is in all production six and eight-cylinder Mercedes-Benz passenger cars.

The emphasis on aerodynamics surfaces in unexpected ways. The long, single-sweep wiper, with its eccentric kidney shaped sweep, covers an amazing 86 percent of the windscreen area. Not only does it attract less turbulence than a conventional double-wiper system, but it always moves parallel to the airflow which prevents the blade lifting off at high speeds.

The 300CE's ventilation and air extraction system was also designed with help from the wind tunnel. Fresh air enters the passenger compartment through air inlets right in front of the windscreen, while stale air is silently extracted via an opening in the rear parcel shelf, through the boot to outlets in the rear fenders behind the rear bumper.

Ah, the detail. In the event of under-pressure in the cockpit — like when the sun-roof is open — rubber flaps inside the outlets prevent the stale air from flowing back and exhaust gases from being drawn in.

Certainly, the lofty ideals in concept and execution have homed in on the car-buying public. In Australia a trend to more conquering sales in recent times is being maintained by Mercedes-Benz. During 1987 over 46 percent of a total of 3022 new car sales were made to customers who had not previously owned a Benz. That every drug dealer shot down in the street lately was caught by the TV cameras alongside his personal Mercedes certainly hasn't hurt sales.

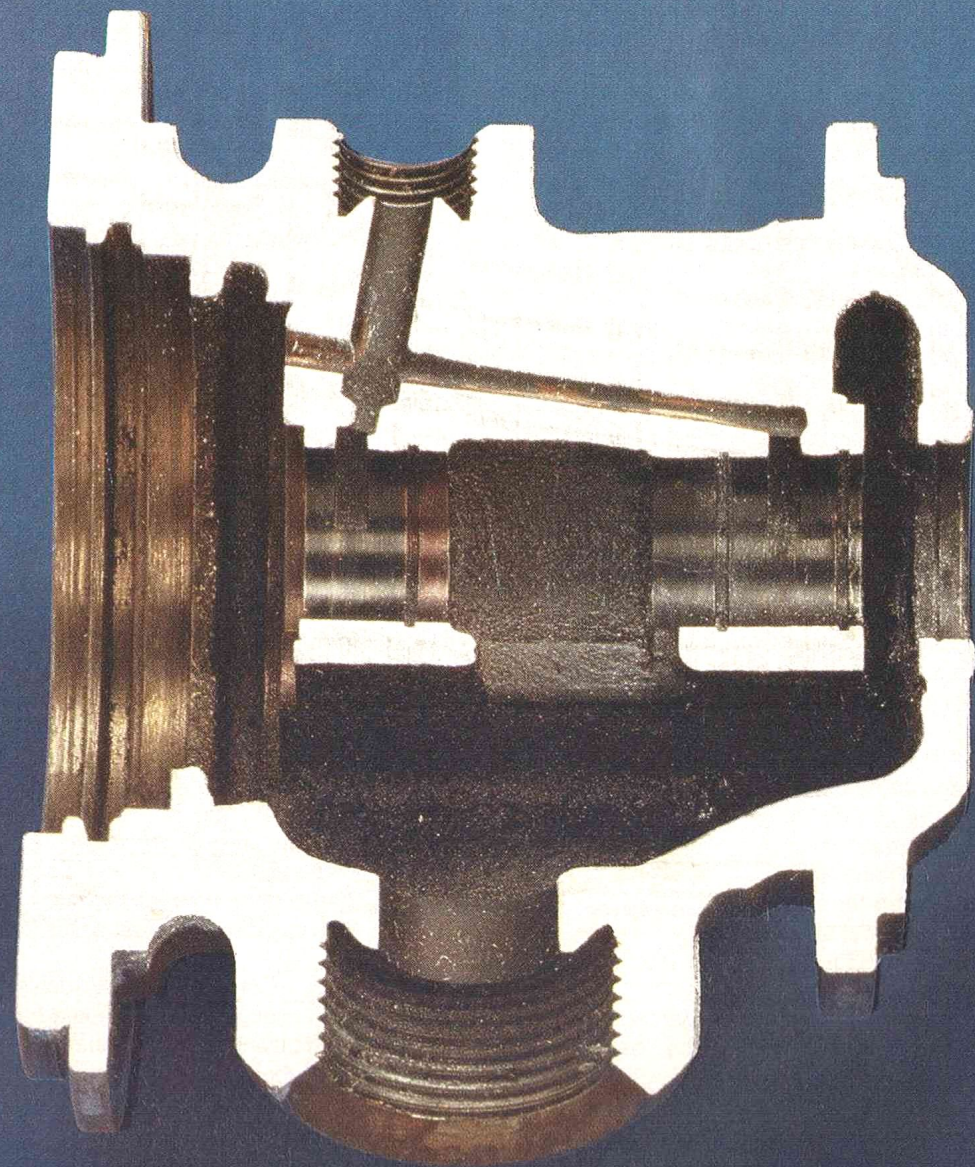
A Mercedes-Benz remains one of a handful of genuine car status symbols, as it has done for more than six decades.

And having sampled prime examples of the marque spanning 61 years, it should be recorded that discernable progress in auto design has been made in Stuttgart. It confirms that attacks of nostalgia should, in future, be kept under rein. We should resist all temptation to turn back the calendar.

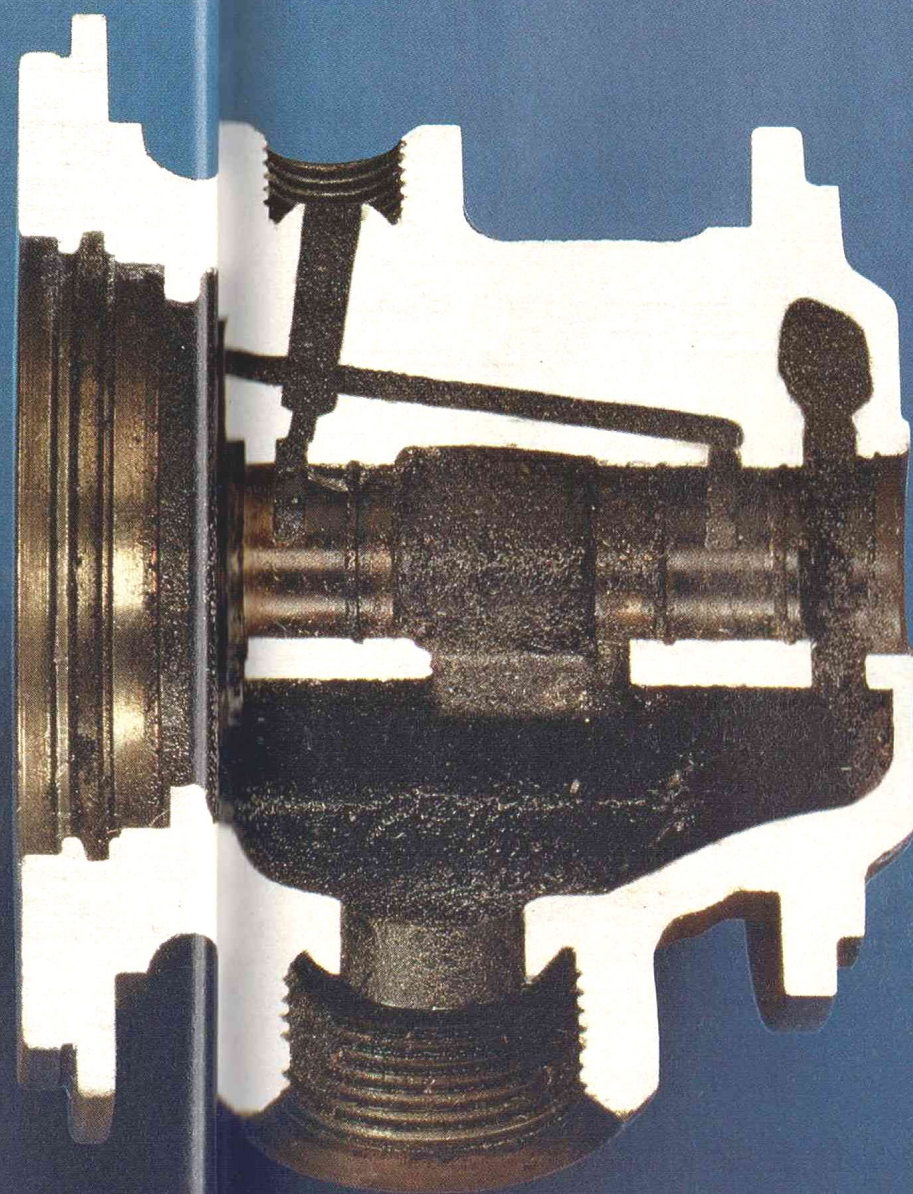
Let it be said, however, that our motoring grandfathers were heroes. This generation is spoiled, which is how it should be. ☐



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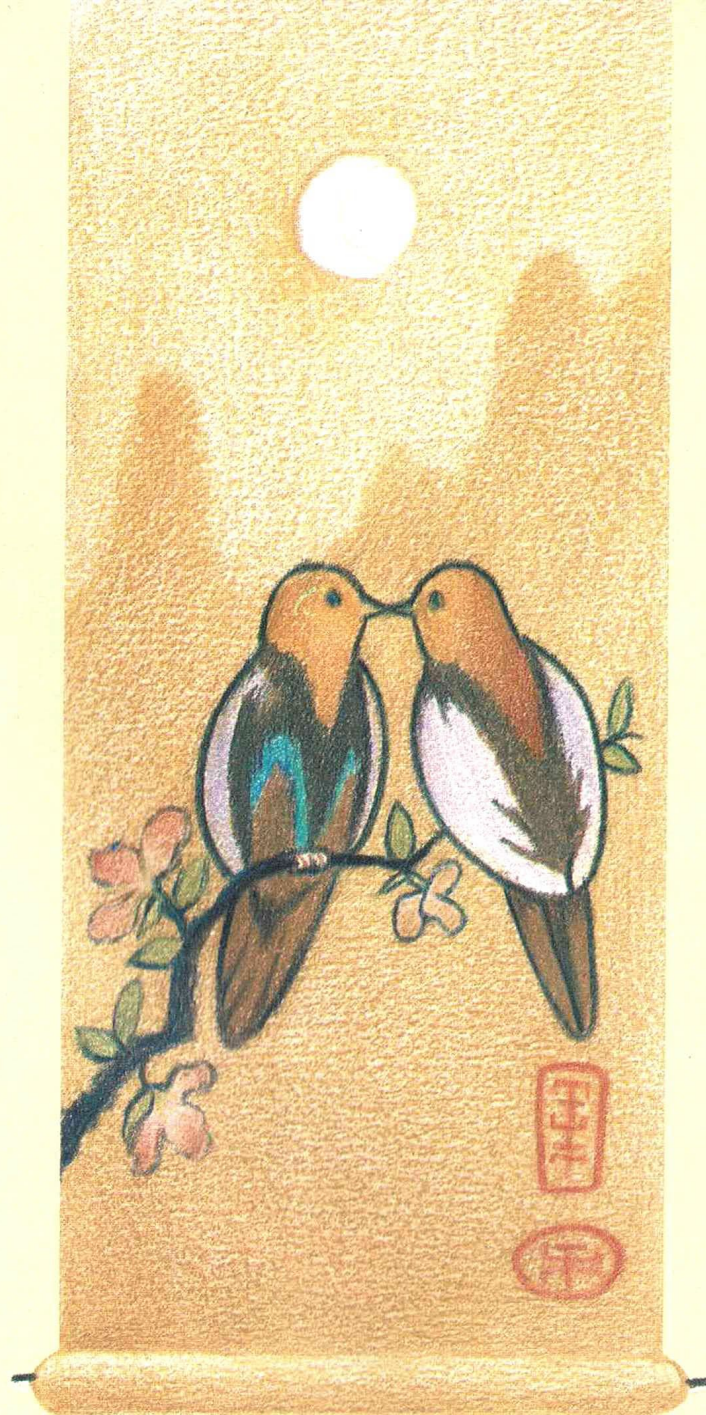
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TAO OF SEX

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON FITCHETT

A banquet of Chinese sexual delights
guaranteed to relight your fire

BY JOHN MASTERS



In the first two articles in this series, it has been argued that health problems can too easily be interpreted as sexual problems: lowered libido and other disorders. In this article, we'll consider the next link in the chain — the fact that often we wrongly interpret a libido problem as being caused by an unsatisfactory relationship. Poor sexual practices and lifestyle give rise to reduced sexual intensity; reduced sexual intensity leads to sexual dissatisfaction; and this is conveniently interpreted as someone else's fault — our partner's. In fact the cause of the diffi-

culty tends to lie within ourselves, and the answers are there too.

After a time the sexual relationship of many couples becomes worn, insipid, futile and unprofitable. Passion is replaced by the ghosts of passion. Desire is flattened, often precipitating a crisis. The sharing of life and love between two people leads to a powerful emotional bonding. Despite the energy that has been invested in that bond, there emerges an inexplicable feeling of resentment, boredom and fatigue. Then dissatisfaction festers into indifference or hate.

We begin to look outside ourselves for reassurance, the insecurity of the

situation giving rise to guilt, jealousy and acts that may violate our own ethical codes, such as adultery. We turn from the relationship in its entirety, looking to rekindle the spark with someone new, only to repeat the whole experience — beginning with the tango and ending up at the bar, alone.

Why was sex so good at the beginning? Where has the passion, the electric sexual tension, gone? Why do we think we'll discover it somewhere else?

As the Wise Maiden informed the Yellow Emperor: "If a couple are in harmony and their passion aroused equally, the small and short will become large, the weak and soft will be

strong. . . The nourishment of the male power derives from the female essence which is absorbed by the male. As men and women meet, exchanging all the fluids of the body and breathing into each other's mouths, it is like the joining of water and fire in equal amounts. Neither destroys the other. Men and women should join and blend like currents in the sea. This way their precious essences will be preserved and constantly nourishing, curing diseases and giving a long life. If this is not achieved then no medicine or aphrodisiac can help."

Sex is a symbiosis: two living organisms co-operating to their mutual benefit, each having something unique to offer the other. If the differences that provide the reason for joining fade or disappear, the attraction also fades or disappears.

It may be that your partner has become less Yin (female). A lot of her vitality has gone into bearing children, draining her of her sexual energy. Menstruation also causes a long-term decrease in the Yin. Chinese women take great care of themselves after periods and especially after childbirth. With appropriate herbs and diet, they have learned that this decline can be slowed down.

It's likely also that you have become less Yang (male). Every time you ejaculate your Yang vitality diminishes. You eat poorly and don't exercise regularly. Some of that rippling muscle you used to have has been replaced by fat. The muscles in your stomach are weak, and probably so are the muscles controlling your genitals.

So your partner doesn't turn you on any more? Very likely, you don't really thrill her these days either. There is no mystery nor inevitability to the decline in sexual attraction. Both the positive and negative terminals of the battery have lost some of their charge, and the current flowing is very weak.

The ideal solution to this problem is to avoid it in the first place. If you maintain your car battery from the beginning, it will stay at full charge indefinitely. But you must remember to top it up frequently and not place unreasonable demands on it. Taoist sexual techniques help you to keep your sexual energy at its peak.

If your sexual charge is running low, the increased attraction of a highly charged woman may get the current flowing again. Suddenly you are turned on by a young woman whose Yin energy hasn't been drained by bearing children or decades of menstruation. Immediately the electricity flows again. But are you up to it? The reason sex was tepid before is that your own charge was low. Now all you are going to do is extinguish your remain-

ing vitality at a faster rate.

Intuitively, you know that you have to get fit. All women recognise that a husband who suddenly takes up jogging is displaying danger signs. What you may not realise is that by trying to rekindle the old spark in this way, you are ensuring that it will burn out much more quickly.

We all follow a natural cycle of growth and decline. From *The Yellow Emperor's Classic Of Medicine* we have the following description of the remorseless progression of a life: "First let us consider Yin [woman]. At the age of seven years her teeth change, her hair grows long and her kidney energy [reproductive energy] begins to stir. At 14 the Heavenly waters descend [menstruation begins] and she is capable of bearing children. At 21 her body is mature, her sexual vitality is eager, her hair has reached full length and all of her teeth have appeared. At 28 her muscles and bones are strong, she bears children easily and her vitality is at its peak. At 35 her vitality begins to diminish, her skin begins to wrinkle and her hair becomes dull. At 42 the energy of the three regions has deteriorated, her face is wrinkled and her hair begins to whiten. At 49 menstruation ceases, the vessel no longer pulses, and Yang is no longer welcomed at the Jade Gate.

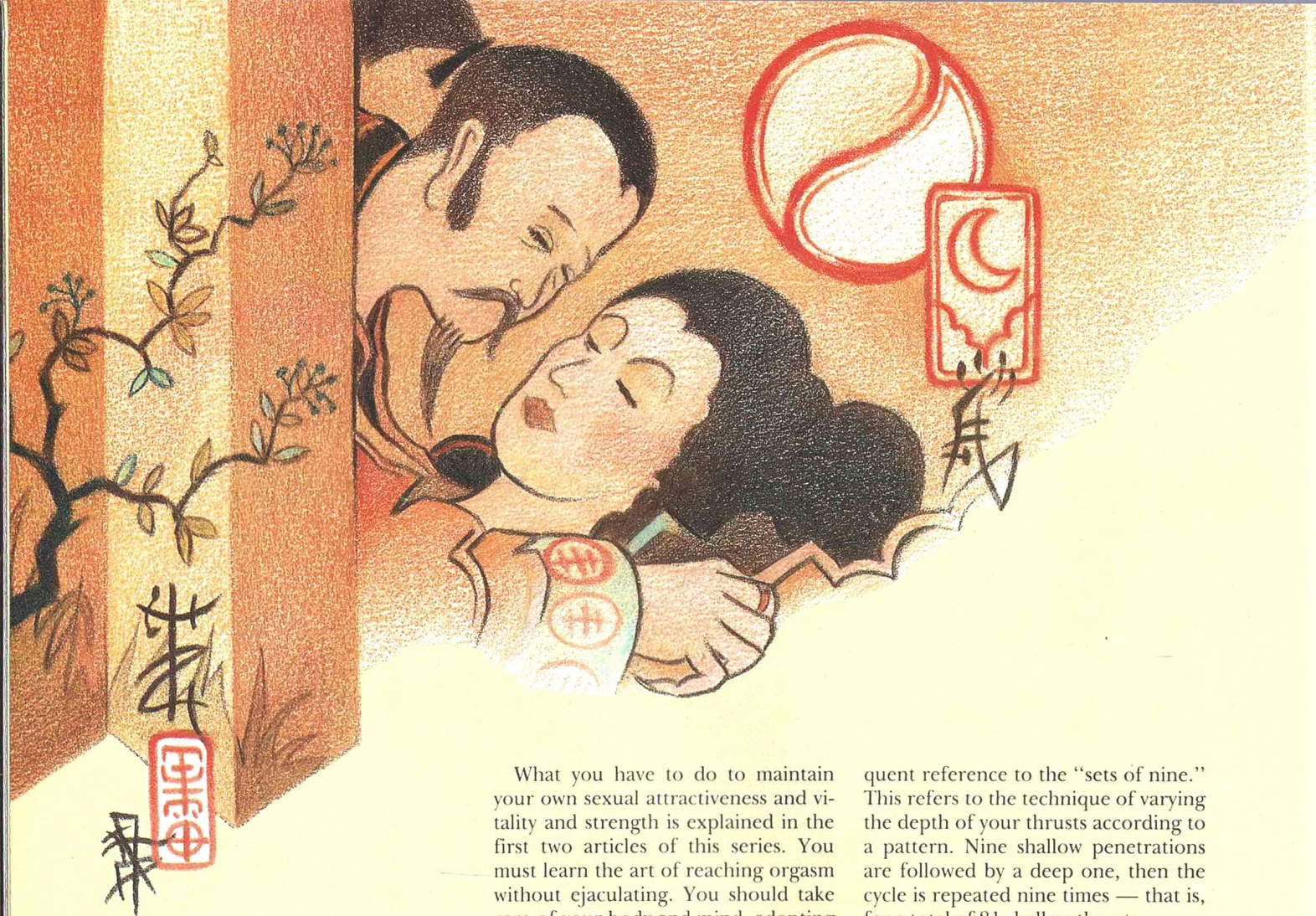
"In the case of a boy [Yang], at eight his teeth begin to change, his hair begins to grow, and his testicles start to develop. At 16 the secretions of Yang are great and signal manhood. He is able to unite with Yin in harmony. At 24 his muscles and bones are hard and strong and the juices from his testicles are powerful and frequent. His last tooth has appeared. At 32 his Yang is at its peak, his muscles are strong and his fires are constantly burning. At 40 the secretions of his testicles begin to decline, his hair begins to fall and his teeth weaken. At 48 the Yang is greatly diminished, the face is wrinkled and the hair begins to whiten. At 56 the days of his vital essence have passed."

Although these are descriptions of "average" paths to decline, the same text tells us that it is possible to transcend these limitations by adhering to the Taoist philosophies of lifestyle, diet and particularly sexual techniques. Unless you practice these methods it is inevitable that your sexual batteries will run down.

Again in *The Yellow Emperor's Classic Of Medicine*, we have instruction on how to ensure ongoing strength, health and sexual satisfaction.

"*The Yellow Emperor*: Today men droop at the age of half a hundred, yet in old days they produced vital essence until twice that age. Is it because we are ignorant of the laws of nature?





The First Minister: In ancient times people lived by the principles of Yin and Yang, knowing harmony because they were two halves of a whole. They were disturbed neither by restlessness nor dissatisfaction. Today people seek wine for intoxication, gorge themselves with food, are reluctant to work and constantly indulge themselves in ejaculation, being unable to hold full [retain their semen during orgasm]. This only increases their dissatisfaction. As the appetite increases it becomes more difficult to gratify. As they are no longer in accord with nature's rhythms they are exhausted by half a hundred years."

For many men sex remains on an infantile level; it is no more than an extension of feeding. They strive to take in love and sexual vitality from outside themselves, demanding the certainty of continuing gratification provided by their partner. This leads to the dependency that destroys many relationships.

If you can identify (perhaps rather painfully) with that description, your goal should be to use sex as a means of moving past temporary stimulation and on to a continuous connection of feeling with a lover. You need to discover that the source of your emotions and the source of any woman's allure comes from within yourself.

What you have to do to maintain your own sexual attractiveness and vitality and strength is explained in the first two articles of this series. You must learn the art of reaching orgasm without ejaculating. You should take care of your body and mind, adopting the attitude of co-operating with your body's needs rather than abusing it.

Exercises such as the Deer Exercise (described in Part I) and the Qi Gong techniques (in Part II) will demonstrate to you that greater sexual satisfaction comes as the result of knowledge combined with the effort you put into your own development. Dual cultivation — that is, working with knowledge to use sex as a tool of self-awareness and growth — allows a couple to stay together and maintain the polarity of their relationship at full charge. It will promote happiness by teaching couples to find new layers of experience.

There is no inherent reason for love to grow old. Once the head masters the practical aspects of the matter, the heart can indulge to the limits of its desires. By using the Taoist secrets of love, both husband and wife can discover that sex is rejuvenating and provides an endlessly exciting journey into the subtle realms of human interaction and symbiosis.

ASSUME THE POSITION

A. The Sets Of Nine

In the Taoist sexual texts there is frequent

reference to the "sets of nine." This refers to the technique of varying the depth of your thrusts according to a pattern. Nine shallow penetrations are followed by a deep one, then the cycle is repeated nine times — that is, for a total of 81 shallow thrusts.

There are complicated numerical reasons for choosing this pattern, based on the fact that in the ancient Chinese culture nine was considered a potent number. But for practical purposes the alternation of deep thrusts with shallower penetrations has the effect of increasing the amount of stimulation both you and your partner receive.

The most sensitive area in a woman's genitals is located quite close to the mouth of the vagina (about one inch in). Focusing most of your attention on this area produces a delightful result for her. Thus the emphasis on more short thrusts. The deep penetration provides a change of pace by varying the type of sensation, but it also has other benefits. As your penis goes in deeply it forces a lot of air out of the vagina. When you withdraw to the shallow level, a partial vacuum is created which pulls the walls of the vagina more closely around the penis, thus making the sensations of stimulation when you do the nine shallow strokes much stronger.

The rhythmic pumping sensation that occurs during this technique provides a new dimension to the feelings you experience, adding to the joy of having the vaginal walls literally wrap themselves around you. It's important that you only withdraw to the outermost inches of the vagina — those that

are covered by a network of sensitive nerves. If you withdraw completely you will break the seal and the intensity of contact will diminish.

B. The Thirty Heaven And Earth Postures

The Chinese, like many other cultures with an abiding interest in sex, devised many different positions for intercourse. Some were designed to create specific effects on the various organs of the body; others were meant to provide as much variety as possible. A banquet, after all, consists of many different dishes.

The variations that are meant more for fun than relief of specific ailments are to be found in collections graced with names such as "The Nine Glorious Postures" and "The Thirty Heaven And Earth Postures." The classic source for many of these techniques was a Tang Dynasty (618-906 AD) book called *Most Noble Tung's Art Of The Bedchamber*.

The Thirty Heaven and Earth Postures were regarded as the basic minimum from which other variations could be invented. It was also thought that a couple should only go on to more impulsive expressions after mastering, in order of course, the fundamental techniques.

Most Noble Tung states: "Variation in love-making separates men from beasts, the learned from the ignorant. To pursue your sex life like two unsophisticated horsemen charging each other is as tasteless as wax and as boring as eating dry rice."

With the following 30 positions, Most Noble Tung's idea is that you should begin the night at position one and proceed to position 30 before abandoning yourself for the climax. If, after reading the following, you are tempted to try the lot from start to finish I would recommend that you only do one "set of nine" in each position, limiting the orgasms you have to those moments that are transcendent.

You'll notice that many of the positions require a high degree of athleticism. Perhaps Most Noble Tung's sexual marathon could be used as a replacement for your home gym. After a couple of months you should be fit enough to join the SAS.

The first four are not described in detail. These refer to the basic positions, so use your imagination.

1. *Deepest embracing.*
2. *Opening the fish gills.*
3. *Horn of the unicorn.*
4. *Rolled up bedclothes.*
5. *Silkworm spinning:* Lady Yin lies on her back, facing upwards. She places her arms around the neck of Lord Yang and her legs under her waist. Lord Yang places his knees under her

thighs and his arms around her waist. He pulls her forward on to his heavenly instrument.

6. *Forcing the dragon:* Her knees are raised and bent, with Lord Yang kneeling between her thighs and raising her feet until they are above his head. She grasps her own feet while he enters the dragon gate.

7. *Fishes facing each other:* Lady Yin is placed on her side by Lord Yang. He lies facing her. He inserts his tongue into her mouth and simultaneously pulls her upper leg over his thigh. He moves her leg over his waist. While their tongues are intertwined he inserts his male peak.

8. *Two swallows share one heart:* Lady Yin is on her back, Lord Yang spreading her legs sideways to resemble the wings of a bird. He introduces his implement to the vermillion valley.

9. *Kingfishers copulating:* Lady Yin holds her feet apart and flutters them like a bird in flight. Lord Yang sits on his haunches between them and draws up her thighs while clasping her around the waist.

10. *Mandarin ducks:* Lady Yin lies on her right side. Lord Yang lies behind her with his body curved to match hers. The right legs are stretched straight and the left legs raised together. The sex parts are pressed together, trembling with tiny movements until they unite.

11. *Butterflies hovering:* Lord Yang lies on his back, facing upwards. Lady Yin seats herself on his stomach. She reaches behind to grasp his jade root and slides on to it with a backward movement.

12. *Ducks flying together:* Lord Yang stays on his back. Lady Yin this time sits on his stomach facing his feet. She uses both hands to guide him into the golden gully.

13. *Crossed pine branches:* Both sit on the bed with legs extended, his beneath hers. Lady Yin sits on his feet facing him with her feet pressed against his abdomen. They draw each other forward. Her legs separate around his waist until he finds the jade gate.

14. *Bamboo bridge to the pavilion:* They now rise to their feet and stand facing each other. Embracing tightly, they join their tongues to bridge the upper gap. The jade root then bridges the lower gap.

15. *Swooping eagles:* Yang and Yin embrace in a lying position, then they roll to the right and the left. They constantly rub against each other until the male peak is ready for the final plunge. This should be when Yang has rolled into the top position.

16. *Phoenix seizes the chicken:* (The ancient manuscript is not legible, but this was thought to be a position for large women and small, thin men.)





A variation of Butterflies Hovering, with Yin's position reversed

Lord Yang prepares for entry as the Springtime Mule

Cicadas Clinging To A Tree — "Not for heavy women with weak men," according to Most Noble Tung

17. *Seagulls flying on the cliff edge*: Lady Yin lies on the edge of the bed. Lord Yang stands in front of her. Her legs are raised against his chest and she lies on her back. As he inserts himself he takes her legs and opens and closes them like an seagull in flight.

18. *Horse bucking*: Yin remains in the same position and places her legs on Yang's shoulders tight to his ears. As their bodies thrust together, Yang jerks the legs upwards.

19. *Kicking mule*: Yin lies on her back in the centre of the bed. Yang places his right hand under her right leg and his left under her head. As the jade stem enters he raises the right leg in time with the thrusting.

20. *Horse pawing the air*: Yin now places her left foot on Yang's shoulder while he covers her with his body. If the movement is slow and controlled, this

position produces "indescribable pleasure."

21. *White tigress pounces*: Yin kneels in the centre of the bed with her legs apart, Yang kneeling behind her. While he grasps her waist and presses her on to his lap, her hand reaches underneath to guide the entry into the jade gate.

22. *Cicadas clinging to a tree*: Yin now lies face down while Yang is kneeling between her feet. He grasps her waist and draws her up his thighs towards him.

23. *Goat butts a tree*: Yang sits in a comfortable chair. He draws Yin, facing away from him, on to his lap. As she looks down at his jade stem he pushes her towards it, inserting it vigorously and proceeding with butting movements.

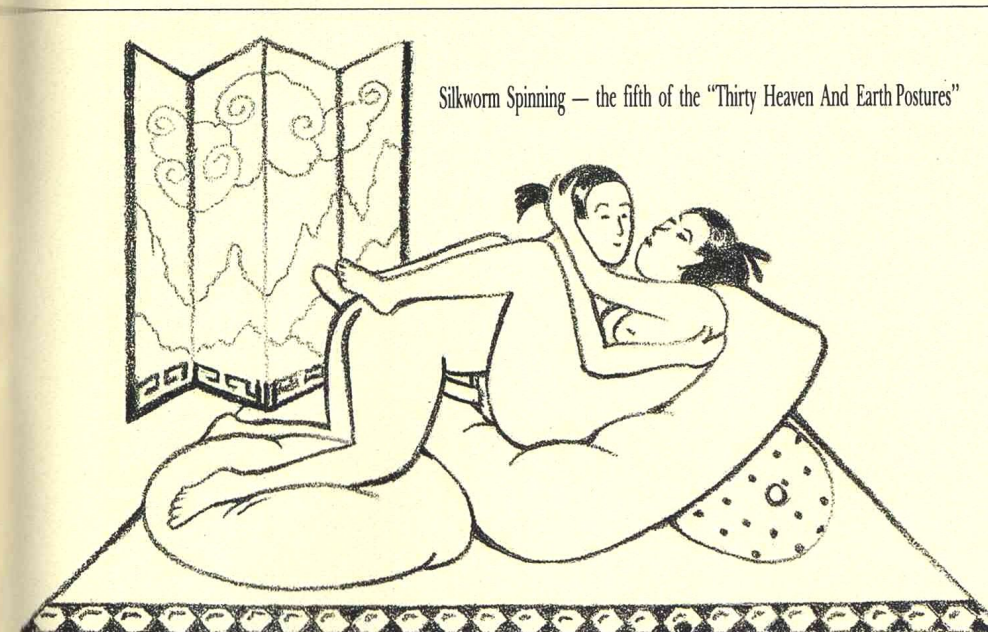
24. *Pheasants playing*: Lady Yin is

joined by Precious Peony. Yang sits cross-legged in the centre of the bed while being touched and teased by both of them. When Yin places herself on his jade stem, Precious Peony continues touching and teasing him.

25. *Phoenix playing*: Yin dismisses Peony and lies on her back, raising her feet above her shoulders. Yang grasps both sides of the bed and raises and lowers his body, repeatedly entering and leaving the precious crucible.

26. *Bird with double wings*: Yang kneels between her thighs with his hands placed beneath her buttocks. He helps her raise her body from the bed. In this arched position he enters the soft and warm country.

27. *Monkey swinging from a branch*: Yang places one arm around a bedpost and Yin seats herself on his jade stem with her legs placed behind him. He



Silkworm Spinning — the fifth of the "Thirty Heaven And Earth Postures"

A variation of Two Swallows Share One Heart; Yang's narrow chest indicates learning and high class



presses himself from the bed with one hand while raising himself with the other. He proceeds in this manner until exhausted.

28. *Cat and mouse in the same hole*: Yin kneels and places her forehead on the bed. Lord Yang takes up a position behind her, playing cat and mouse in the two orifices.

29. *Springtime mule*: Yin bends over a high couch. Yang stands behind her, grasping the couch, and enters.

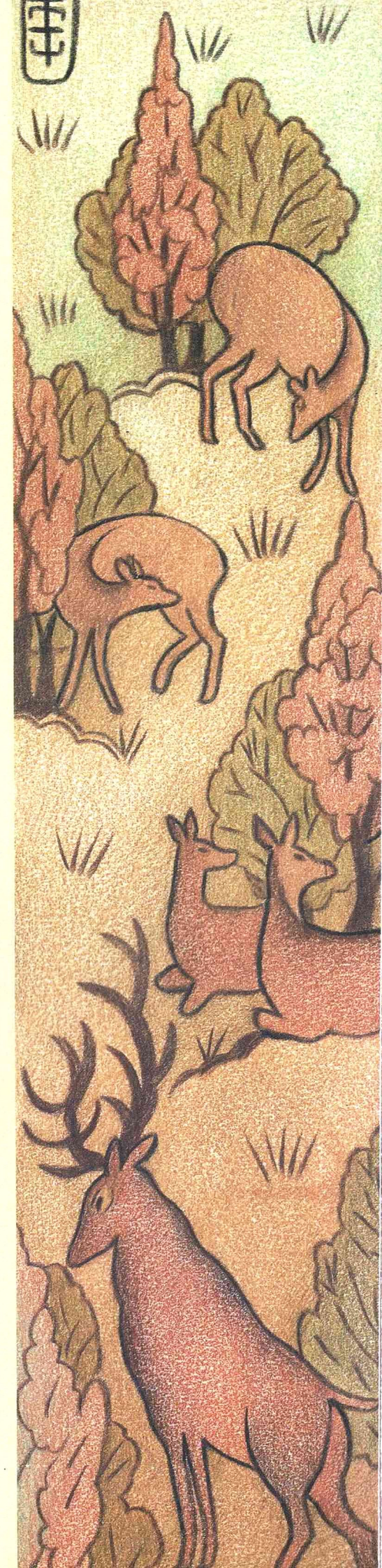
30. *Autumn days*: Yang lies on his back, hands clasped behind his head. Yin, facing towards his feet, sits on his feet. After enjoying 29 positions without pausing, he meditates on her back, imagining her to be the embodiment of all things female (the Great Yin Spirit). With her hands she causes the jade stem to siffen once more. She then raises herself on to it.

There are more lighthearted positions providing some colorful variations, such as these from Ye Te Hui's *Sex Methods*.

Flying through the clouds: Yin and Yang, both naked, are seated on garden swings hanging from the same branch. Yin crouches on her seat while Yang is beneath and behind her. Once they are joined the swinging sensation adds to the pleasure.

Steady headed lovers: Yin and Yang each balance a bowl of tea on their heads. They attempt to have intercourse without spilling a drop.

Hangman's rope: Yang divides Yin's long hair into two, then plaits it and fastens it around his neck, pressing their faces together. Their hands are then bound together, left to right. They attempt sex, the difficulties adding to their excitement. ☯

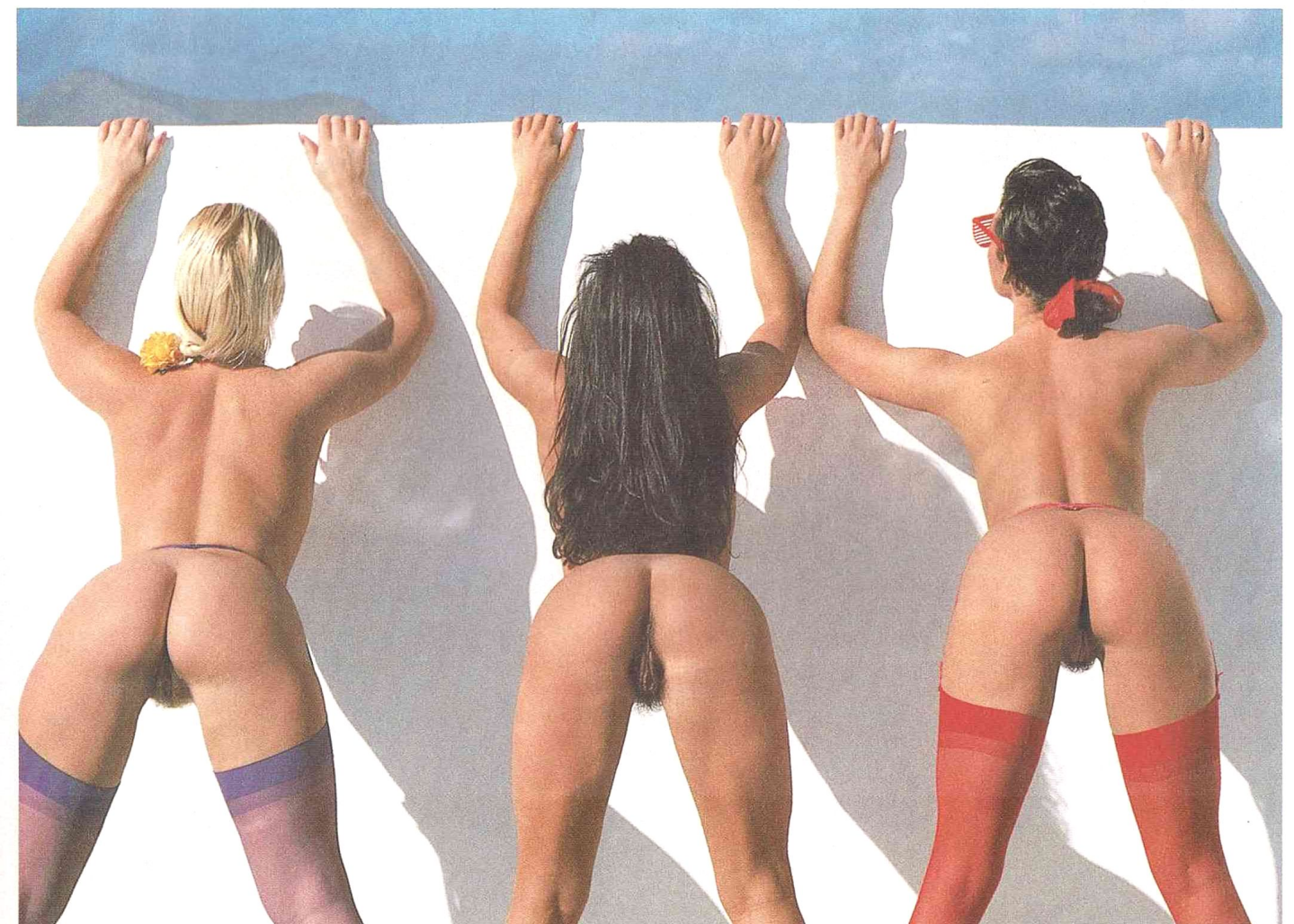




TRYING TIME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

Just for a change, Beth, Barby and Belinda were talking sex. Beth had a confession: "I . . . think I'm . . . bisexual," she said. "Don't take this the wrong way, girls, but I think I've decided that I want to try it . . . with a man."





"Don't worry about it, possum," soothed Belinda. "I was as nervous as you when I realised I was trisexual, but you'll get used to it." The others looked puzzled. "Tri? I've never heard of it," complained Barby. "Try anything," explained Belinda.



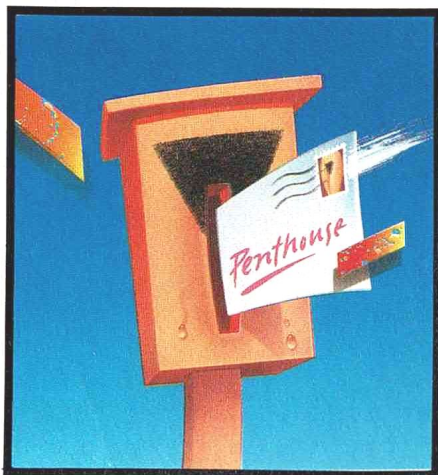




The girls
agreed that
tri made bi
looked
decidedly
passe. They
agreed to
try it.
They weren't
disappointed.
Their trial run
showed great
promise —
but they
realised they
would have to
try again
before too
long.







FORUM

Continued from page 16

"The 60 minutes don't start till you're naked," he added.

I decided what the hell, and did as I was told. I'd gotten down to my bra and panties when Jim started catcalling, "Take it off! Take it off!" Everyone joined in, so I decided to turn my utter embarrassment into a striptease. There I stood, naked in front of my friends and fiancé. I didn't know what to do with myself, other than give in to the overwhelming desire to put my clothes back on. I covered my crotch with my hand.

Leonard walked over to me and held me to his chest for a few seconds, his hand resting on my arse. Theodore came up behind me. Leonard stepped away from me. While Theodore's mouth was on mine, I felt a tongue on my left nipple and then a mouth on my right one. My knees felt weak and I sagged against Theodore. I opened my eyes and saw Jim and Gail playing with my tits. It was a wonderful feeling. I looked around and noticed that everyone was in a state of semi-undress. Jim and Gail moved aside for Leonard and Rosie. I stood there moaning while my friends touched me.

Suddenly, as if on cue, they all stepped away from me. No-one looked at me as they finished undressing. They formed a circle around me and started checking me out. I stood proud and thrust my tits out. "First command," Rosie said. "To your knees." I dropped to the floor. Leonard stepped in front of me and pressed his cock against my mouth. "Open," he commanded. I did, and before I knew it, I was sucking him. This only lasted a few minutes when Jim said, "Enough. We're wasting time." Then he looked at Leonard and said, "Oops, sorry, Len, but you know what I mean." Leonard nodded.

"Okay girls, go to it," Theodore said. "Remember, we've got 45 minutes left, so don't take too long." Gail gently took my elbow and said, "Phase two's about to begin."

"What's phase two?" I asked her.

"You'll see," she replied. By this time, we had arrived at the doorway to the master bathroom. Rosie pushed open the door and led us in. The tub was Jacuzzi-like, big enough for two or three people. "Climb down into the tub," Rosie instructed. I was still feeling extremely self-conscious about my nakedness, so I asked, "Could I wrap a towel around me please?"

"No, we need you naked," Gail told me as she climbed down into the tub with me. Rosie handed her a can of shaving cream and a razor. "Sit here on the edge and spread your legs," she ordered.

"Come on, you guys are my friends. How can I do that? I feel weird as it is now," I said to them, trying not to sound like I was pleading.

"Anne, we understand how you feel, but none of this is embarrassing to us. We're enjoying this game — we're turned on, as a matter of fact," said Rosie. "So you've nothing to be embarrassed about, okay?" I nodded yes and felt slightly better.

I perched on the tub's edge and spread my legs. Gail took the shaving cream and spread it all over my pussy, then they took turns shaving me. When they were through I was as bald as a well-used tyre — smooth and threadbare. To remove the excess cream, Gail washed me quickly with a soapy cloth.

Rosie bent forward to kiss my bare pussy, and I fought the reaction to close my legs on her face, closing my eyes instead. She licked me up and down the centre, her tongue touching both sides of my lips. Gail had climbed out of the tub and was sucking my tits. I couldn't help but moan. Rosie reached up, placed her hand between my breasts, and gave me a gentle shove back until I rested on my elbows. This caused my hips to thrust upward at a greater angle, and my bare pussy felt so exposed.

Gail and Rosie exchanged places. Rosie alternately pulled one nipple while sucking the other. Gail spread my lips and began nibbling between. I was getting extremely turned on. I guess Rosie sensed this, because she said, "We'd better stop this before we use up all the time." She pushed at Gail's head. "Come on, let's go join the guys." I'd completely forgotten about them! I felt a chill.

As we headed downstairs, I stayed behind Gail and Rosie; they wanted me hidden from view. When we reached the bottom, the girls suddenly stepped aside and I was left facing the guys. One look at Leonard's face, and I knew he was turned on by my bald pussy. So were the other guys. While they were staring at me, Rosie and Gail leaned forward and softly bit a nipple until it began to harden. I arched my back and closed my eyes. I was tingling all over. Theodore sank to his knees in front of me and immediately started caressing my pussy lips. The girls were still at my breasts, sucking and squeezing. I was going to come any minute! Theodore

moved away from me, and I opened my eyes to see Jim pushing Gail and Rosie away from my breasts. Rosie went to Leonard, and Gail to Theodore. By now we were on the living-room floor, everyone going every which way. Finally, Leonard disengaged himself from Rosie and came over to me.

"How come you never did this before?" he asked.

"Did what?" I wasn't sure what he was referring to.

"Shave yourself like that," he answered, rubbing his dick between my bare lips. "I like this," he said, and then entered me. Before I knew it, we were fucking with four other people in the room. For a split second I felt bothered by it, but once Leonard started moving, it no longer mattered how many people were around...

Needless to say, this is one game we play whenever we can. — *Name and address withheld*

Up in smoke

I've been reading Forum for years, but have never written of an experience until Sondra recently convinced me. She is five foot four and 23 years old. I'm six foot three, slender, and 27. One evening I came home to find her sitting on our bed. She suddenly placed her lips over mine and gave me a mind-boggling kiss. Sondra's lips are softer than rose petals and warm to the touch. I didn't want her to stop. I was

now completely drawn to Sondra and in her control — and somehow she knew it!

By now we were feeling very high and horny. Sondra turned to me and kissed me long and lovingly. I could feel our combined body heat as we held each other. We began caressing and softly fondling each other till our bodies and passions were as one. Finally reaching a peak we could no longer stand, we began undressing each other with a growing lust. All the while, we were kissing and nibbling with hungry anticipation.

After we finished disrobing, Sondra pushed me back on the bed and said, "You may be tall and skinny, but your meat is in all the right places!" With that, she began to lightly trace her fingers around, along, and over my not quite rigid cock. I knew what was coming next, and I didn't want it to be me — not just yet, anyway. So I rolled Sondra on to her back and said, "I won't be satisfied until I satisfy you first," before proceeding to kiss, nibble, and lick her until she was in my control.

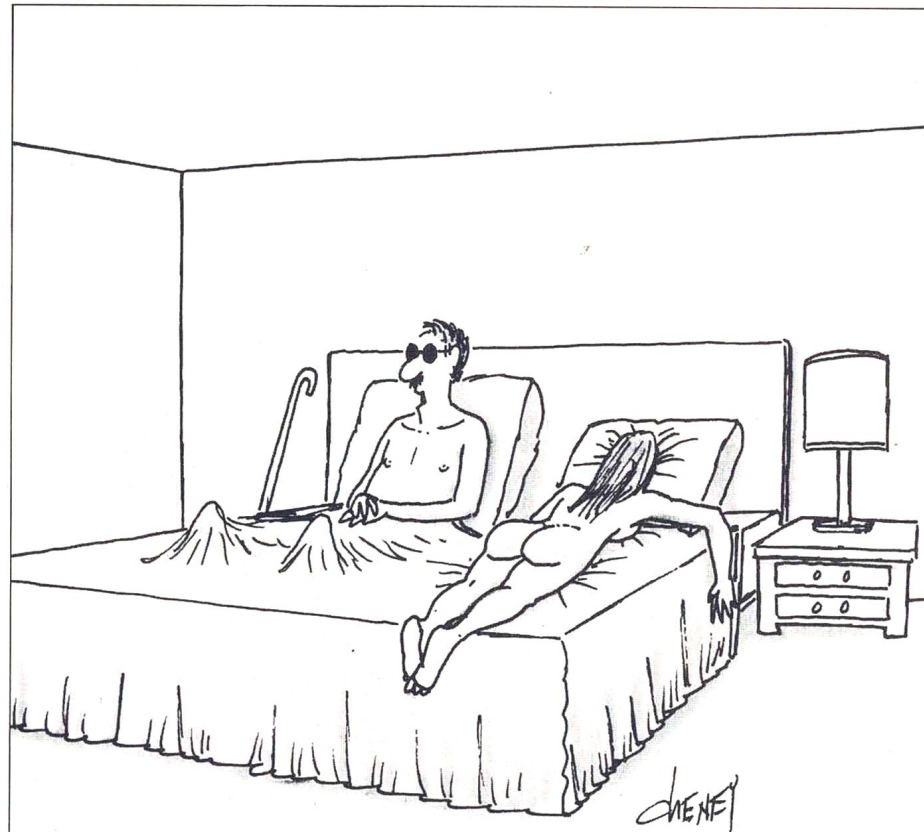
I just took my time loving this beautiful woman, making sure not to get her off right away. I began by giving her a meaningful kiss, then started kissing and licking my way down to her beautiful breasts. I started on the right, lightly kissing and licking until her nipple was firm and erect. As I sucked it into my mouth, I heard a faint gasp escape Sondra's lips. She tasted delicious, and the feeling of her firm tit flesh

filling my mouth was incredible. As I moved to engulf her left tit, I could hear her moaning, which told me she was enjoying what I was doing to her. Slowly I licked and sucked her nipple till I thought it would come off in my mouth. All the while, Sondra kept pulling my head even closer.

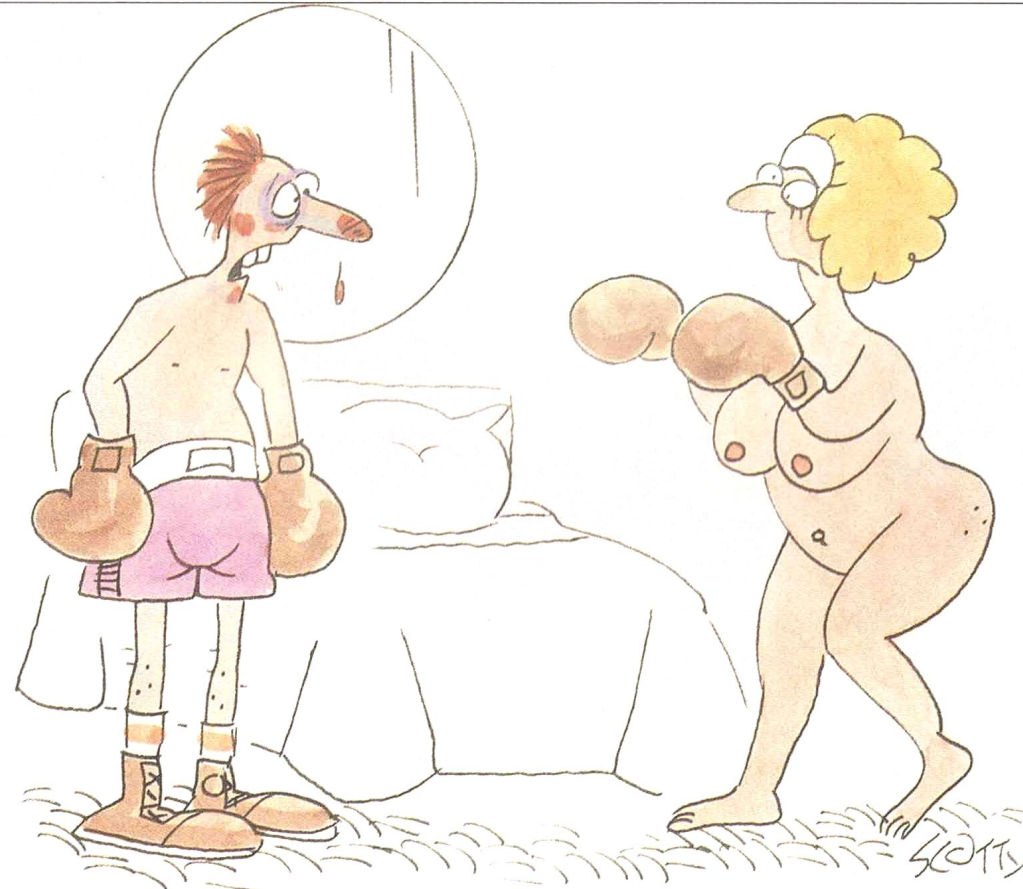
I placed my hand on her neatly trimmed pussy and, slowly parting her lips, found that she was unbelievably wet; my finger slid in quite easily. I replaced my finger with my mouth as I began to lick and nibble her inner folds, which made her grind her mound against my mouth for greater pleasure. When I nibbled her clit, she came almost immediately with a shuddering orgasm. But I wasn't ready to stop yet. Sondra was very sweet-tasting and I wanted more. So I began caressing her hard nipples as I continued to suck and lick the sweet nectar from her beautifully moist snatch. Soon she had another orgasm, which sent her flying as she screamed: "Oh, God!" I drank her juices once again, then rolled off her, her musky aroma clinging to my face and beard.

Sondra and I rested a bit as we kissed and held one another. As I looked into her eyes, I saw a beautiful woman grateful for the patience I'd given her. It didn't take long before I found out just how grateful she was.

She began by giving me a long and loving kiss, then went right to the meat of the matter. She gently grabbed my aching



"Gosh, you flat-chested girls sure have tight vaginas."



"Frankly, Irene, I'm fed up with having to fight for every little bit of nooky I get."

FORUM

cock and licked the precome from its purplish head before lightly kissing and licking its entire length. I thought I was going to come right there and then. Sondra began to deep-throat my cock. She knew I was at the brink of coming and showed me no mercy. I felt a wave of intense pleasure as she swallowed my cock, and then I came almost immediately. Sondra devoured me till she got every last drop. She didn't let me go soft; rather, she continued until I was harder than before.

She released her warm, soothing grip from my cock, reached up, and kissed me passionately. Then she straddled me and began gyrating her hips while I caressed her tits and firm arse. I could feel all seven inches of my hard dick being stimulated by her pussy contracting and releasing. The feeling was fantastic, and soon we were bucking wildly together. I was about to come when Sondra jumped off and we locked ourselves in a feverish 69. Soon we were both coming together.

Totally exhausted, we lay in each other's arms, kissing and caressing as we calmed ourselves from a completely satisfying evening together. As we drifted off to sleep with smiles on our faces, I wished everyone could be this happy. — *Name and address withheld*

A friend in need

Recently my wife Brenda and I purchased a video camera that I have wanted for some time. I thought it would be fun to make home porno movies, but they didn't turn out as good as we had hoped. Since we had to put the camera on a tripod, the

shots were all from one angle and we had no close-ups.

Brenda decided that since we had spent so much money on it, we should get our money's worth. She approached our neighbor Betty and offered to pay her \$50 if she would help us make our movie. She agreed to do it, but only if we gave her a copy of the finished product.

The night before Betty arrived, I got the bedroom "set" ready for the movie. I put the silk sheets on the bed and some champagne next to it. I also made sure there was enough lighting. When Betty showed up we were a little nervous, so we decided to drink the champagne while I showed Betty how to use the camera.

It didn't take long for the champagne to loosen us up, and soon Brenda and I were on the bed with no clothes on. I began sucking on Brenda's big tits and biting on her nipples. I love burying my face in her boobs before I slowly make my way down to her snatch. After a few minutes I had reached her sopping pussy. I spread apart her beautiful cunt lips and started teasing her clit while she began to slowly move her arse in circles beneath me. I began licking Brenda's slit harder, and flicked my tongue in and out of her pussy, sucking her juices into my eager mouth.

Now Brenda turned me on my back, settled on to my face, and began rocking back and forth, begging me to finger her throbbing cunt. As soon as I got two fingers up her pussy, she went down on me. She began to lick my balls while my rock-hard dick slid between her luscious tits. I love the way my wife's tits wrap around my meat and squeeze my nuts. By now Brenda was going crazy on my face; my head was held between her thighs. As my

mouth tugged at her clit, she came, rubbing her wet slit all over my face.

Brenda was now ready to pay full attention to my latching rod. She started to lick the head of my cock and then rub it around her face, running her tongue and lips up and down the thick shaft while she played with my balls. Her head began bobbing faster and faster, and she finally gobbled my dick down her velvety throat, filling her mouth and letting the rest drip on her tits.

The whole time this was going on, Betty was getting some great shots, moving around the room and getting nice and close to the action. By the time I came all over my wife's face and tits, Betty was eager to join the action. I was shocked when Brenda insisted Betty and I have some fun while she worked the camera.

Betty tore her clothes off in no time and had me down on the bed. She began giving me long, deep French kisses while I played with her eager snatch. Too hot to waste any time on foreplay, she jumped on top of my cock and began humping me like there was no tomorrow. My swollen dick rammed in and out of her slick cunt as my balls slapped against her arse. I grabbed hold of her nice little melons, and squeezed her nipples as she moaned in ecstasy and begged me to fuck her faster. Finally, I couldn't take any more and shot my load deep into her pussy.

Obviously, though, I hadn't satisfied Betty enough, because she began pleading with Brenda to finish the job. Again to my surprise, Brenda said she would love to eat my come out of Betty's pussy. I relaxed and took movies while my wife started on Betty. She buried her face in her snatch, her tongue making long strokes from deep inside her aching pussy. Betty's red, throbbing clit needed some attention, so Brenda began rubbing and pulling it with one hand while she massaged her own cunt with the other. This was more than I could take. I put the camera on the tripod and joined the action.

Seeing me move on to the bed, Brenda begged me to fuck her again. That was fine with me, so I moved in behind her. I spread her legs and began easing my rigid, rippled dick into her soaking-wet pussy. She went crazy. She rammed her cunt against my rod, stuffing it so far inside her that my balls slapped against her arse. Meanwhile, she grabbed Betty's tits and buried her face in her cunt, sucking all of my white, creamy come out. This was the greatest sexual experience of my life — screwing my beautiful wife while staring into the moaning face of the woman she was eating out. It took only a few minutes before all three of us came for the last time that night. I filled Brenda with the biggest load of the night as Betty wrapped her long legs around her face and they both came to a crashing orgasm.

All three of us have watched that movie many times, and we are planning to make another one soon. The only problem is we

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's



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now need a fourth person to film some close-ups of our threesome. — *Name and address withheld*

Grapes of rapture

This story all started when my friend Jim and I, aged 44 and 50 respectively, were making a barrel of wine. We had the grapes all crushed, and the time had come to squeeze the juice and put it into the barrels. Jim had brought along his 20-year-old neighbor, Angela, to help. She had a real nice body, and was in the midst of a divorce. She was wearing this low-cut blouse and short shorts, and every time she stooped over to get a bowl of grapes we could see her bare tits with their nice big nipples.

At first Angela didn't realise that we could see her gazongas as good as we did, but when she caught us staring, she tried her damnest to conceal them. We were able to talk her into letting us keep looking, however, and the conversation quickly turned to sex. She said she was fed up with men and was going to try women. I told her eating pussy was my favorite pastime, and we continued on the subject until we had put all the juice in the barrel — and, I'm sure, had hers flowing as well.

After we cleaned up, I put a lesbian tape

in the VCR and we sat down to watch it. Angela was getting pretty horny, and sat down in my lap. I started playing with her tits and telling her how nice they were.

In a matter of seconds, we were all naked and I was between Angela's legs, giving her a sample of my cunt-eating technique. Jim was sucking on her tits when she told him she wanted to suck one of our cocks. He quickly obliged her, swinging himself around and shoving his nine-inch salami into her hungry mouth. She only had to snack on this for a few minutes, my tongue still lapping away at her spicy snatch, until she started yelling she wanted to be fucked.

Well, enough of the antipasto, I decided — it was time for the main course! I climbed on top of her and gave her my best while Jim continued to get the sucking of his life. In the next two hours I came twice in her pussy while Jim came four times in her mouth — then Jim and I switched places and came a few more times. With all the jizz we lost that day, combined with Angela's ever-flowing juices, we could have filled a wine barrel! — *Name and address withheld*

Screen play

Jade's pubic hair is short, having been trimmed for our trip to the beach weeks earlier. The shave was our first, and it was a total turn-on. I had taken pictures at the time, but I can hardly bring myself to look

at them, as they consume me so. I remember that day so clearly. I soaped her sweet vagina with fragrant soap. I was very careful while spreading her lips, and used the razor with short, light strokes. The result was perfection. Her sex was hot, pink, slick, flushed tender, and excited.

But I had another fantasy before me. I rolled Jade on to her stomach and began to fuck her doggie style. I quickened my pace. Our flesh pressed together and our temperatures rose. It was at this point that I was glad I'd set up my video camera. I remember glancing at the television to watch my cock slide in and out of her. Jade's eyes were closed, and her breath was shallow. My hands gripped her tits and tugged at her nipples. Our noises got louder, our bodies contracted, and we reached mutual and ultimate pleasure. I can't wait to watch our "screen-play" again and again. — *Name and address withheld*

A real sport

I work as a sportscaster at a university radio station. One day, after finishing my last broadcast of the morning, there was a phone call for me. As I picked up the phone, a female voice greeted me and said, "You have an incredibly sexy voice. I was lying in bed listening to you, and my panties are soaking wet." The young lady hung up before I could reply. The calls continued for several weeks, and she always hung up before I could get a word in. Finally, I got her to stay on the phone. "Do you fuck as good as you speak?" she asked. "You'd better believe it, honey!" I said. This time she didn't hang up, but instead invited me to her apartment.

When I arrived, I found Dionne to be a striking blonde with long legs and a pair of 37-inch supple breasts. It didn't take long for the two of us to get involved in an intense game of tonsil hockey. I reached up under the hem of her dress and quickly peeled off her panties. They were as wet as she had described them. "Lick my clit!" she said breathlessly. I obliged her as she wrapped her legs around my back. I ate her snatch, enjoying her love juices that had coated my face.

This match was moving into overtime as she came with the fury of a Marvin Hagler left hook, and I shot my load with the force of a slam dunk. We were both down for the count. It didn't take long before I had another bat and was taking block at the crease... Dionne looked at me and said, "I like your voice box, now why don't you see what you think of mine?" With that, she took my erect member into her mouth and began sucking away. I was soon transmitting my signal.

Dionne's house-mate was due home soon, and I regrettably had to leave her luscious arse behind. As I signed off, Dionne kissed me, and we promised to team up again real soon! — *Name and address withheld* ☪



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chuck berry

Continued from page 60

response to my own mention of the number of con-men in the music business, "Oh no, no. There's much more good people out there than racketeers. Believe me. A lot more."

We've been talking now for an hour and a half. Chuck has to leave for a TV interview, but he wants me to come to his London gig tomorrow night. He wants me to bring along my girlfriend, and he'd appreciate it if we'd be his guests backstage... This is the man, remember, who less than two hours ago had given me five of the hardest minutes of my life. With Chuck Berry, as with a lot of people worth knowing, it may be difficult at first but once you're in, you're in.

Hammersmith Odeon is a cavernous and crumbling cinema on the western edge of London, where the "Father of Rock 'n' Roll" (it says outside) is making his only London appearance. Backstage, Chuck Berry's dressing room is unlike any other rock star's I've seen. No drink, no drugs and — for the moment at least — no groupies. Instead, there's a polite middle-aged English couple named Felicity and Dennis, and a Frenchman, Jean-Pierre, and his family, all of them ordinary fans who have been going to Chuck Berry gigs for years and who have gradually drawn closer and closer to their hero. And there's Chuck Berry himself, sending out for Chinese food, playing with Jean-Pierre's little daughter, asking after people's health — a 61-year-old man a long way from home surrounded by people he feels at ease with. The dressing room door is firmly barred to everyone else — but once you're in, you're in...

Chuck is in a good mood, relaxed and pleasant, and especially gallant with the ladies. "Little girl," he says, wrapping a long arm around my girlfriend's shoulders, "You just joined the family. And it's a big family." Later on he'll dedicate a song to the two of us from the stage ("I have two new members of my family here tonight..."). This streak of gentleness is as endearing as it is unexpected. Eventually Chuck, resplendent in patent leather shoes, red flares and a flowered shirt, leads the way out to the stage and we all troop out front to see the show.

A rock writer of my acquaintance once described going with Keith Richards to a Chuck Berry gig in Los Angeles. The nightclub where Berry was playing, he said, had been full of LA posing types:

But then a lean, high-cheekboned, brooding-eyed black man came onstage, wearing his guitar low as a gunfighter's gun, stroking it with obscene expertise, and even Keith's image — the worst image in the room,

Indian, pirate, witch, the image that grins at Death — reverted to what he was when he first heard Chuck Berry, a little English schoolboy in his uniform and cap...

Berry is still like that now; he still has the same mesmerising effect on an audience (and probably even on Keith Richards, if the truth be told. When Richards and the rest of the Rolling Stones first met Chuck Berry he snubbed them repeatedly. Later on he flattened Richards for some real or imagined insult in a Los Angeles hotel. "He's the only guy who's ever punched me," says Keith, "who I never got back at.").

There is no such thing as the Chuck Berry band — there hasn't been for years. He plays alone, one-night stands mainly, flying in and out with an agreement for the promoter to provide a backing band familiar with his songs. If the band shape up and the equipment holds out and the 45-

The song was about a colored boy named Johnny B. Goode — but who Chuck changed to a "country" boy so as not to offend

minute set comes to a close peacefully and without major incident, then — so rumor has it — Berry gives back the extra proportion of his fee he's picked up as a guarantee. This may or may not be true... but either way, he always insists on his cash up front, and he always gets it.

Tonight at Hammersmith the band is nervous and not particularly good anyway, and the situation isn't helped by Chuck's exchanging a few choice words with the bass player after one or two wrong notes. Chuck himself isn't trying too hard, but every so often he does something wholly remarkable on his guitar without even bothering. It doesn't matter anyway, because it's impossible, physically impossible, to sit through a Chuck Berry gig without getting up and dancing. Think of the opening riffs of "Roll Over Beethoven" or "No Particular Place to Go"... You just can't do it.

So the crowd is up from the first number to the last, which is a full-tilt version of "Johnny B. Goode", still sounding as fast and as hot as when Chuck Berry wrote it back in 1955 in St Louis when he was still unknown, and when the song was about a

colored boy named Johnny B. Goode who could play guitar just like ringing a bell — but who Chuck changed to a "country" boy so as not to offend his white audience.

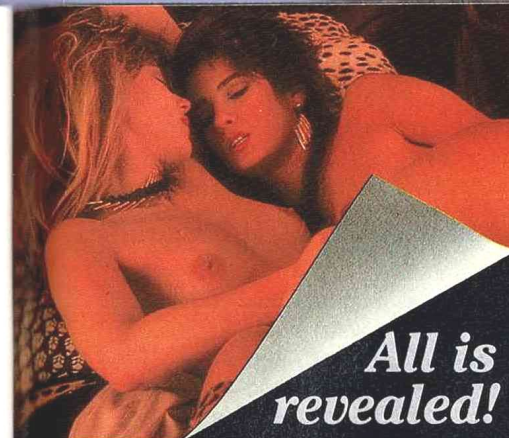
And then he's gone, leaving the crowd demanding but not getting more, back to a dressing room which is somehow very different after the show, with celebrities and hangers-on and rock stars and their wives (all of whom look exactly the same, the prettiest groupie of ten years ago grown tired and jaded, with tired and irritable kids sitting on her lap). There's another bunch of people trying to get into the room too, all of them after the same thing, which is a piece of Chuck Berry.

Later on, thinking about those extraordinary 24 hours spent in his company, I keep coming back to the paradoxes of Chuck Berry. Hostile? Yes, to a lot of people, but very, very friendly to others. Difficult? Perhaps — but then if anyone has earned the right to be uncompromising after 61 years then it's Chuck Berry. Mean? With a chip on his shoulder about white people? Hardly. Every single person in that dressing room before the show — all people he liked — was white...

But there's a grain of truth in all of it, I suppose, because Chuck Berry is the most complex of men. He's currently in the process of writing a second book, which will be mainly about sex, he says, and most probably about Chuck Berry's sex life too. All things considered, it should make quite an instructional read. "I find it satisfying to teach," he'd said the day before. "I find it satisfying to put out a statement of non-hypocrisy. In other words, the Truth. And what else is there to do if you're content with your life and so forth, but to help others, and tell the Truth?"

He said something else too: "I don't pass judgement on myself," he told me, looking serious. "It's for others to do so. I can't, as a matter of fact, because I'm only one person. And it takes a whole lot of judgements to get to any kind of truth, I would think."

Wise words. They may not go down too well with the tearful PR types and the frustrated photographers and even with the perfectly pleasant UK promoter waiting in the lobby of the Royal Garden Hotel, all of whom have had their lives badly disrupted by the arrival in town of one particular manifestation of Chuck Berry, and who will have already made their own judgements, unflattering ones at that. But then that's partly his point: make of me what you will. At 61 Chuck Berry remains as complicated, unexpected, surprising and unclassifiable as the Truth itself. When I think back to our first encounter, I still think that clipping I gave him — supposedly about Casanova's memoirs — applies equally to Chuck Berry. "When all Casanova's obeisances to the established authorities have been made," reads the last sentence, "life itself in his story turns out to be an outlaw, like him." 



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THE ULTIMATE GAME

Continued from page 79

all just going to lie low at this stage."

Graham Miller is a man with a grand vision. The secretary of the Australian Skirmish Association and co-owner of the rights to Skirmish for the whole of Australia (along with another Queenslander, Vic Coote, who has moved on from selling replica guns and naughty lingerie by mail order), Miller sees an Australia-wide network of Skirmish clubs all playing under standardised rules, as in any other sport, the ultimate aim being to select a team to represent Australia in the annual world championship of war games. It is a source of some frustration to Miller that at last year's World Championships, held in Hawaii for prizemoney totalling \$250,000 and featuring combat teams from the US, Canada, Japan, the United Kingdom, Singapore and New Zealand, the green and gold was not represented.

"We're hoping to have a national team soon, but it all takes money," Miller observes. "Clubs need to be formed to give us that financial support. You couldn't send an Australian Rugby League team away without that club structure, and the same applies to Skirmish. The more fields we open, the better — we're always looking for new operators under franchise, and we're happy to organise funding for them. We've had dozens of inquiries from people wanting to set up fields throughout the country. I predict that within the next 12 months, the game is going to take off."

When Miller bought the rights to Skirmish from Peter Bailey nine months ago and set up his Association, he diagnosed two problems inhibiting the growth of the sport: it needed diversification (people were tired of capturing flags and searching and destroying) and it needed rewards: trophies, prizes, a spirit of competition. His answer was to mould the primitive versions of the game into a scenario that *simulated as closely as possible the conditions of actual warfare*. At Samford field, the major showcase for Miller's vision, competition games are played on a very serious basis once a month. In these clashes, closely refereed by experienced players, teams have multiple objectives all accorded various point scores; on a field of ten acres littered with realistic fortifications, they have to seek out concealed bombs, find and liberate secret documents, rescue hostages, blow up ammunition and fuel dumps, capture and return flags, destroy major fortifications, and so on. The latest innovation at Samford is night games played under a full moon with the aid of kerosene lamps. War is, after all, a 24-hour-a-day business.

"Before," says Miller, "the game was just 'Bang, bang — you're dead.' Now it's

extremely exciting, and it's become a lot more popular as a result."

Players in these games all have a certain rank, from private to field marshal, according to their experience and skill; the orders of the ranking officer must be obeyed. When players are shot they register the number of the opponent who scored the hit; individual "Top Gun", "Elite" and "Lionheart" trophies are awarded, along with team trophies on comp days. The game is dominated at present by a Brisbane-based outfit called the Marauders, who've won every trophy on offer in recent competition; they're just one of about 15 teams in Brisbane alone, accounting for around 300 extremely dedicated weekend warriors. Apart from these regulars, hundreds more "walk-ons" are formed into scratch teams every weekend.

According to Miller, the average Skirmish player is 25 to 30 years old and a large percentage are professional men.

"You have to sack the town, rob the bank, blow up the police station, and all sorts of fun things."

"We had a group of at least 30 solicitors and barristers, and one magistrate, who used to play regularly every six weeks." Old soldiers are not strongly represented: only one Vietnam veteran plays in the Brisbane competition. The game is, however, very popular among army reserve members and police officers.

It seems odd, given the nature of Miller's aspirations, that he objects so violently to the term "Rambo-style war game." The man himself admits that "if you start getting *too* competitive, you're just promoting problems." He draws the line at games of Last Man Standing for money: "We tried it here but found it made the game just too serious." (In the US, \$20,000 pots are commonplace.) Miller dismisses the "Rambo" tag with this argument: "Rambo is a very violent sort of guy who's a one-outer — running around blowing things up by himself. Skirmish isn't that sort of style — it's a *team* effort."

There are big plans in the pipeline. "At Samford field," Miller explains, "we're actually constructing a mock town, and that's going to make the whole thing so much more exciting. The idea is a Cops

and Robbers scenario where you have to sack the town, capture various buildings, rob the bank or the building society, blow up the police station, and all sorts of fun things . . . We're going to have a Cowboys and Indians game, with actual uniforms for the players, so eventually we can have a Cowboys and Indians weekend, a Cops and Robbers weekend, and so on. The idea is to make the public aware that simply by changing uniforms, it's not a *war* game any more. I can't believe the mentality of these people who jump up and down saying, 'This game is promoting war.' If we were playing a game of Cops and Robbers they'd say nothing about it."

When it was pointed out to Miller that some people might find his Cops and Robbers fantasy even more objectionable than simulated warfare, he was thoroughly amused; clearly it had not occurred to him. Presumably, though, we can be confident that the relentless quest for realism will stop short of a "Rape and Pillage" scenario played with dummy victims. In any case, Graham Miller's observations have led him to conclude that a blanket ban on Skirmish would be disastrous. "If they do that, there's going to be a lot *more* people out there shooting slug guns at each other, like those kids in the recent court case. I'm talking about the veterans — the guys who *really* enjoy playing this game."

If that sounds like a deeply disturbing view of human nature, consider also that it may be the correct one. War is, as Alfred Kazin wrote, "the enduring condition of 20th Century man." The love of war is no aberration, no mere pimple on the landscape of the psyche that might one day be painlessly excised; it is in reality the secret love of a man's life. If all-out war is now too dangerous a proposition even to be contemplated, it may be that simulated war will become the enduring condition of man in the post-nuclear age.

There are already indications that this is the case. Skirmish is spreading at an incredible rate throughout Europe; it's now so popular in Britain that it is revitalising the ailing rural economy by allowing farmers to turn huge profits on substandard land. Franchises in Britain sell for up to \$50,000. A \$16 million Skirmish complex was recently opened just outside London. Like it or not, this game is going to become a major international sport.

If the prospect of a team of robotic Russians being stalked by a platoon of Rambo clones on a neutral battlefield seems too tasteless to envision, maybe we should regard this as the least harmful of all ways to channel our warlike tendencies. War games might even save us from the real thing. Who knows? And on the level of the individual Skirmisher, perhaps we can hope that, as with pornography, indulgence in the fantasy will serve more to exorcise the primal urge rather than fuel a desire to turn fantasy into reality. ☐



Barbara



TRUTH OR DARE

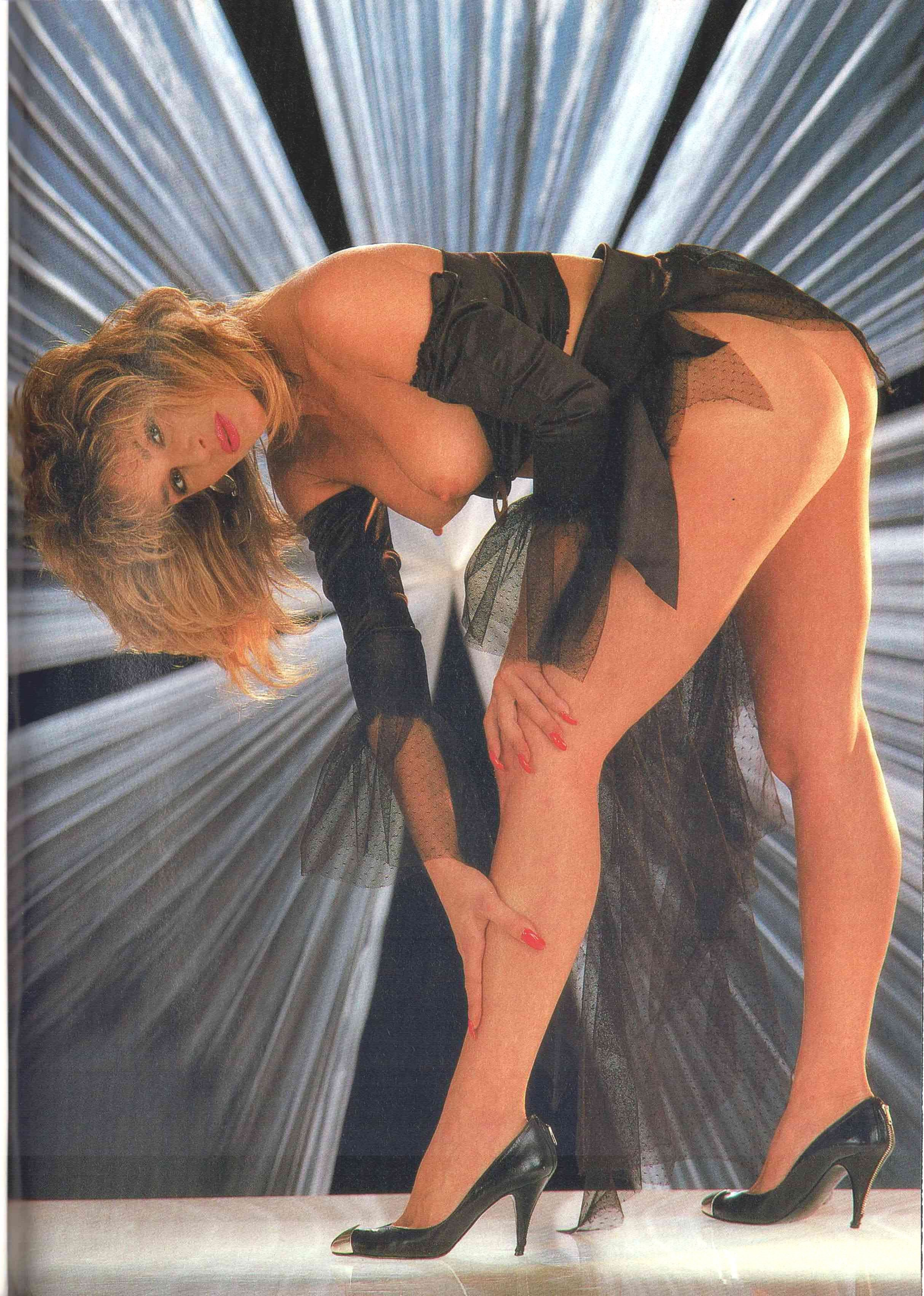
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

If you've never believed that the name maketh the woman, then meet Barbara Dare. For examples of her daring, you need look no further than the photos on this spread — but to find out more, simply ask Barbara anything. And that means *anything*. "I'm what you describe as a creative experimenter . . ."





If Barbara hasn't tried it, then she wants to know why not. If she hasn't heard of it, she wants to know why you took so long to tell her. "But I don't want to hear promises of this or that. If someone, especially a man, is going to tempt me, he'd better be damn sure he's going to go through with it..."





Continued from page 60

bars with her pants off and come on doggy-style or something, which is harder than it sounds; and pantless girls on motorcycles attract the highway patrol, so usually you don't end up doing anything until you're both off the bike, and by then you may be in hospital. Like I was after this old lady pulled out in front of me in an Oldsmobile, and the girl I was with still wanted to do anything you can think of, but there was a doctor there and he was squirting pHisoHex all over me and combing little bits of gravel out of my face with a wire brush, and I just couldn't get into it. So take it from me and don't get a motorcycle. Get a big car.

Usually, most fast-driving manoeuvres that don't require crazy girls call for use of the steering wheel, so be sure your car is equipped with power steering. Without power steering, turning the wheel is a lot like work, and if you wanted work you'd get a job. All steering should be done with the index finger. Then, when you're done doing all the steering that you want to do, just pull your finger out of there and the wheel will come right back to wherever it wants to. It's that simple. Be sure to do an extra lot of steering when going into a driveway or turning sharp corners. And here's another important tip: always roll the window down before throwing bottles out, and don't try to throw them through the windshield unless the car is parked.

Okay, now say you've been on a six-day drunk and you've just made a bet that you can back all the way to Cleveland, plus you've got a buddy who's getting a blow job on the trunk lid. Well, let's face it — if that's the way you're going to act, sooner or later you'll have an accident. This much is true. But that doesn't mean that you should sit back and just let accidents happen to you. No, you have to go out and cause them yourself. That way you're in control of the situation.

You know, it's a shame, but a lot of people have the wrong idea about accidents. For one thing, they don't hurt nearly as much as you'd think. That's because you're in shock and can't feel pain, or if you aren't in shock, you're dead, and that doesn't hurt at all so far as we know. Another thing is that they make great stories. I've got this friend — a prominent man in the automotive industry — who flipped his MG TF back in the Fifties and slid on his head for a couple of hundred yards, and had to spend a year with no eyelids and a steel pin through his cheekbones while his face was being rebuilt. Sure, it wasn't much fun at the time, but you should hear him tell about it now. What a fabulous tale, especially during dinner. Besides, it's not all smashing glass and spurting blood, you understand. Why, a good sideswipe can be an almost religious

experience. The sheet metal doesn't break or crunch or anything — it flexes and gives way as the two vehicles come together with a rushing liquid pulse as if two giant sharks of steel were mating in the perpetual night of the sea primordial. I mean, if you're on enough drugs. Also, sometimes you see a lot of really pretty lights in your head.

One sure way to cause an accident is with your basic "moonshiner's" or "bootlegger's" turn. Whiz down the road at about 60 or 70, throw the gearshift into neutral, cut the wheel to the left, and hit the emergency brake with one good wallop while holding the brake release out with your left hand. This'll send you spinning around in a perfect 180-degree turn right into a culvert or a fast-moving tractor-trailer rig. (The bootlegger's turn can be done on dry pavement, but it works best on top of loose gravel or small children.) Or, when you've moved around backwards, you can

Teenage girls
can go a long, long
time without sleep, and so
can the police and their
parents. So just keep
your foot on it.

then spin the wheel to the right and keep on going until you've come around a full 360 degrees and are headed back the same way you were going; though it probably would have been easier to have just kept going that way in the first place and not have done anything at all, unless you were with somebody you really wanted to impress — your probation officer, for instance.

An old friend of mine named Joe Schenkman happens to have just written me a letter about another thing you can do to wreck a car. Joe's on a little vacation up in Vermont (and will be until he finds out what the statute of limitations on attempted vehicular homicide is). He was writing to tell me about a fellow he met up there, saying:

...This guy has rolled (deliberately) over 30 cars (and not just by his own account — the townfolks back him up on this story), inheriting only a broken nose (three times) and a slightly black-and-blue shoulder for all this. What you do, see, is you go into a moonshiner's turn, but you get on the brakes and stay on them. Depending on how fast you're

going, you roll proportionately; four or five rolls is decent. Going into the spin, you have one hand on the seat and the other firmly on the roof so you're sprung in tight. As you feel the roof give on the first roll, you slip your seat hand under the dash (of the passenger side, as you're thrown hard over in that direction to begin with) and pull yourself under it. And here you simply sit it out, springing yourself tight with your whole body, waiting for the thunder to die. Naturally, it helps to be drunk, and if you have a split second's doubt or hesitation through any of this, you die.

This Schenkman himself is no slouch of a driver, I may say. Unfortunately, his strong suit is driving in New York City, an area that has a great number of unusual special conditions, which we just don't have the time or the space to get into right here (except to note that the good part is how it's real easy to scare old ladies in new Cadillacs and the bad part is that Negroes actually *do* carry knives, not to mention Puerto Ricans; and everybody else you hit turns out to be a lawyer or married to somebody in the mob). However, Joe is originally from the South, and it was down there that he discovered huffing glue and sniffing industrial solvents and such. These give you a really spectacular hallucinatory type of a high where you think, for instance, that you're driving through an overpass guardrail and landing on a freight-train flatcar and being hauled to Shreveport and loaded into a container ship headed for Liberia with a crew full of homosexual Lebanese, only to come to and find out that it's true. Joe is a commercial artist who enjoys jazz music and horse racing. His favorite color is blue.

There's been a lot of discussion about what kind of music to listen to while staring doom square in the eye and not blinking unless you get some grit under your contacts. Watch out for the fellow who turns his FM to the classical station. He thinks a little Rimsky-Korsakov makes things more dramatic — like a foreign movie. That's pussy style. This kind of guy's idea of a fast drive is a 75 mile-an-hour cruise up to the summer cottage after one brandy and soda. The true skidmark artist prefers something cheery and upbeat — "Night On Disco Mountain" or "Boogie Oogie Oogie" or whatever it is that the teenage lovely wants to shake her buns to. Remember her? So what do you care what's on the fucking tape deck? The high, hot whine of the engine, the throaty pitch of the exhaust, the wind in your beer can, the gentle slurping noises from her little bud-red lips — that's all the music your ears need, although side two of the first Velvet Underground album is nice if you absolutely insist. And no short jaunts either. For the maniacal high-speed driver, endurance is

Continued on page 144



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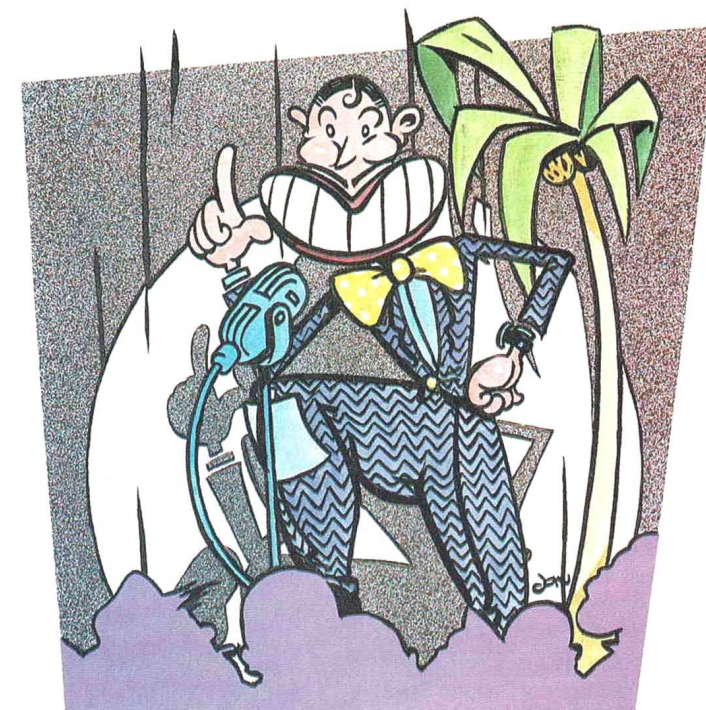


'pure beer'



LOOSE ENDS

THE MISSION



Sure, it didn't look like no Brownies' picnic, but as my old mate Big Mal once said: "Life wasn't meant to be easy." That was back in '86 when I took on the Case Of The Missing Strides. Yessirree, that was a tall order but this is one private dick that doesn't frig around. I traced the trou within the week. There was a dame, of course, and she tries to get cute. Comes on all lovey dovey then slips a Mickey in my Jack. A quick switcheroo and the broad's out like an Osram. I gave her one for the road and the big man's slacks were on the next plane out of Memphis. Yeah, but that's ancient history...

This was a very different kettle of worms. Hand-delivered note. No ID. Whoever was petitioning the services of this gumshoe wasn't about to go public. "Top Secret Mission," the note began. "You have 24 hours to track down The Worst Joke Ever Told and deliver it to us. We trust the enclosed financial incentive meets with your approval."

It smelled like a government job. There'd been whispers that the back room boffins were working on some new-fangled secret weapon and my hunch was that yours truly was being enlisted to furnish the raw material. Hell, I wasn't sniffing too closely — not while my olfactory attentions were occupied with the perfume of 20 crisp C bills. Pocketing the bread, I remember thinking that this was one ticklish brief. But then, ticklish briefs are right up my alley.

At 6.10 The Clockwatchers' Arms was jumping. The Great God Of Flexitime had seen to it that the joint's public service clientele was well oiled and bad jokes flew like farts in a curryhouse john. I wasn't through the door when I was slapped in the face with: "What's worse than a lobster on your piano? Crabs on your organ."

I drank in the scene with a bourbon chaser, then sidled up to a likely-looking junior admin clerk. Let me say that for a boring, pimply, no-account hoon

with halitosis, that guy really knew how to tell a bad joke. Straight off he let me have it with: "What's pink and black and hairy and sits on a wall? Humpty Cunt." Then, with Fenech-like speed and ferocity, he peppered me with: "Did you hear about Ku Klux Knievel? He tried to jump over 20 blacks with a steamroller. What did the hurricane say to the coconut palm? Hang on to your nuts, boy, this is no ordinary blowjob."

That last one impressed me but I wasn't going to let the punk know it. Grinding the business end of my Capstan into his polyester walkshorts, I sneered: "That the worst you've got?"

The kid was devastated. "What's brown and has holes in it?" he stammered, but it was too late. I was out in the street and hailing a cab. As the taxi squealed into the night I saw him on the sidewalk. I wouldn't bet my old lady on it, but I think he was mouthing: "Swiss shit."

"Where'll it be, sport?" says the driver.

"None of your fucking business," I spat. The case was getting to me. "Sorry, pal, I gotta lot on my mind. Just drive." And as we prowled the rainslick streets I gave him the lowdown. Then it was his turn to flap his gums. I was all ears.

"What's the miracle of AIDS?" he offered. I grunted. "It turns fruits into vegetables." Then: "What's worse than getting raped by Jack The Ripper? Getting fingered by Captain Hook. Did you hear about the guy with five pricks? His pants fit him like a glove. What about the fly on the dunny seat? He got pissed off." The car lurched to a halt.

He knew it and I knew it. His gags were bad all right — but *they weren't bad enough*. Counting out a wad for his pathetic efforts, I slammed his cab door and ascended to the entrance of the Rooty Hill RSL.

It was 10.30 and a comedian was wowing the piss-artists in the Puce Room. That cabbie had steered me right. This guy was BAD all right. As I pulled up a

chair he was warming up the foges with: "You know the difference between my mother-in-law and a catfish? One's got fat lips and whiskers and the other one's a fish." They got worse. "What do promiscuous angels get? Harpies. How can you tell if the barmaid's pissed off with you? There's a string hanging out of your Bloody Mary." A feeling in my gut told me the Big One was coming.

At 11.59 he drops it — a joke so abominably appalling that my eyes water. Christ, I'd really earned that two thou! This thing had the stench and ooze of an over-ripe cheese. My mitt was shaking as I copied it on to a slip of paper and sealed it in a jar.

So the next day I check the jar. I couldn't believe my frigging eyes! The Worst Joke had given birth to seven little gagettes. I

fished one out: "How do you make a hanky dance? Blow a little boogie in it." Yep, no doubting where that came from. Firing up a Capstan, I got to thinking...

When the ASIO gorillas came knocking I told 'em where to go. When they still came the heavy I threatened to sick a few of my jokes on 'em. They got the message.

Gotta dash. My gags are getting hungry. I've been feeding them Abo jokes with a Helen Keller now and then for a treat. There's 250 of 'em out the back — jokes, riddles, puns, shaggy dog stories — and all of them bloody awful. Another week or two and I reckon I'll be tossing in the gumshoe game. Why work for a living when I could have my own Tonight Show? — C.J. Mackay

SOUNDS

With *Calenture* (White Hot) Perth emigres **The Triffids** have finally produced a truly great album for their first international release through the Island label. Their last effort from a wool shed is here replaced by full use of the studio and a producer who has recorded big sounds and strong performances from the band. The wistful, introverted nature of much of their earlier mumbblings is here replaced by justifiable confidence. David McComb's singing and songwriting move convincingly through several styles. "Bury Me Deep In Love" has full on megacabaret orchestration, "Unmade Love" sports a pumping beat and Sixties organ, while "Holy Water" even verges on Euro-disco. Jill Birt's "Open For You" suffers from what sounds like uninspired drum programming, and the thick, spiralling strings on tracks like "Blinder By The Hour" suggest the ghost of the Moody Blues was definitely lurking in their machines somewhere. Nevertheless their perseverance in staying together and moving to Europe has gelled the band, on the strength of this record, into a compelling unit.

Robert Plant has decided to cease any perverse attempts on his part to be "contemporary." His old monolith Led Zeppelin came through punk slugging to be the sampled heroes of new age punks like the Beastie Boys. *Now And Zen* (EsParanza) sees Plant with a new band and freely attempting more commercial material than much of his recent solo efforts. His love of the blues that was Zeppelin's breeding ground surfaces in the pumping boogie of "Tall Cool One" — which also features one Jimmy Page on guitar. "Billy's Revenge" is a virtual rockabilly shuffle and the feel of Zep's more acoustic moments is captured in "Ship Of Fools." He's decided to eat his words and include old Zeppelin songs on his next tour. This album, however, is not merely an attempt to recreate the sound of his earlier legend — vital personalities are dead or unavailable. Still, much of the spirit, if not the monolithic riffs, is there. Plant is ready to scream "Ooh Baby" and squeeze his lemon in public once more.

Elsewhere old Zep bass player John Paul Jones has taken to the production controls for the

Mission to prove they are indeed *Children* (Mercury) of the great god Zeppelin. They possibly take the legacy of Jones' old band more seriously than its original members did.

A more recent, but nevertheless large rock soul voice belongs to **Rus Taff** (A&M). His band powers in with full fervor on "Shake", but Taff's better moments come on the funkier tracks like "I Still Believe" (yes, in God) and the inevitable big ballads.

Miriam Makeba has been weaving her own vocal magic for years, coming to notice in the west originally singing with Harry Belafonte. The 30 years since have seen her, like many black South African performers, in exile from her homeland. On *Sagoma* (WEA) (the term applies to diviners/healers) she celebrates the power of her mother who was one such person possessed by the spirit of her ancestors. In South Africa songs have become the black media as press, radio, and TV are all controlled by the

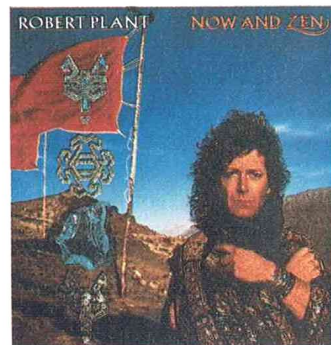


whites. These songs contain elements of "news" whilst some are parables with clear moral messages. Sung in native dialect they nevertheless have an uplifting effect. In reverse order to Western recording methods, Makeba first multi-tracked her own voice to be a choir, then swaying Ghanaian percussion was added along with some other keyboard and vocal parts. This music has always transcended mere "entertainment" and, given the added impetus of an oppression, it becomes defiant — made more powerful by the absence of aggression, replaced by joy.



THE YEAR OF THE TRIFFIDS

Clockwise from the top: The newly gelled Triffids; Robert Plant squeezes and screams again; Jane Siberry — not avant garde, just different; Vocal magic from Miriam Makeba.



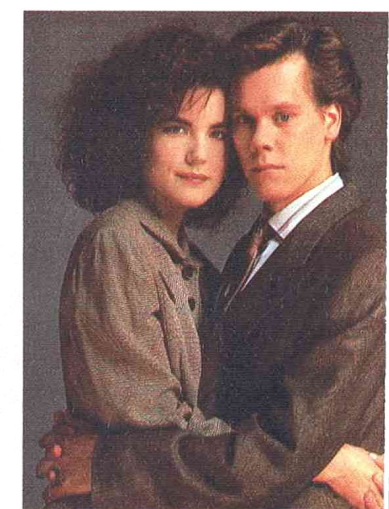
Touring and recording in her native Canada for the past seven years, **Jane Siberry** has gradually made her presence felt on the North American continent in the ranks of adventurous female performers stretching and toying with the parameters of the popular song. Like fellow Canadian Joni Mitchell, her initial singer/songwriter stance had folk roots but she and her band have strayed far from such strummings. *The Walking* (Reprise) is more like a set of short stories than mere songs, as she pursues the lateral nature of dreams and impulses of childhood. They have their own faultless logic: "Well, maybe she should go to school. No, no... Lena's a white table." Much in the style of Laurie Anderson, but more wistful than wry. Siberry's breathy, lightheaded voice is often submerged in the musical texture of dreamy, floating chords or thumping piano, bass and drums — like Elizabeth Fraser's exquisite singing in The Cocteau Twins. However, for Siberry the content is all important. She doesn't want to lose the listener on her trek — "I'm not avant garde, I'm just different."

That man with the golden horn **Miles Davis** is heard in cahoots with **Marcus Miller** (responsible for Davis' Tutu) on music for the film *Siesta* (WEA). While these two are painting atmospheric soundscapes, young black English sax player **Courtney Pine** is wailing *Destiny's Song And The Image Of Pursuance* (Island) in the freewheeling hard box style that Davis pioneered in the late Fifties and early Sixties. — **Jeremy Cook**

FILM

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

From the top: Cathy Tyson and Bill Pullman in The Serpent And The Rainbow; Still from the decadent White Mischief; High flying in Wim Wenders' Wings Of Desire; Bacon and McGovern in She's Having A Baby.



The difference between horror films and terror films, according to film producer David Ladd, is that horror films owe nothing to the truth while terror films stem from some aspect of reality. It's a bit of a grey area for most of us who wouldn't know a horrible terror film from a terrible horror film if it hit us in the face with a bucket of intestines. Horror, terror... who's quibbling? A scream by any other name should still wet a cinema seat.

Ladd insists that his film *The Serpent And The Rainbow* is a terror film, that is, it has aspirations to yer actual integrity. It is based on anthropologist Wade Davis's book of the same name that recounted his investigation of the voodoo religion in Haiti.

From its outset the film, directed by Wes (Nightmare On Elm Street) Craven, announces its pretensions to an epic of the scary genre. As the first American feature filmed in Haiti, the film-makers have taken good advantage of locations around Port-Au-Prince and scenes of ritual fire-eaters and mass voodoo worship. This material, combined with TV footage shot at the time of the fall of Baby Doc Duvalier, does lend some of the film the intended anthropological documentary feel. The bulk of *The Serpent And The Rainbow*, however, has all the hallmarks of your common-or-garden horror flick. *Freddy Krueger Meets The Ton Ton Macoute*. There are a handful of good shocks and undoubtedly eye-popping make-up effects, but neither can save this over-long and very confusingly edited zombie vehicle. Stars Bill Pullman, Cathy Tyson, Paul Winfield and Zakes Mokae in a memorably villainous role.

If you're the type who likes a good old stickybeak into the shameless peccadillos of upper class Brits during the Empah days, director Michael White's raffily decadent *White Mischief* should be just your cup of tay. If you're not, then give it a wide berth, for although this gloriously styled reconstruction of an incident that occurred in British Kenya in the Forties boasts a galactic cast, it is a tad on the tedious side. Oh, it's got lots of

scenes of Greta Scacchi in the altogether and bits where bored colonials drink a lot of G and Ts and roger each other silly. It's got a murder too, but on the whole it does go on...

Returning to his native Germany after an American filmic odyssey that culminated in *Paris, Texas*, film-maker Wim Wenders (pronounced Vim Vendors, as in two or more scouring powder salesman) presents his art-house following with *Wings Of Desire*. This moody and quirkily romantic movie shows us Berlin and its inhabitants through the eyes of the two guardian angels who cruise the city listening in on the thoughts of the insecure and lonely. The stories of three such people intertwine and make for a film that slips effectively in and out of color and is at once haunting and kinda heartwarming. Subtitled. Stars Bruno Ganz, Solveig Dommartin, Otto Sander and Peter Falk. One for the film festival perts.

If you look closely among the current nappy rash of American films about having babies you might find *For Keeps*, starring Molly Ringwald and Randall Batinkoff. They're ambitious high school students with big things in front of them. Then she finds out she's set for nine months of big thing in front of her and they've got to change all their plans and start changing diapers. Don't blink though, or you'll miss this Safe Sex, responsible teen message film. On second thoughts, blink all you like — it's about as appealing as a lumpy Kimbie. — **C.J. Mackay**

Further to same rash, *She's Having A Baby* is John Hughes' attempt to saddle the archetypal bratpacker with all the responsibilities of marriage, mortgage suburbia and in-laws in a fluffy "Michael J. Fox Grows Up" — but nonetheless entertaining — flick. The kid, played by Kevin Bacon, finds himself up to his ears in adulthood before he knows it. Believe it or not, the missus, played by the impossibly sweet Elizabeth McGovern, winds up having a baby... Oops, just gave away the plot... and everything's apples. You'll laugh,

you'll cry — but not everyone will laugh and cry in the same places as it totters on the edge of schmaltz; some would say it's dived in headlong. But if you like Hughes' work (*Planes, Trains and Pretty In Pink*) it could have a message somewhere for you... — **Graem Sims**

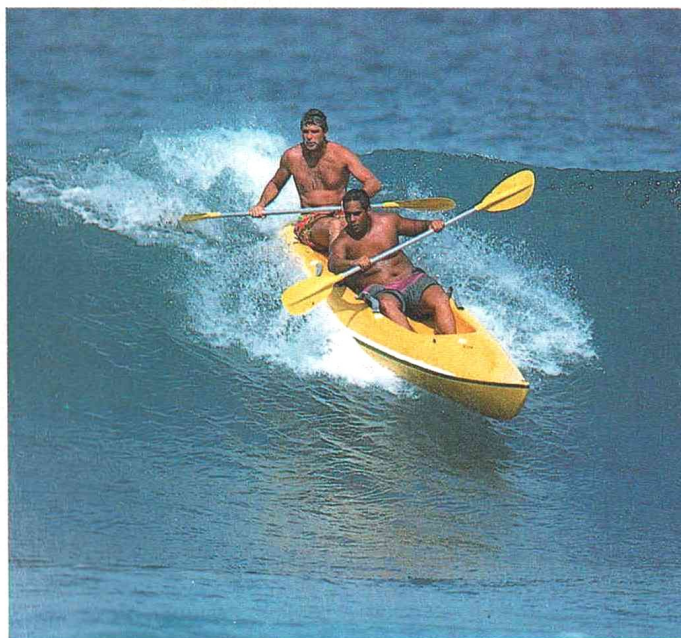
AND THE WINNER IS . . .

One of the most popular blokes in Brisbane at the moment is one Laurie Sampson, winner of the *Penthouse* Summer Beer Competition. That was the one where we promised \$2500 of quality imported beer guaranteed to win friends and put people under the influence. Laurie's correct entry, drawn from the many Eskey-loads received, won him 40 cases of prestigious beers imported from the brewing capitals of the world. Laurie's prize was supplied by Brimps Pty Ltd, the imported beer specialists.



BODY STYLING

Those who like doing things to their cars to make them look like they go faster will no doubt be acquainted with Auto-Tek, the body styling company. Auto-Tek is Australia's largest manufacturer of thermoplastic body styling components. All components are made from ABS and moulded by a vacuum-assisted deep draw process. The fabricated parts are impact resistant, elastic to a large extent, unaffected by weather and dimensionally stable. Auto-Tek specialised fitting and painting outlets are located around the country and in Auckland, New Zealand at Griffiths Equipment. All authorised outlets use only low-bake two-pack plastic paint systems to ensure high gloss and durable finish on all conversions. For more information on complete conversions (front air dam, side skirts and rear spoiler) on a wide range of vehicles, contact Auto-Tek on (08) 294 8144.



ISLANDA

Of all the various mutations of floating and propelled water craft going around, the Islanda takes the cake as the single most innovative fun machine yet devised. All Australian, it's blown so many people away that it's been chosen to represent Australia at Expo — a big wrap in itself. Sydney's Ken Holloway is the brains behind it; he's been working on it for eight years, ever since he got the idea of coming up with a canoe that could be sailed to make the idea of windsurfing accessible to anyone. When he looked into canoes, he found that virtually nothing had been done in their design for yonks — whereas wave skis had become like surfboards you could sit down on. The Islanda is somewhere in between, with its canoe-like bow, but with a channelled, flyer tail and retractable skeg. Even as a high performance two-man ski, it was a groundbreaker. But there's more. In minutes, it converts to a high speed outrigger sailing boat, with performance which will match or outsail any skiff of comparable size. It's all clips (no knots to learn) and the sail has no stays. Storage compartments front and rear provide room enough for a small tent and provisions. The Islanda seems to make the most of any body of water you can name — even coming with a brace for a small outboard: a stable fishing platform. Light weight (just 30kgs) means it can be easily transported on roof racks, and it all comes for around \$3000. Ring the outfit on (02) 349 5632 for a chat or write to PO Box 81, Maroubra 2035 for information.

BREATHE EASY

Safety conscious divers have been acquainted with, and relied upon, the EDGE, the first successful commercial dive computer to measure time, temperature and pressure and then use the input to analyse decompression rates and other factors to ensure safe diving. ORCA, the inventors of the EDGE, now market the highly sophisticated and compact SkinnyDipper which incorporates tech and ease of use features gleaned from four years and 300,000 dives with the EDGE. The SkinnyDipper is designed for sport no-compression diving to 130 feet. Engineered with significant safety margins and featuring a six-dive memory, the SkinnyDipper will compute the factors necessary for safe diving and present a clean, large read-out that's easily legible through a foggy mask, at night or in murky water. In tandem with tank pressure gauge, the SkinnyDipper provides all the safety references a diver needs. It can be worn with tank gauges or strapped to the diver's arm. The SkinnyDiver is newly available in Australia at good dive shops. We found this one at Pro-Dive in Coogee, Sydney, where it sells for \$1000.



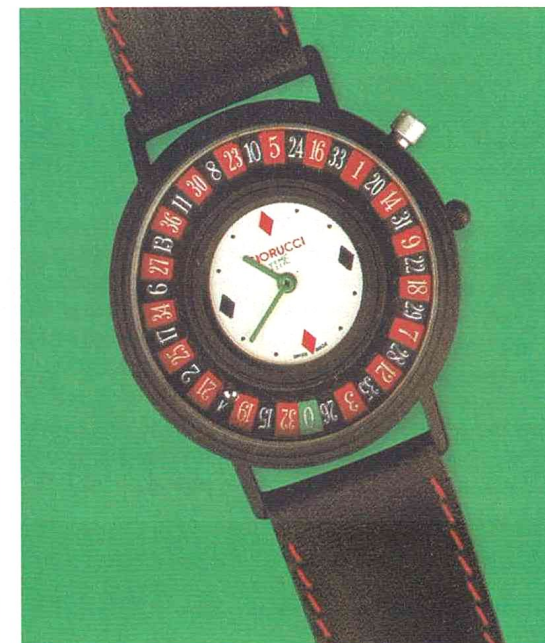
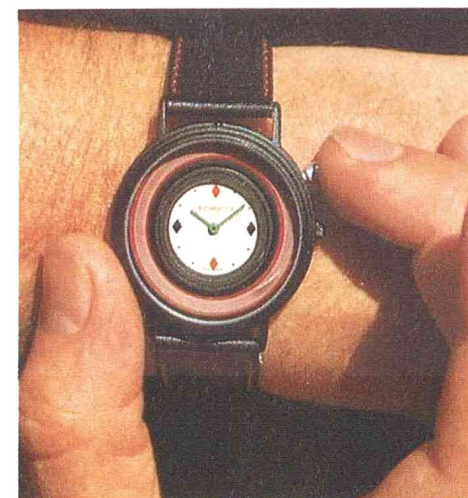
AWAY FROM IT ALL

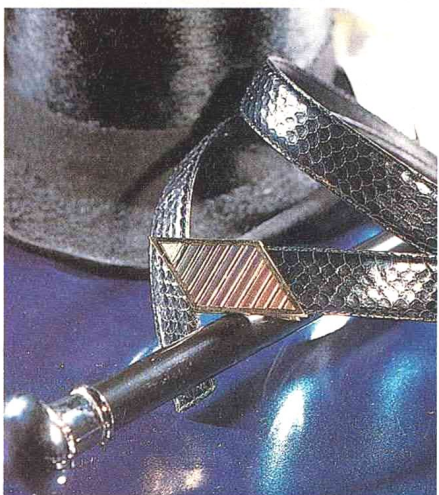
Been tuning in and turning on so heavily lately that you feel like dropping out? It's times like these that the Whitsundays start looking even better than they normally do. When it comes to offering all the exclusive benefits of an island stay combined with the restaurant and entertainment options of a mainland holiday, the Coral Sea Resort at Paradise Point near Airlie Beach has it all. A consistent finalist in the Queensland Tourism Awards, the Coral Sea Resort offers luxuriously appointed suites overlooking the Whitsundays, an award-winning seafood restaurant, sea and land sport facilities and fuss-free air and sea tours to the islands and the outer Barrier Reef. It's also close enough to town and rainforests to allow you plenty of choices to explore. For more information on the Coral Sea Resort, you can call toll free Australia-wide on 008-075061.



FEELING LUCKY, PAL?

Round and round she goes . . . where she stops nobody knows. Any time would appear to be the right time for a bit of a flutter with this Roulette novelty watch from Fiorucci. Hey, why not win money off your friends at morning tea by having them place their bets before you push the button that activates the 37-number roulette wheel around the watch face? The roulette mechanism is based on a ball-bearing system and assembled around the quartz movement within the same case. Fiorucci watches are Swiss-made, water resistant to 30m and carry a one-year guarantee.

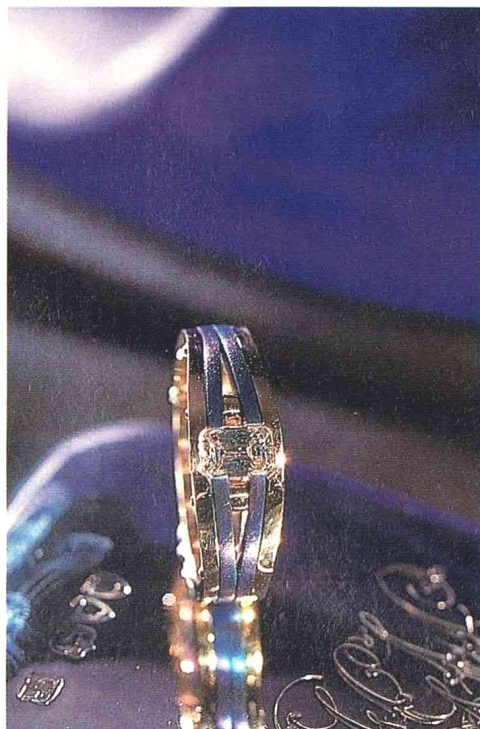




STUDS

Recent figures from the States reveal that one in five men there own a piece of diamond jewellery, while 74 percent of men interviewed agreed in principle with the idea of men parting with hard cash for these hardest of rocks. That's quite a lot of men who just might have their interest piqued by some of the latest diamond designs. Pictured is a sample of what Australia's top diamond designers are doing with rocks. Angelo Andronis, just 22, is creating something of a storm in the design world with his work out of Ringleaders, a Brisbane outfit. He took last

year's Supreme Diamond Design Award with the ring at left — 18ct yellow gold and titanium with platinum rivets and emerald-cut diamond, for men. The bit with the walking stick is another subsidiary prizewinner, a revival of the Thirties with a wooden and leather cane studded with 12 diamonds, the work of 19-year-old Lisa Rothery out of Raoul Meren in Sydney. The belt is touted as the ultimate accessory for the fashion conscious: a stunning gold and titanium buckle with a triangle cut diamond by Luciano Cerrone from Luciano Jewellers, Sydney.



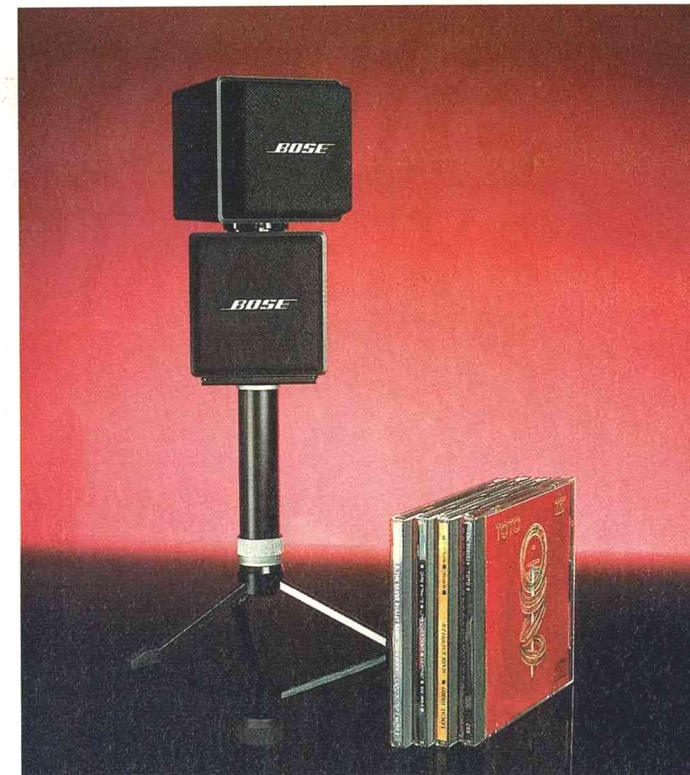
FASHION FETISH

Is rubber coming out of the closet? Australian designer Laura Hadley-Smith knows it is. For some years she's been busy putting her soft and snapping rubber designs into the closets of London's rock stars and super fashionables, who've wasted no time getting them out and strutting them in the places of high trend. Laura's back home now, and she's still busy with her sheet rubber and glue, filling orders for boutiques around the country. Her garments may be rolled on for a drum-tight, dramatically sexual effect, or looser vests and T-shirt tops drape sensually. All look decadently, pneumatically tactile when sprayed with oil. The dress pictured here sells for around \$250. For information about availability of Laura Hadley-Smith's designs, phone (075) 34 4642.



SKIMMING THE CREAM

Here's the latest hot winter action sport on no wheels. While skimboarding isn't particularly new in itself, the designs being turned out by an outfit known as Skimboards Australia give the whole idea a new dynamic. It combines aspects of skateboarding, surfing, diving and acrobatics, lifting the hottest moves thereof into a sport anyone can enjoy. In the US it's an established beach sport, but it's only just starting to take off here. Ron Aggs is the mastermind, sponsoring a team and turning out radical designs. He's also the president of the Australian Skimboarders' Association. The idea is to find a sloping shorebreak — away from innocent paddlers — and wait for a wave. As it recedes, a push and jump is enough to get you planing. From there, what you do is up to you, the big moves being the slashing of rooster tails as you hit the deep water, aerials, or the sort of gymnastic flips and loops you might practise on a mini-trampoline. The boards are heavier than you might think, which helps achieve rides of 20 to 30 metres at a breeze. If this kind of raw fun sounds like you, give Ron Aggs a ring on (02) 953 5711. He can tell you how to get hold of one and refer you to the professional instructors — a good idea, what with the safety aspect and all. Boards cost around \$350.



LITTLE BIG SOUND

The Bose Acoustimass Speaker System was awarded Product Of The Year (Technical Development) at the 1987 Australian Hi-Fi Grand Prix Awards. The awards are judged each year by the cream of Australian audio journalists, editors and consultants. The Bose Acoustimass represents a breakthrough in loudspeaker design. The system consists of four small (7.5cm) cubes and a base module. Even though the system is so small, its performance is nothing short of outstanding. The Acoustimass comes complete with telescopic stands, extension leads (the cubes pull apart to allow them to be placed around the room), speaker cable and instructions. They are guaranteed for five years, are rated 100 Watts RMS and sell for a recommended \$1600. For more info, call Bose Australia Inc on (008) 023367.



FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

There's shirts and there's shirts and then there are shirts. Somewhere among them you'll find a new range that carries the label CENSORED. The diverse new collection of men's shirts from Orienteque caters for the subtly stylish with muted checks of grey and blues and looks after the more extroverted with fun prints, stripes and checks in colors like turquoise, red and yellow. Styles vary from city smart to casual fun. For stockists of the CENSORED label, contact (02) 519 5088.



Sydney's Isabel Monro

COMING IN AUGUST AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Golden Circle — There is a numbing futility about the Western World's war against heroin in South-East Asia. While America spends millions on drug suppression campaigns still more heroin than ever is finding its way out of Thailand, Burma and Laos and into the veins of Australian addicts. Why? *Penthouse* visited the remote hill tribes of Thailand to find some of the answers.

Peter Allen Interview — It took the Tenterfield saddler's grandson almost a decade to find a footing in international entertainment and another 10 years to climb to the top of the American entertainment industry. In this frank and funny conversation, the 44-year-old recipient of Oscars, Grammys and booming box office figures recalls the highlights and the low-life of 30 years in showbiz.

Secrets Of Seduction — The first of a *Penthouse* humor series on how to succeed at seduction without trying too hard or paying a lot of hard-earned cash. Next month we consider the airline stewardess and how to make her bend over backwards, just for you. This one's guaranteed to give you that mile-high feel.

Sweet Seventeen — Sydney's Isabel Monro is an electrifying reason to safeguard your copy of August *Penthouse*. Just 17 years of age, Isabel has bared her cherubic charms in a sensational pictorial guaranteed to leave you all at sea. Don't miss her breathtaking appearance.

FAST

Continued from page 134

everything. Especially if you've ever used that ever-popular pickup line "Wanna go to Mexico?" Especially if you've used it somewhere like Boston. Besides, teenage girls can go a long, long time without sleep, and believe me, so can the police and their parents. So just keep your foot on it. There's no reason not to. There's no reason not to keep going forever, really. I had this friend who drove a whole shitload of people up from Oaxaca to Cincinnati one time, non-stop. I mean, he stopped for gas but he wouldn't even let anybody get out then. He made them all piss out the windows, and he says that it was worth the entire drive just to see a girl try to piss out the window of a moving car.

Get a fat girlfriend so you'll have plenty of amphetamines and you'll never have to stop at all. The only problem you'll run into is that after you've been driving for two or three days you start to see things in the road — great big scaly things 20 feet high with nine legs. But there are very few great big scaly things with nine legs in America anymore, so you can just drive right through them because they probably aren't really there, and if they are really there you'll be doing the country a favor by running them over.

Yes, but where does it all end? Where does a crazy life like this lead? To death, you say.

Look at all the people who've died in car wrecks: Albert Camus, Jayne Mansfield, Jackson Pollock, Tom Paine. Well, Tom Paine didn't *really* die in a car wreck, but he probably would have if he'd lived a little later. He was that kind of guy. Anyway, death is always the first thing that leaps into everybody's mind — sudden violent death at an early age. If only it were that simple. God, we could all go out in a blaze of flaming aluminium alloys formulated specially for the Porsche factory race effort like James Dean did! No ulcers, no haemorrhoids, no bulging waistlines, soft dicks, or false teeth . . . *bash!! Kaboom!! Watch this space for paperback reprint rights auction and movie option sale!* But that's not the way it goes. No. What actually happens is you fall for that teenage lovely in the next seat over, fall for her like a ton of condoms, and before you know it you're married and have teenage lovelies of your own — getting felt up in Pontiac Trans Ams this very minute, no doubt — plus a six-figure mortgage, a liver the size of the Bronx, and a County Squire that's never seen the sweet side of 60.

It's hard to face the truth, but I suppose you yourself realise that if you'd had just a little more courage, just a little more strength of character, you could have been dead by now.

No such luck. ☉✚

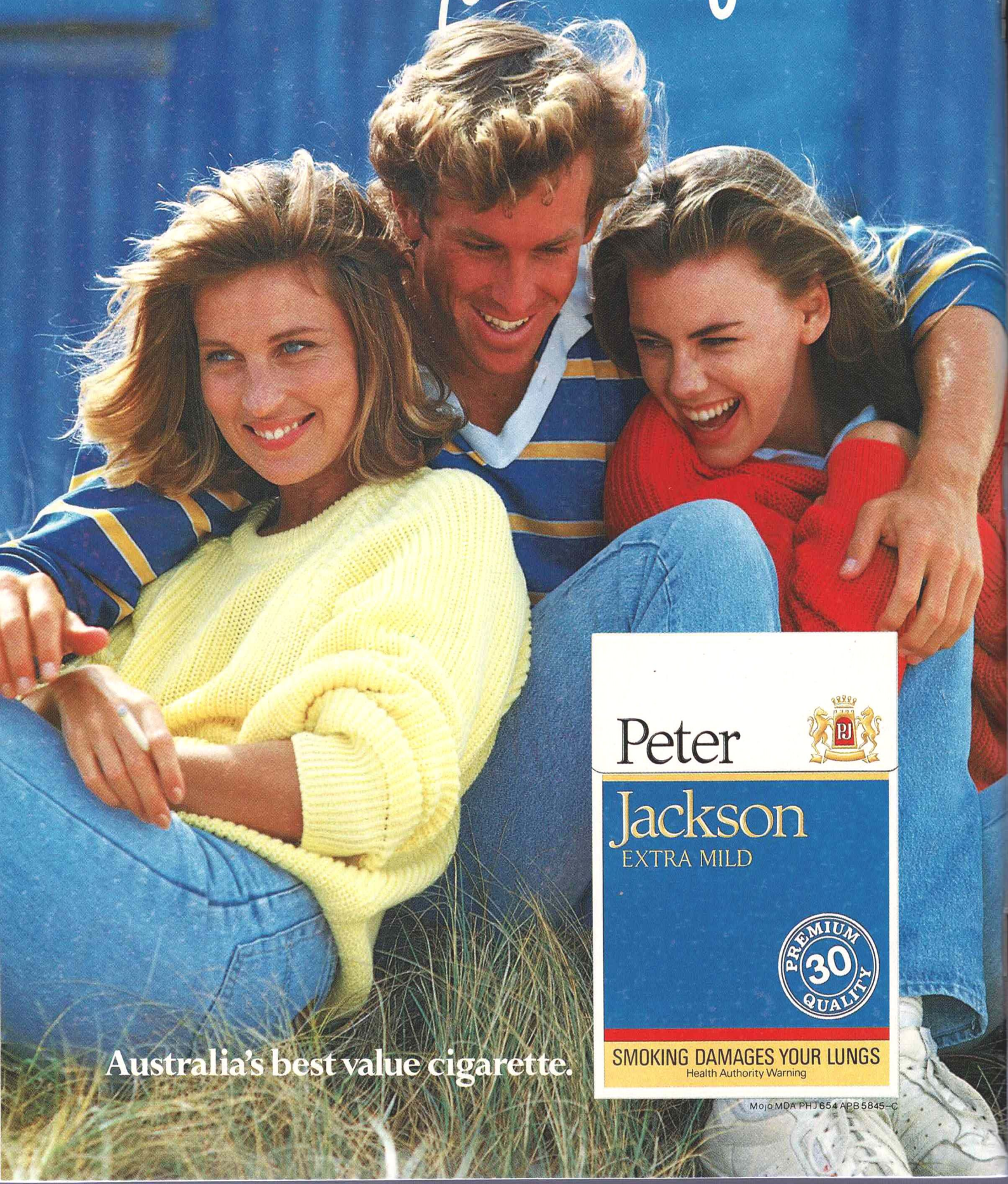
Pour extra life into your car!



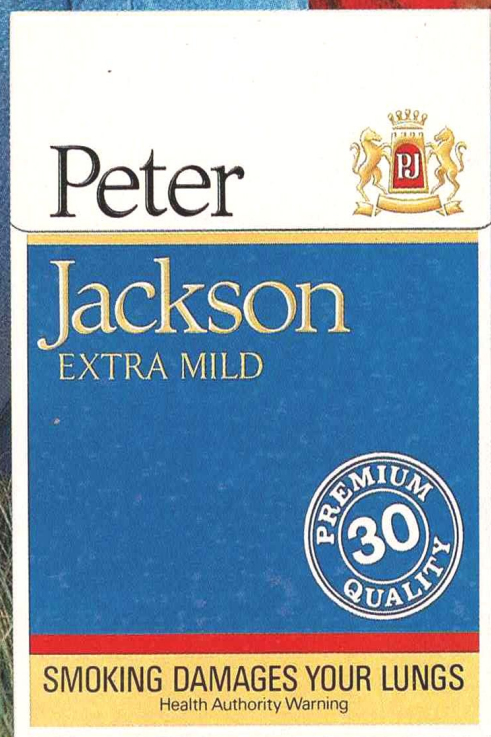
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